SCARRON's
NOVELS.

VIZ.

The Fruitless Precaution.

The Hypocrites.

The Innocent Adultery.

The Judge in his own Cause.

The Rival Brothers.

The Invisible Mistress.

The Chastisement of Avarice.

The Unexpected Choice.

RENDERED

Into *English*, with some *Additions.*

By JOHN DAVIES of *Kidwelly.*

LONDON,

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THE PREFACE,

Giving an Account of the Author of theſe *Novels*, ſome of his other Works, and his Perſon.

THE three former of theſe Novels *were Printed here ſome four or five years ſince, and ſo well receiv'd, that the ſcarcity of them ſoon call'd upon the Book-ſeller for a ſecond Impreſſion. This kind entertainment thereof put me upon an enquiry, what there might be more, of the ſame*

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kind, written by the ſame Author, and I have made a ſhift to pick up four, out of ſeveral parts of his Works, Printed together, ſince his Death, in ſix ſmall Volumes in 12°. *of which I have only this ſhort accompt to give.*

Of the ſix, there are only two Volumes in Proſe, whereof one, he Entitles Le Roman Comique, *or* The Comical Romance. *It is a deſcription of the Lives of certain Country-*Comedians, *and other People, of ſeveral Conditions; but done, with ſuch a natural ſmartneſs, as very few Authors have been ſo happy as to arrive it; and he does not bring any upon the Stage, to whom there happen not ſome very pleaſant adventures. To this it may be added, that it is written in a ſtyle particular to this Author, whoſe inclination to raillery is ſo much the more remarkable, in that he could not forbear it, even in thoſe relations, wherein he was himſelf concern'd.*

I am inform'd, that, ſome years ſince, a Perſon of Quality made it his recreation, to render part of that divertive Romance, into Engliſh, *tranſlating not only the* Work, *but alſo the* Scene, *out of* France *into* England: *And no doubt but the deſign would have taken infinitely well, had it been proſecuted. But e're he had compleated his Work, the Scene of our Engliſh Affairs was miraculouſly chang'd from Anarchy*

Anarchy to Monarchy, and that perſon being highly engag'd in the Tranſactions happening upon his Majeſties happy Reſtauration, there was ſuch a ſtop put to what he had done therein, that it hath remain'd imperfect ever ſince: whence it may well be gueſs'd, there is ſomewhat in it ſo far Tranſcending ordinary Tranſlation, that no other Hand durſt attempt it.

Out of this Romance, wherof there are now two parts extant in French, *I have taken three of the Newly-printed* Novels; *to wit,*

The Judge in his own Cauſe;
The Rival-Brothers; *and*
The Inviſible Miſtreſs.

'Tis a thouſand pities, that the Author hath, prevented by Death, left the Work imperfect; ſo that we are, and ever ſhall be, at a loſs, to know, what period he might bring ſo many noble Adventures to. Had he compleated it, we ſhould have found, whether he could have given his Principal Heroe a more honourable Exit, *than to make it, on a Gibbet, at* Pontoiſe, *as he was wont to ſay himſelf, and may be ſeen in a* Dedicatory *of his to the Abbot* Menagius, *and Monſieur* Sarrazin, *before a little Piece in Verſe, entituled,* A true Relation of what happened between the Poets and

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the Deſtinies, upon the Death of Monſieur de Voiture.

His other Works, in Proſe, are only theſe NOVELS, *and ſome* LETTERS, *which being but few, and thoſe ſo particular about his own Occaſions and Neceſſities, they will not be much worth the Tranſlation into Engliſh. Among theſe was found the* Novel; *to wit,*

The Chaſtiſement of Avarice.

All the reſt of his Works are Poetry, in four Volumes; two, of Playes, Fragments of Playes, Epiſtles, &c. One, of Poems, upon ſeveral occaſions; and the laſt, containing eight Books of the Æneids, *in* Burleſque, *under the Tittle of* Le Virgile Traveſty; *in which kind of Writing lay his chiefeſt excellency; but all together may juſtly ſecure him the Title of the ſmarteſt, and moſt pleaſant Writer of this laſt Age.*

As to his Perſon, the Accompt we have to give of it, is deriv'd partly from what he hath declar'd himſelf, and partly from the Character given him by his Friends. What we have from himſelf happen'd upon this occaſion. The fore-mentioned Piece dedicated to Menagius *and* Sarrazin, *being in the Preſs, there chanc'd to be ſome vacant Pages, whereupon*

the Bookſeller intreating Monſieur Scarron *to bethink himſelf of ſome thing to fill them up, (for the humour of doing it with Catalogues of other Books, it ſeems, was not much in vogue in* France) *he gave them the enſuing Deſcription of himſelf. at the beginning whereof, there was a Braſs-Cut, wherein he was repreſented ſitting in a great Chair, with his back towards the Beholders, and five Women on the one ſide, and four on the other, as it were to repreſent the nine Muſes. I ſhall here give the ſaid Deſcription, juſt as if I had the ſame occaſion to do it as my Author had.*

TO

TO THE
READER
Who never ſaw me.

READER, who never ſaw'ſt me, and haply are not much troubled at it, out of conceit, that there is little to be gotten by the ſight of ſuch a Perſon as I am, know, that for my part, I ſhould have been as indifferent as thou art, whether I were ſeen by thee or not, if I had not been inform'd, that ſome very ingenious Perſons, make my miſery their ſport, and give a deſcription of me quite different from what I am. Some ſay, that, if I could be capable of any motion, it would not be much unlike that of thoſe exemplary Cripples, who go on their Hands and Britch; others affirm I have no Thighs, and that, being ſet on a Table in a Box, purpoſely made for me, I there fall a prating like an one-ey'd Parrat: And others yet are ſo pleaſant, as to ſay, that, my Hat being ty'd to the end of a Cord, which runs through

through a Pully faſten'd to the Roof of my Chamber, I, having the other end of the ſaid Cords in my hands (which it ſeems I muſt not be able to lift up to my head) make a ſhift, to raiſe up, and let it fall, to ſalute thoſe who come to viſit me.

I conceive my ſelf therefore oblig'd in conſcience, to give a check to theſe calumnies, that the World may at length be undeceiv'd, and to that end, have caus'd the Plate, which thou may'ſt ſee at the beginning of this Preface, to be graven. I doubt not, Reader, but thou wilt grumble, (for grumbling is very natural to all Readers, and I am inclin'd to it my ſelf, as well as others, when I am a Reader) thou wilt grumble, I ſay, and quarrel at me, that thou haſt not a ſight of my fore part. To ſatisfie thee, know, that it is not out of any irreverence, or want of civility, that I turn my back-ſide to the Company, but for this reaſon, that the convexity of my back is fitter to receive an inſcription, than the concavity of my Breaſt, which is overſhadow'd by the pendency of my Head, and that by that ſide, as well as the other, a Man may take a ſurvey of the Site, or rather, the irregular platform of my Perſon. Without any imagination, that the

World

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World ſhould think it ſelf oblig'd by ſuch a Preſent (for, by the Nine Gentle-Laſſes that ſtand about me, I never hop'd my Head would ever become the Original of a Medal) I would have had my Picture drawn, if any Painter durſt have attempted it, For want of that, take this account of my Perſon.

I am ſomewhat above thirty years of age, as thou may'ſt ſee by the back of my Chair. If I live to forty, I ſhall make a great addition of miſeries, to thoſe I have already ſuffer'd within theſe eight or nine years. I was of a paſſable ſtature, though ſomewhat below the middle ſize: but my diſeaſes have ſhortned it by a foot and better. My head is ſomewhat of the biggeſt, conſidering my ſtature. My face is pretty full and plump, compar'd to the Skeleton I am thence downwards. I am ſo well furniſh'd with hair, that I need wear no Periwig, and much of it is turn'd grey, in ſpight of the Proverb. My ſight is good enough, though my eyes are ſomewhat larger than they ſhould be: they are blew, and one of them more ſunk into my head than the other. My noſe ſtands well enough. My teeth, ſometimes ſo many Pearls, are

now

now of a colour between black and blew. I have loſt one hand, a half one on the left ſide, and two and a half on the right: and I have two a little broken. My legs and thighs made at firſt an obtuſe, then an equal, and at laſt, an acute Angle. My thighs and my body making another, and my Head hanging down over my breaſt, I am a certain repreſentative or Hieroglyphick of the Letter Z. My arms are contracted as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am a certain contraction or Epitome of humane miſery.

Thus much as to my figure; and ſince I am ſo far in my way, I will give thee a ſlight touch of my humour. 'Tis more than I promis'd; but, to deal freely with thee, Reader, take notice, that this Preface is deſign'd only to ſwell the Book, upon the importunity of the Seller, whoſe fear it was, he ſhould not ſave himſelf by the Impreſſion. Were it not for that, it would be to as little purpoſe as many others are. But this is not the firſt time, that ſome people ſhew themſelves Fools, out of compliance with others, beſides the fooleries they are guilty of upon their own account.

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As to my humour then; I am to confess, that I am somewhat cholerick, a lover of good meat, and inclin'd to sloth. I often call my Man Fool or Coxcomb, and presently after, Sir, and Monsieur. I hate no body; God grant others have the same kindness for me. I am very glad when I have Money, and would be much more, if I had my health. I am merry enough in Company, and not much unsatisfi'd, when I am alone. I endure my miseries patiently enough. And now I think my Preface is long enough, and that it is time I should make an end of it.

So for the Author's description of himself upon the occasion before mentioned. What we have from his friends is before his Virgil Travesty, *consisting of certain Papers of Verses before that Piece, whereof some being in* French *some in* Latin, *we shall cull out only the* Latin *Copies, as more particularly describing his Person and Indispositions.*

In

In Gallicam Scarronis *Æneidem ludicro carmine ſcriptam.*

DEbile *Scarronis* corpus, contractaque membra,
Indomitus vexat nocte dieque dolor.
Hinc caput obliqua pronum cervice ſatiſcit,
Nec licet obtutus tollere ad aſtra ſuos.
Utque manus premit innocuas cruciatque chiragra,
Sic ſecat immeritos ſæva podagra pedes.
Et malè nodoſos macies depaſcitur artus,
Tabidaque areſcens vix teget oſſa cutis.
Torqueris levius volvendo, Siſyphe, ſaxo;
Quique renaſcenti pectore paſcis avem.
Et tamen in mediis ridere doloribus audet,
Nec miſerum læti deſeruere joci.
Ridiculum Æneam, Troas, Danaoſq; facetus,
Inſolita Gallis arte, Poeta facit.
Oblectant animos, non jam naufragia terrent
Itala quæ finxit, Vate Marone, Clio.
Feſtive ventique ruunt, atq; æquora verſant,
Jucunde Phrygias & quatis unda rates.
Et ſupplex precibus ſuperos dicacibus orat
Naufragus;

Naufragus, & grato cum ſale nauta perit.
Nec flenda ingeniis modo ſunt incendia Trojæ;
Hæc poſſint Priamo ſic placuiſſe ſeni.
Ipſa quoque in Teucros jocalares concipit iras
Altiſoni conjux, Juno, ſororque Jovis.
Tam bene qui ludit, dum toto corpore, languens,
Deficit innumeris obruiturque malis?
Vel certe humana Deus eſt ſub imagine *Scarro*,
Ingenio pollet vel propiore Dei.

C. Feramus.

In

In Æneida Mimicam & jocosam Pauli Scarronis.

COrpore *Scarro* æger, sed cui ridere decorum
Phœbus, Amor, Charites, & Venus ipsa dedit.
Gratum opus urbanis, Urbanæ Æneidos Autor,
Transtulit in lepidos Arma Virumque jocos.

Atticus Secundus.

SCARRONI *ex Parte Nepoti.*

SI punctum omne tulit, qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Ludendo ſcribens ſerio quid meruit?
Virgilii miranda legens ridere jubetur;
Hoc debet, *Scarro*, Gallica Muſa, tibi.

Urb. Scarron Partuus.

SCAR-

SCARRON's NOVELS.

THE *Fruitleſs Precaution.*

The Firſt Novel.

A Gentleman of *Granada*, whoſe true name I ſhall forbear to diſcover, and on whom I will beſtow that of *Don Pedro* of *Caſteel*, *Aragon*, and *Toledo*, or what you pleaſe, ſince that a glorious name in a *Romance* coſts no more than another, (which is haply the reaſon that the *Spaniards*, not content with their own, ever give themſelves of the moſt Illuſtrious, nay hardly ſit down with one:) this Gentleman, I ſay, (now *Don Pedro*) being arriv'd at the twentieth year of his age, loſt both Father and Mother, and by their death came to a very

great Estate: all which hapning to the same Person contributes very much to his miscarriage if he be born a Fool, but, if Nature hath been more indulgent to him, puts him into a capacity of improving himself to some esteem in the World. During the year of his mourning, he very prudently wean'd himself from most part of the divertisement, which Persons of his Age are ordinarily addicted to, and busied himself in looking into the posture of his Estate, and putting his affairs into a good order. He was a very graceful Person, of an excellent Wit, and behav'd himself, in his youth, with a prudence and conduct such as might have become gray hairs. There was not in *Granada* any Lady who would not gladly have had him to her Husband, nor any Father so prepossess'd with the defects of his Daughter, as not to wish him his Son-in-law. Of the Beauties in *Granada*, which stood in competition for the Monarchy of Hearts, one only there was able to captivate that of *Don Pedro*. Her name was *Seraphina*, Beautiful indeed as a Seraphin, young, rich, well descended, and, in a word, though of a fortune somewhat below that of *Don Pedro's*, yet a Person as well accomplish'd to make a Wife, as he a Husband. He made no question, but that upon the first proposal of marriage made to her Friends, he should obtain their consent to become her Servant: but he chose rather to gain her by his own worth and desert, than their compliance, and resolv'd to court her with all the passion, submissions, and services imaginable, so to make a conquest of her heart, before he became possessor of her Person.

His design was noble, and might accordingly have prov'd more successful, if Fortune, who is

many

many times, maliciouſly pleas'd to diſturb things manag'd with the greateſt conduct and circumſpection, had not rais'd him a Rival, who was become Maſter of the place he would have taken, while he was but yet making his firſt approaches. His name we have here little to do with, he was much about the age of *Don Pedro*, perhaps as lovely as he, and without doubt much more belov'd.

It was not long e're *Don Pedro* perceiv'd he had a Competitor, and was not much troubled at it, as having the advantage of him in point of Eſtate. He was at the charge of Muſick in the ſtreet where his Miſtreſs liv'd; his Riv[illegible] had the pleaſure of it in her Chamber, and happily receiv'd more than ordinary kindneſs from her while poor *Don Pedro*'s teeth ſhatter'd in his head. At laſt he grew weary of hunting the Bats, I mean, of the charge and inconveniencies of that kind of Courtſhip, without making any progreſs in his buſineſs: Yet ſo as this ill ſucceſs caus'd not any remiſſion of his Love, but only made him quit the deſign he had to be too prodigal of his addreſſes to his Miſtreſs, before he had obtain'd her of her Friends. He therefore went and demanded her of them, and they very liberally gave their conſent he ſhould have her, without ever adviſing with, or communicating the buſineſs to their Daughter; out of an exceſs of joy to be intreated, to do what they earneſtly deſir'd, and indeed durſt hardly hope. They ſoon after acquainted *Seraphina* with the good fortune that came to court her, and prepar'd her to entertain the addreſſes of *Don Pedro*, and, within a few days, to marry him. The news, which ſhe ſhould have receiv'd with joy, rais'd in her no ſmall diſturbance; inſomuch, that, not able to ſmother the loſs ſhe

was

was at, she hardly made a shift to conceal the occasion thereof from them, by perswading them it proceeded from the affliction, it would be to her, to part with those, for whom she had so dutiful an affection. She acted her part so handsomely, that out of pure tenderness, the old People could not forbear tears, nor commending the good nature of their Daughter. She used all the entreaties she could to perswade them to put off the marriage for four or five months, representing to them that the decay of her health was visible in her Countenance; and pressing, that, if ever she married, it might not be till she had recovered her perfect health, to the end she might be in a better disposition to please her Husband, lest he might take any occasion to be dissatisfi'd with her, in the dawning of their marriage, and repent of his choice.

Now whereas it was indeed true, that for some time before she seem'd not to have her health as she was wont, her Friends were well satisfi'd with what she had said to them, and gave an account of it to *Don Pedro*, who also had nothing to except against it, as concieving it argu'd the discretion of his Mistress. Nevertheless, they thought it not amiss to put things in order, as to the contract of marriage, and the settlement to be made thereupon.

But though things were brought to this pass, the amorous *Don Pedro* omitted not any of those Expressions of Gallantry and Courtship, expected in the carrying on of a Match with consent of all Parties. He sent his Mistress many Presents, and writ to her every day. She on the other side, return'd him such answers as were at least very civil, though they betray'd much less of passion, than was visible

viſible in his Letters. But ſhe would not by any means be ſeen in the day time, excuſing her ſelf by reaſon of her indiſpoſition, nay in the Evenings was ſeldom ſeen at her window, which rais'd in *Don Pedro* a great admiration of her reſerv'dneſs. He was better conceited of his own worth than any way to queſtion the ſucceſs of his applications, or doubt his being deeply in the favour of his Miſtreſs when he ſhould be better known to her than he was, even though ſhe might have had an averſion for him before ſhe knew him.

His affairs hitherto went on ſmoothly without any rub, but, on a ſudden, it happen'd that he could not get a ſight of his Miſtreſs in four or five days. He was extreamly troubled at it, or at leaſt pretended it: he writ Verſes upon that occaſion, or, it may be hired, or bought ſome, and caus'd them to be ſung under her window: but notwithſtanding theſe great attempts of a moſt paſſionate Lover, all he could do was to ſpeak with one of the Chamber-maids, who told him, that his Miſtreſs was much ſicker than ſhe had been. His Poetick vein ſwell'd at this account of her, or, if not his, that of his mercenary Poet muſt breath and bleed for it: for I could never be truly inform'd whether he himſelf had any gift in rhiming. Having got what he had, ſet to ſome doleful tune, and loaden beſides his offenſive and defenſive Arms, with a Guittarrh, (which I am apt to believe was the beſt the City could afford) he took his way very boiſterouſly towards his Miſtreſs's, either to move her to compaſſion, or to ſet the Dogs thereabouts a barking. 'Tis not unlikely he ſhould have done one of the two or both together, and yet it ſo happen'd he did neither.

Being

Being come within fifty paces ſhort of the bleſſed manſion of his Divinity, he perceives the door open and a woman coming out, who ſeem'd much like his almoſt-inviſible Angel. He could not imagine what ſhould oblige a Woman, all alone, and at ſuch a time of the night, to enter, of ſet purpoſe, into a great deſolate building, deſtroy'd not long before by a fire that had happen'd. To find out what the matter ſhould be, he walk'd round about thoſe ruines, into which there were ſeveral ways to get in, ſo, with as much convenience as he could, to get near the Perſon whom he had follow'd in thither. It came into his imagination, that it might be his Miſtreſs who had appointed his Rival a meeting in that ſtrange place, as not daring to be ſeen at her houſe, and haply unwilling to have any third Perſon privy to an action, which it concern'd him ſo much to be kept ſecret; and if what he did as yet but only ſuſpect, ſhould prove true, his inviolable reſolution was to be the death of his Rival, and to be reveng'd of *Seraphina*, by loading her with the greateſt reproaches he could think on. He thereupon crawl'd along with as little noiſe as he could, till he came to a place whence he ſaw her (for it was ſhe) ſitting upon the ground, bemoaning her ſelf, as a perſon ready to give up the Ghoſt, or what ſignifies little leſs (to give it you in a word) in Labour, and with inexpreſſible pain, upon the delivery of a little Creature, in the making whereof ſhe had haply taken a great deal of pleaſure. She no ſooner ſaw her ſelf disburthen'd, but deriving ſtrength from her courage, ſhe return'd the ſame way ſhe came, without taking any further thought, what ſhould become of the Child ſhe had brought into the World.

I leave you to judge what aſtoniſhment *Don Pedro* was in at this ſtrange accident. Now was he ſatisfi'd what was the true cauſe of his Miſtreſs's ſickneſs: he was a little frighted at the danger he was likely to have fallen into, and made his acknowledgement to Heaven, that he had eſcap'd it. And being of a noble and generous diſpoſition, he would not be reveng'd of one that had put ſuch a treacherous trick upon him, to the diſhonour of an illuſtrious Family, nor in his juſt reſentment ſuffer the innocent little Creature to periſh, which he ſaw at his feet expos'd to the mercy of the firſt Dog or Swine that had come that way. He took it up in his handkerchief, for want of ſomething elſe to wrap it in, and, with as much haſte as he could, went to a Midwife of his acquaintance, to whoſe care he recommended the Child he put into her hands, and gave her money to buy all things neceſſary for it. The Midwife, well paid, did what might have been expected from her, inſomuch that the very next day, the Child was put out to Nurſe, Chriſtned, and (proving a Girl) named *Laura*.

In the interim, *Don Pedro* went to ſee a certain Kinſwoman of his, one in whom he repos'd very much confidence: he told her that he had chang'd the deſign he had of marrying ſo young, into that of travelling, entreated her to take upon her the management of his Eſtate, and to entertain into her Houſe a little Girl, whom he made her believe was his own, to be very liberal in what concern'd her education, and, for certain reaſons, which ſhe ſhould one day know, as ſoon as ſhe were three years old, to put her into a Nunnery, and above all things, to take order that ſhe ſhould have no acquaintance

quaintance with the things of this world. He gave his Kinſwoman Letters of Attorney, and what elſe was neceſſary for her management of his Eſtate, furniſh'd himſelf with Mony and Jewels; got a truſty Servant; and, before he left *Granada*, writ a Letter to *Seraphina*. She receiv'd it much about the time that ſhe was acquainting her Friends, that her ſickneſs would not any longer delay her marriage: But *Don Pedro*'s Letter, wherein he diſcover'd what he knew of her condition, fill'd her with other thoughts. And thoſe were wholly directed towards God, inſomuch that, not long after, ſhe went into a Nunnery, never to come out again, it being not in the power of her Friends, with all their entreaties and tears to divert her from that reſolution, which they thought ſo much the more ſtrange, the more they were to ſeek what the motives of it ſhould be.

But we will leave them bewailing their daughter, now turn'd Nun: Her, on the other ſide, bewailing her own miſcarriage; the little *Laura* growing up, and blooming forth; and overtake *Don Pedro* upon his way to *Sevil*, not able to divert his thoughts from running upon the adventure that had happen'd to him, and thereupon entertaining a cruel averſion againſt marriage, after his having ſo great a deſire to taſte of it. All the women he meets he is frightned at, and without any reflection that, as well as men, there are ſome good, ſome bad among them, he concludes with himſelf, that a man muſt ever be diſtruſtful of them, and much more of thoſe who pretend to wit, than the ſimple, being apt enough to embrace their opinion, who hold, that a woman knows more than ſhe ought, if ſhe knows any thing beyond what belongs to Houſe-keeping, and the bringing up of her Children.

Em-

Embracing these Heresies with some perswasion he enters *Sevil*, and went to the House of *Don John*——(His name is quite out of my head) a rich man, and a Person of Quality, who was not only his Kinsman, but much his Friend, and so kind as that he would not suffer him to lodge any where else. The pleasantness of *Sevil* raised in him an inclination to make a longer stay there than he thought to have done: which his Cousin *Don John* perceiving, and wishing his divertisement yet greater than it was, spent some time in shewing him whatever that place afforded that were any thing rare or considerable.

One day, as they were riding through one of the principal Streets of the City, they saw, in a Coach that went into a great Persons house, a young Lady, habited like a Widow, but so handsom, so attractive, that *Don Pedro* was surpriz'd at her beauty, and made *Don John* laugh to hear the exclamation and oaths he made, that he had never seen any thing comparable to her in his Life. This angelical Widow reconciled to his favour all those of the female Sex, whom *Seraphina* had made abominable in his apprehension. He intreated *Don John* to ride once more through the same Street, and acknowledg'd to him, that ever so little more sight of her had really wounded him. 'Tis more than needed, *replied Don John*; for, if I 'am not much mistaken, you are so far wounded 'as requires some remedy. Ah, Cousin, *says Don 'Pedro to him*, I think I may confidently tell you, 'that I should esteem my self very happy, might 'I pass away my days with so excellent a Person. 'Nay, if you take that course, *replies Don John*, 'and make such haste as you do, you may soon

'come

'come to your journeys end, and be Maſter of the 'happineſs you propoſe to your ſelf. Not but 'that ſuch an Enterprize muſt needs be difficult, '*Elvira* is a Perſon of Quality, and very rich, her 'beauty is ſuch as you have obſerv'd it, her vertue 'not inferiour, and for the ſpace of two years 'that ſhe had been a Widow, the wealthieſt For-'tunes in *Andaluzia* have not raiſed in her any 'motions to change her condition. But a Per-'ſon of your endowments and excellencies may 'conquer that which others have not been able to 'ſtand againſt. She is a Kinſwoman of my Wives, 'and I ſometimes viſit her. I ſhall, if you pleaſe, 'acquaint her with your inclinations, and I am the 'more apt to hope my negotiation may prove 'effectual, in regard I have the honour to ſee her 'in her Balcony which is over againſt us, a favour 'not ordinary from a Lady ſo reſerv'd, ſince ſhe 'might as well ſhut up her own jealouſies and her 'windows together, and ſo make us be laugh'd at 'after all our Gallantry.

With which words both the Cavaliers made each of them an obeiſance to the *Spaniſh* Lady, which it coſt them no ſmall pains to acquit themſelves well of. But particularly *Don Pedro* did his with ſuch contorſion and violence to his whole body, that a little more he had injur'd his reins. The Lady in the Balcony return'd them one not much to be found fault with, which engag'd *Don Pedro* and his Com-panion to repay it with two others,

But ſeeing the Sun from th' Balcony was gone,
They thought it full time to depart,
One went away well, and as ſound as a Bell,
But the other was ſtruck to the heart.

'An

Ah! Couſin, ſays Don Pedro *to* Don John, *what probability is there that a Stranger ſhould ſtorm a heart that has ſtood out the aſſaults of all the beſt and nobleſt Champions as to Quality and Deſert that* Sevil *affords?* But, continued he, *ſince that little hope I have of obtaining her favour is enough to occaſion my death, it will come but all to one if I hazard my Life upon her denials and diſdains. Let me therefore, dear Couſin, intreat you to ſpeak to her, as ſoon as poſſibly you can, and preſs not to her ſo much the greatneſs of my Quality or Eſtate, as the violence of my Paſſion.*

Don Pedro was ſo over head and ears in Love, that he could not ſpeak of any thing elſe, in ſo much that his Couſin perceived the greateſt kindneſs he could do him, was to ſpeak with the ſooneſt to *Elvira.* He did it, and that with good ſucceſs. The fair Widow entertain'd ſo kindly the Propoſition he made on the behalf of his Friend, that ſhe diſcovered rather a ſatisfaction, than any diſpleaſure thereat. But, in Anſwer thereto, ſhe told him, that having made a Vow ſhe would not hear of any Addreſſes in order to a ſecond Marriage, till three years were expired after her former Husband's death, no conſideration in the World ſhould prevail with her to break it. She added further, that out of an exact obſervance to what ſhe had promiſed to the memory of her late Husband, ſhe had till then behaved her ſelf inflexibly towards all thoſe that had made their addreſſes to her; and that if *Don Pedro* had ſo much command of himſelf as to continue his Devotions to her for the ſpace of one whole year, during which time they might become better acquainted one with another, ſhe

would promiſe never to be any Mans Wife but his.

Don John upon his return gave *Don Pedro* an account of his Negotiation, and rendred him the moſt ſatisfied and moſt amorous Man in the world. The long time he was to expect, troubled him not at all, reſolving to imploy it in all manner of Court-ſhips, worthy Atchievemements, and Adventures, befitting a ſpruce Lover. He bought a Coach and Horſes, took a Houſe, and entertained Servants, ſet the Embroiderers and Taylors of *Sevil* a ſewing, and the Muſicians a ſinging. He would have preſented *Elvira* with ſome things; but ſhe would by no means permit it. Her Maids were much more eaſily intreated, and received his Preſents as willingly as he beſtowed them. In a ſhort time *Elvira*'s Servants were more at his devotion than at hers, they cauſing her to ſhew her ſelf in the Balcony, though much againſt her humour, as often as *Don Pedro* was ſinging in the Street: in which imployment, as I have been told, he was grown to be a Crafts-maſter, not making uſe of his lips and tongue to quaver out the Notes as many good Singers do.

Six Months were already paſt ſince *Don Pedro* had laid a Siege to the affections of *Elvira*, yet had not the leaſt private parley with her; which added daily more and more to the eſteem and devotion he had for her. At laſt, upon an importunity of Prayers and Preſents, one of her Gentlewomen, better ſtored with confidence than any of the reſt, or rather better brib'd, promiſed to bring him in the night time to her Ladys Lodgings, and ſo to diſpoſe of him, as that he ſhould ſee her put off her cloaths before ſhe went to bed, walking in her

her Smock about the Chamber for coolneſs, and ſinging, and playing upon the Lute, which ſhe did admirably well.

This took *Don Pedro* ſo highly, that he gave his Intelligencer much beyond what he had promiſed her; ſo that night being come, the bold Granadine, according to the Gentlewomans directions, comes into *Elvira*'s Houſe, ſlunk into her Lodgings, and there, from a little aſcent, which was over againſt her Chamber door, he ſaw her ſitting on a Couch, reading in a Prayer-book, how attentively I know not, while her Women were undreſſing her. She had only a thin looſe coat about her, and was upon getting into Bed, when *Don Pedro*'s Penſion-Gentlewoman, deſirous to give him cauſe to be as much ſatisfied with her, as ſhe with him, entreats her Miſtreſs to ſing. To hers, her Companions added their entreaties; yet *Elvira* put them off a long time, telling them ſhe was melancholly, nay, aſſuring them ſhe had ſome reaſon to be ſo: but the Gentlewoman who was ſo much at the devotion of *Don Pedro*, having put a Lute into her Miſtreſſes hand, *Elvira* had the complyance to ſing, and did it with ſo much excellency and delight, that *Don Pedro* could hardly forbear caſting himſelf at her feet, there to act the part of the ecſtatick Lover. She ſung not long, but went to bed: her women withdrew into their Chambers, and *Don Pedro*, who would gladly have gotten into the Street, was at a cruel loſs what to do when he found the great Gate faſt. There was no other courſe to be taken, than to expect till it were day, He ſat down on the brink of a Well, which was at one corner of the Court, in no ſmall diſturbance, by reaſon of the fear he was in of being diſcovered,

and to incur the diſpleaſure of his Miſtreſs, for his preſumption.

While he was thus engaged, his thoughts running upon thouſands of deſigns, and thoſe attended by ſo many fruitleſs wiſhes, he perceives a Door opening, that belonged to ſome part of *Elvira*'s Lodgings. He turned toward that ſide on which he heard the noiſe, and was much at a loſs to ſee coming into the Court the fair Widow whom he thought faſt aſleep. By the light of a ſmall Wax Candle ſhe had in her hand, he perceived that her night-cloaths were very neat about her head; that ſhe was bare-neck'd, had an excellent Neck-lace of Pearl on, and that upon her Smock, about which was abundance of Lace, ſhe had only a long rich Mantle. She had in her hand a Silver Plate, covered with Jelly, Sweet-meats, and Conſerves; and in that ſtrange Poſture ſhe was ſo full of Charm and Attraction, that *Don Pedro* was once in a mind to ſatisfie himſelf with the enjoyment of looking on her, though he ſhould thereby draw on himſelf all the diſpleaſure, which a preſumption ſo great might juſtly deſerve. But upon better thoughts he hid himſelf behind the Well, yet ſo as that he ſtill obſerved his Miſtreſs, flattering himſelf ſometimes with an imagination, that he was the perſon ſhe ſought after. She went on towards the Stable, whether *Don Pedro*, at a diſtance, followed her, and ſaw her go into a little Chamber. The firſt apprehenſion he had, was, that his Miſtreſs, out of an exceſs of pious Charity, went to viſit ſome Servant of the Houſe that was ſick, though, without any prejudice to her charitable inclinations, ſhe might have put that imployment upon ſome one of her Women.

Women. He hid himſelf behind a Horſe, which ſtood not far from the door of the Chamber, and thence obſerving his dear Widow, he ſaw her ſet down on a little Table, the Candleſtick, the Plate, and whatever elſe ſhe had brought that was burthenſome to her Ivory hands; and perceived in a Bed, which took up almoſt all the Chamber, a Blackamore that was ſick, who ſeemed to be about thirty years of Age, but ſo deformed, and of ſo dreadful a look, that he was in a manner frighted at the ſight of him. His meager countenance, and the painful emiſſion of his breath argued him very ſick, and much ſpent. *Don Pedro* could not but admire the unparallel'd goodneſs of the fair *Elvira*, who took up the Negroe's Coverlet, and having thruſt up his head, ſat down by the ſick Perſon, and put her hand upon his forehead, all wet, haply with the ſweats and pains of approaching Death. The Negro beheld with a ghaſtly look, the charitable Angel that came to comfort him, and who ſtill viewed him with tears in her eyes. *Don Pedro* knew not what he ſhould think of a Charity ſo tranſcendent, and having for a while admired it, he began to think it exceſſive: but as yet he had not ſeen any thing.

At laſt, the fair Widow breaking forth into diſcourſe, yet weeping as if it had been at the taking of a final farewel, ſhe asked the Negro, how he did, *My dear* Anthony, ſaid ſhe to him with a voice interrupted by ſobs, *Art thou then reſolved to die, and with thy own, to be my death too? Thou ſpeakeſt not to me my deareſt; take heart, my Soul, take heart, if thou deſireſt I ſhould live, and eat a little of this Jelly, for my ſake. Thou doſt not vouch-*

ſafe ſo much as to look on me, cruel man; not on me, who loves thee, who adores thee; kiſs me, my Angel, kiſs me, and recover thy health, if thou wouldſt not have any company to Death, after I had ſo much loved thee whilſt thou hadſt any Life.

To this effect were her expoſtulations, joyning her Angelical face to the Diabolical Countenance of the Moor, which ſhe bedewed with her tears. I am apt to imagine, that whoever had ſeen ſuch a viſion, would have taken it for an Angel embracing a Devil. As for our *Don Pedro*, he began to think his fair *Elvira* as ugly as her Negro, who at laſt caſting his eyes on his importunate Miſtreſs, whom he had not till then vouchſafed a look, and with his ſcraggy hand removing her face from his own, ſaid to her, with a hollow voice; *What would you have of me, Madam, and why will you not let me die in quiet? Do you not think it enough that you have reduc'd me to the condition I am in? or do you expect I ſhould, at the point of death, Sacrifice the few Minutes that I have left, to the ſatisfaction of your inſatiable inclinations? Take a Husband, Madam, take a Husband, and expect no more from me. I ſhall not ſee you any more, nor taſt of what you have brought me; all my buſineſs now is only to die, ſince I am not good for any thing but the Grave.*

Having ſo ſaid, he ſlunk down into the Bed, ſo ſuddenly, that the unfortunate *Elvira* could not get a word from him by way of return, notwithſtanding all the kindneſſes both of words and geſtures ſhe uſed towards him; whether it were that he was already dead, or obſtinately reſolved not to ſpeak to a perſon whom he thought the occaſion of his death. *Elvira* melted into tears,

and

and in a manner out of her ſelf, to ſee what a ſad condition ſhe left her dear Negro in, and moſt of all to conſider his inhumanity towards her, took up all ſhe had brought with her, and returned to her chamber, with ſo much ſadneſs and affliction in her countenance, that it was much to her loſs ſhe had not been ſeen in that poſture by her apoſtate Lover, *Don Pedro.*

He in the mean time lay cloſe and undiſcovered in the moſt obſcure part of the Stable, ſo aſtoniſhed, as that he had not been half as much, when he was preſent at the happy delivery of *Seraphina.* He ſaw the counterfeit Matron returning to her Chamber, diſconſolate as a Widow at the Funeral of a Husband ſhe dearly lov'd; and not long after, finding the great Gate open, he got into the Street, not much ſolicitous whether he were ſeen or not, as not eſteeming the Reputation of *Elvira* worthy the leaſt tenderneſs or reſpect. Yet even in that did he follow the dictates of his own Vertue, ſo far as that he diſcovered not what he had ſeen even to his Friend. He paſſed by *Elvira*'s door the next day juſt as the Moor was carried out to his Burial. Her Woman told him that ſhe was Sick, and for the ſpace of four or five days that he paſſed to and fro that way, ſhe was not to be ſeen at her Window, ſo incapable was ſhe of any Conſolation upon the death of the *African.* *Don Pedro* was much deſirous to hear from her. One day as he was in diſcourſe with *Don John*, a Slave of *Elvira*'s brought him a Letter from her Miſtreſs. He opened it with ſome impatience, and read in it what you are like to do if you pleaſe.

UMI - 1994

A LETTER.

TWo persons, between whom there is a mutual affection in order to Marriage, need no third person to solicit the business between them. You would have me believe that you think me not unhandsome, and I cannot but acknowledge I am so far taken with you, as that I am willing to grant you immediately, what I had not promised till a year were expired. My Person and Estate are at your disposal, when you please to command them; and I am to desire you to believe, that though I cannot be too circumspect in a business of this nature, yet your merit, and my own affection shall be my Security, and enable me to overcome what difficulties soever I may meet with therein.

ELVIRA.

Don Pedro read over the Letter twice or thrice, so much ado had he to believe what he read. He considered with himself that he had been twice in danger to have been as unfortunately married, as any man in *Spain*, and sent up his hearty thanks to Heaven, which had enabled him to escape it, by discovering to him two secrets of so great importance. The resolution of Marrying suddenly, which the Negro's death had put *Elvira* upon, rais'd in *Don Pedro* a quite contrary, which was, that of getting from her as soon as he could. He therefore

A told

told *Don John*, that it concern'd both his life and honour, that he ſhould be out of *Sevil* within an hour, and that he would take along with him only that Servant whom he had brought from *Granada*. He intreated him to ſell his Coach and Horſes, and with the Mony to diſcharge his Servants; but above all things, he deſired him not to make any enquiry after the occaſion of ſo ſudden a change and ſo unexpected a departure, promiſing to give him an account in writing from the firſt place he ſhould make any ſtay at. He writ to *Elvira*, while ſome were gone to take up two Mules for him; he delivered his Letter to the Slave, and, the Mules being come, took his way towards *Madrid*, confirmed, more than ever, in his former opinion, of being diſtruſtful of all Women of more than ordinary Wit; nay indeed, to have a horrour of them. While he is ſpurring on his Mule, *Elvira* opens his Letter, and finds in it theſe words.

A LETTER.

HOw violent ſoever the affection I had for you might have been, yet have I ever preferred the deſire of preſerving your Honour, before the pleaſure of enjoying your Perſon. Thence you might have perceived with what diſcretion all my Courtſhips and Addreſſes were attended. I am naturally a Perſon of a very nice Conſcience, and therefore cannot without ſome Remorſe, anſwer your Propoſal of Marriage, you being a Widow but ſince Yeſterday.

You

You are much more oblig'd to the memory of the poor Negro, who hath loſt his life in your Service, and can beſtow no leſs than a Tear in bewailing the miſcarriage of a perſon, whoſe performances you thought ſo extraordinary. In the interim, we ſhall both of us have time to conſider what we have to do.

DON PEDRO.

Elvira was almoſt out of her ſelf at the reading of this Letter; the affliction ſhe conceived thereat made her more ſick than ſhe had been upon the loſs of her Lover of *Gunny*. But bethinking her ſelf that *Don Pedro* had left *Sevil*, and another perſon, whom ſhe thought furniſhed for her turn, making his Addreſſes to her in order to Marriage, ſhe took him at his word, and entertained him, to ſupply the place of the Negro. Not but that there were other Negroes choice enough; but ſhe had heard ſay, that there were ſeveral ſorts of Negroes, and that they are not ſo far Devils as they ſeem black.

By this time was *Don Pedro* got to *Madrid*, where he allighted at an Uncles of his, who entertain'd him very kindly. This Uncle was a Gentleman of a very great eſtate, had only one Son, deſtin'd in Marriage for a Couſin of his, an Heireſs, one that being but ten years of age, was kept in a Monaſtery, till ſuch time as ſhe were ripe for the enjoyments of her Couſin. This Couſin's name was *Don Rodrigues*, a perſon as lovely as could be looked on, every way ſo accompliſhed, that *Don Pedro* entred into a Friendſhip with him much beyond

yond what a Man hath for a Kinſman, whom yet he may love very well, for they are not always of his Kindred that a Man loves beſt.

Don Rodrigues had many times his thoughts ſo taken up with ſome reflections unknown to any but himſelf, that he minded not much what he did, or what company he was in, and theſe fits were often accompanied with certain agitations and diſturbances. *Don Pedro* having obſerved it, acquainted him with his adventures, to oblige him, by that confidence, to give him an account of his; and, in caſe there were any thing wherein he might ſerve him, to aſſure him of his being much more his Friend than his Kinſman. Whereupon he told him how he had taken notice of his ſadneſs and diſquiet, and intreated him to diſcover the occaſion of it; or otherwiſe, that he ſhould think his friendſhip not anſwerable to his own.

Don Rodrigues deſiring nothing ſo much, hoping to be disburthened of his grief, when he had communicated it. He thereupon told *Don Pedro*, that he was paſſionately fallen in Love with a Gentlewoman at *Madrid*, deſign'd in Marriage to a Couſin of hers whom ſhe expected from the *Indies*, and whom ſhe had never ſeen, much after the ſame manner as he was made ſure to a Couſin of his whom he ſtaid for till ſhe was of Age to be Married, and whom he had but little Acquaintance with.

But not unwilling to make a full diſcovery of himſelf; *This Conformity of Adventures*, ſaid he to *Don Pedro, very much heightned the mutual Love we had for one another, though it ſtill kept us both within the limits of Civility and our Duty, when ever our*

Paſſion

Passion would have advis'd us to prefer our satisfaction before the Engagements wherein we were involved upon the account of our Families. Hitherto had my Love had the success I could have wished my self, I mean, so as not to obtain the final Reward of it which she put off till after the Arrival of her Husband; that is, when the Cloak of Marriage might cover all the Inconveniencies likely to ensue upon an Appointment which supposes somewhat more than a private Conversation. I shall not tell you any thing of the Beauty of Virginia, *but only that it is impossible to say too much of it, and that I could say as much of it as would haply puzzle your Faith to believe. I shall forbear, till you have seen her, and her Cousin* Violanta, *who lives with her, which when you have, it will haply force an acknowledgment from you, that* Spain *can hardly afford any thing fairer than these two incomparable Cousins, and, when you come to discourse with them, that you never met with any Women more witty.*

Ah! That's it makes me the more to pity you, replies *Don Pedro. And why so?* says *Don Rodrigues. Because a subtil Woman,* replies *Don Pedro, will be sure, sooner or later to put a trick upon you. You know by the Relation I have given you of my Adventures, how I had been like to be trapann'd by them; and I am to assure you, that were I but in hopes to find a Woman as simple as I know there are witty, I would court her in the highest manner imaginable, and prefer her before Prudence it self, if she would entertain me to be her Servant. Sure you do not speak seriously,* replies *Don Rodrigues; for I never knew any understanding Man, but thought it the most insupportable thing in the World; nay, a certain torment to be but a quarter of an hour in Company with a Woman that is little better*

than

than a natural Fool. 'Twere most irrational, that, while our Eyes, our Hands, in a word, our whole Body, finds something of Diversion, our Souls, our noblest part should be upon the Rack of a tedious Conversation, such as must needs be that of Persons that have nothing in them. Let us have no more disputing, says *Don Pedro* to him, *since there is but too much to be said upon this Subject; be it your Business to bring me as soon as you can to a sight of this admirable Lady, as also of her Cousin, to the end, if she suit with my humour, I may have something to trifle away the time withal while I stay at* Madrid. *I believe you will find them much otherwise than you expect, when you do,* says *Don Rodrigues. And why, I pray?* replies *Don Pedro. Because* (says *Don Rodrigues*) *the Person you would see is at the greatest distance with Simplicity of any I know. I shall comply with Time and Circumstances* (replies *Don Pedro.*) *To be real with you* (added *Don Rodrigues*) *I know not well how Madam* Virginia *will entertain us, it is above eight days since that she hath treated me with all possible Rigour and Aversion, returned my Letters without ever opening them, and sent me word she would never see me, because not long since she found me in the Church, speaking to a young Lady, with whom she saw me the same day in a Coach, and upon this occasion it was that you saw me so sad and melancholy. It matters not* (says *Don Pedro*) *let us go and see them however; and take it from me, you will sooner satisfie her by vindicating your self in her presence, than with all the Letters the whole* Academy of Eloquence *could furnish you with.*

Hereupon the two Men-Cousins went to see the two Women-Cousins; and the fair *Virginia* per-

permitted *Don Rodrigues* to vindicate himself, which he found it no hard matter to Do. *Don Pedro* thought them both handsomer than any he had seen of the Sex before, not excepting the imprudent *Seraphina*, nor the counterfeit Matron *Elvira*. *Violanta*, who had dressed her self that day richer than ordinary, in order to have her Picture drawn, dazled the eyes of *Don Pedro* so far, that he immediately broke the resolution he had taken, never to love any Woman unless she were a Fool. For his part, *Violanta* was no less taken with him, it being his fortune to speak things so obliging upon her Picture; among which, some infinitely witty and smart, that they wrought in her an admiration of his excellent Parts, and no small satisfaction at the first Sallies of his Courtships.

But here I cannot avoid making a little Digression, though it be only to tell those who know not so much, that your Set-Speeches to Gentlewomen, and your serious Students in the *Academy of Complements*, are a sort of People that would be good at the putting off of whipp'd Cream and Syllibubs, and are charged with, nay, convicted of an Aery flatuous Eloquence, by Persons of good Understanding and Judgment. If this word of Advertisement be well considered by the Publick, some would find the Conveniences of it equal to those of a good Receipt against the Flies in Summer, and against stinking Breaths all the Year long. *Don Pedro*, who had solemnly sworn never to marry, unless he met with a Woman the next degree removed from an Ideot, made it appear that the Oaths of Gamesters and Lovers are not obligatory, though the late *Casuists* had not been so

ſo indulgent as to diſpenſe with them: He was ſo infinitely taken, as with the Beauty, ſo with the Wit of *Violanta*, that deſpairing to obtain any favour of her but what might be granted without any prejudice to her Honour, he was reſolved to marry her if ſhe had no averſion for that kind of Life. He many times gave her occaſion to make ſome diſcovery of her thoughts, as to that particular; but either ſhe underſtood him not, or at leaſt would not; whether it were that ſhe loved her Freedom, or could not entertain any thoughts of Marriage.

All went hitherto very proſperouſly on with theſe four Lovers; but Misfortune comes ever when 'tis leaſt expected. One day it hapned, that the two young Gentlemen having tired their Tailors, Barbers, Milleners, Shoemakers, Sempſters, and all thoſe other Trades which young Gallants put upon the Rack, when they would dazle their eyes whom they pretend to adore; or, to ſay all in a word, made themſelves as fine as *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, and not making the leaſt doubt to become Maſters of the Out-works, at leaſt, of the places they beſieged, there comes an unlucky Scrich-owl, I mean an old Servant-maid, to acquaint the two Couſins, that the *Indian* Spark, Husband to the fair *Caſtilian*, was come to *Madrid*, without ſo much as ſending a Letter before him from *Sevil*, where the Ship came in; that the two fair Couſins knew not what he meant by his ſurprizing them in that manner, and intreated the Gallants to have patience till ſuch time as *Virginia* had made ſuch diſcovery of the humours of her *Indian*, as to know how to deal with him, and that they ſhould not only forbear viſiting them, but even appearing before

pearing before their Windows, till further Order.

Thus was all the Trimming, Scouring and Powdring of that Day clearly loſt; nay, as if upon this account of their Miſtreſſes they had a remorſe for their vanity, for two days after they had no more care of themſelves than if they had been irreprievable Malefactors. They underſtood from common report about the Town, that the *Indian* and *Virginia* had been privately married; that he was naturally jealous, a perſon of experience, as being turn'd of forty Years of Age, and had taken ſuch Order in his Houſe, and was ſo vigilant over the Actions of his Wife, that her Gallants, if ſhe had any, could not hope ſo much as a ſight of her at her Window. The further Order they had been promiſed came not, and they thought long to expect it. They made their appearance in the Street, where their Miſtreſſes liv'd, and rode up and down, as they were wont, before their doors, yet could never ſee, either going in or coming out, any face they knew, or meet with any Boy or Maid they had any acquaintance with. They one day ſaw the Husband go in, accompanied by his Brother, a perſon handſom enough, and ſo young, that he was then a young Student in the Univerſity. All this did but add to their affliction, and heighten the trouble they were in. They went forth betimes in the Morning, they came not home till it was very late, and ſpent both time and pains to no purpoſe. At laſt one Holiday, being upon the Sentry, they ſaw coming out, at the Break of Day, one of *Violanta*'s Maids to go to Maſs. They made her ſtand at the Church-door, and through the perſwaſion of a many Preſents *Don Rodrigues* prevailed with her to carry a Letter to her Miſtreſs. The buſineſs of it was this.

THE

THE LETTER.

Madam,

I Find a greater unkindneſs in your Oblivion of me, than I feel torment in my own jealouſie, ſince there is no remedy for this latter, now that you are at the diſpoſal of an Husband. However you are not to think your ſelf beyond the reach of my importunities, though you have diſcharged me your remembrance. I beg of you, as the laſt favour I am to expect, to let me know whether I have yet any ground to hope, or, muſt reſolve not to live any longer,

Yours, &c.

DON RODRIGUES.

They followed the Maid at a diſtance; ſhe delivered the Letter as ſhe had promis'd them, and having made a ſign to them to come near the houſe, ſhe dropped out at the Window the Anſwer you are like to read.

THE LETTER.

A jealous man, that hath not been married long, is but little from his Wife, and cannot ſo ſoon think himſelf diſpenſed from the duty he conceives lies upon him, to expreſs his

tenderneſs over her, and obſerve her actions. There is ſome talk of taking a Journey to Vailladolid, *without any Company, which if it happen, I ſhall vindicate my ſelf, ſatisfie my engagements, and pay my debts.*

This Letter, which they both with a certain emulation kiſſed an hundred and an hundred times, reviv'd their decaying hopes, and nouriſh'd them for ſome days: but at laſt, not hearing any thing from their forgetful Miſtreſſes, they renew'd their marches and counter-marches before their Windows, ſpent whole Nights there; and could not ſee any going to and fro, no more than if the Houſe had been haunted, and no body liv'd in it.

But one day it happen'd, that theſe two deſpairing Lovers being in the Church, comes in Miſtreſs Bride; *Don Rodrigues* went and kneeled down cloſe by her, as 'twere to out-face an old Gentleman-Uſher that had brought her thither. He in a few words made his complaints to her; ſhe in as few excuſed her ſelf, and at laſt ſhe told *Don Rodrigues*, that her husband was not yet gone to *Vailladolid*, though he talked of going every day; that her impatience to have a private meeting with him was no leſs than his; and that ſhe knew but one way to ſatisfie his deſires, which abſolutely depended on *Don Pedro*. *My Husband*, ſaid ſhe, *is a man, whom, when once fallen aſleep, the ſhooting off of great Guns would hardly awake, and it is four or five days ſince we ſpoke one to another, by reaſon of a little difference that is happened between us, which is not yet ripened to any overtures of*

Reconciliation.

Reconciliation. I have been at my Cousin Violanta *to supply my place in the Bed; but she is not well, and in regard she and* Don Pedro *are the only Persons that are privy to our Loves, and that I am unwilling there should be any more, though it concern'd my Life, we must make use of him in her stead; and if he loves you so well as to do it, prevail with him to go into Bed to my husband after he is fallen asleep. There seems at first to be something of hazard in such an enterprize; but it being considered withal that my Husband and I are at a distance, and that he is not easily awaked, I doubt not but all may prove well enough as I imagine to my self; and this is the utmost I can do for you.*

This happy stratagem of Love, which *Don Rodrigues* was so hot to understand, upon the first Proposal of it, proved a cooler to his desires when he had heard it; for he was not only in doubt whether his Cousin would act the dangerous part which was imposed upon him in that extravagant adventure, but was in suspence, whether he should so much as propose it to him. His Mistress continued firm to her resolution, and as she parted with her dissatisfied Gallant, assured him, that if the proposition she made to him were not well entertained and put in execution, as she had directed, there were never any thing to be hoped from her, nay, she gave him leave to forget her, though a time had been she would sooner have signed the Sentence of her own death.

The time and place broke off the discourse between *Don Rodrigues* and his Lady; she return'd home, he to his Comrade, who could not get a word from him, so much was he troubled, that

he muſt either make a requeſt to him, which he thought ſo unreaſonable, or live without an happineſs which is ever much more valued before the enjoyment than afterwards. At laſt, being gotten together into a private Chamber, *Don Rodrigues* having done himſelf all poſſible violence, made the extravagant propoſition to *Don Pedro*, allaying it what he could with thoſe Circumſtances which might render it the more entertainable. *Don Pedro* could not at firſt imagine but all was in jeſt, but his Couſin on the contrary proteſting he ſpoke ſeriouſly, ſo far as to confirm it with ſuch Oaths as convinced him he was in earneſt, he would needs make ſome ſport at it, telling him, he was very much oblig'd to his Miſtreſs, for providing him an entertainment with ſo ſweet a Gentlewoman, and that no doubt it was an expreſſion of *Violanta's* gratitude towards him, who being not, by reaſon of her indiſpoſition, in a capacity to requite the ſervices he had done her, and thinking her engagement a burthen, turned him over for the payment of it to her Couſin's Husband, with whom he muſt expect a very pleaſant nights lodging.

Thus did he endeavour to divert both his friend and himſelf with witty diſcants on ſo odd an adventure, but *Don Rodrigues* was in ſuch a diſtraction of thought, as that he minded them but little, and was ſo caſt down, that his Couſin could no leſs than pity him, and was ſomewhat in fear how dangerous the conſequences of this deſpair might be. *Don Pedro* was a perſon naturally daring enough, one that had run through many adventures, and durſt undertake any thing, though never ſo extravagant; he had alſo a great

love

love for *Don Rodrigues*, ſo that all put together, he was content to ſupply the place of the fair *Virginia*, though with the hazard of what miſchief he might receive from an exaſperated and jealous Husband. Being therefore fix'd in his reſolution, he embraced his Couſin, and raiſed him to life again by telling him what hazzard he would run to procure him the enjoyment of his Miſtreſs. *You ſhall not be*, ſaid he to him, *ſo extremely oblig'd to me as you imagine for what I ſhall do for you, I find my ſelf inclin'd to undertake it as an action of Honour, wherein I pretend to as much Reputation, as if I had behav'd my ſelf never ſo gallantly at the Storming of ſome ſtrong place.*

Things thus concluded, word was ſent to *Virginia*, that her propoſition was accepted; ſhe appointed the time that very night; the two Couſins came according to appointment, were conducted into the Houſe with as little noiſe as might be; and *Don Pedro* was forc'd in the preſence of the fair Lady, to put off his Cloaths, as being deſirous her orders ſhould be obſerv'd with the greateſt exactneſs. *Don Pedro* being thus ſtripp'd to his Linnen, ſhe brought him as ſoftly as if his way had been pav'd with eggs, and with the greateſt caution imaginable, to the dangerous Bed-ſide; and having drawn the Curtains, and turn'd down the Cloaths as eaſily as might be, held the daring *Don Pedro* by the arms, while he gingerly laid himſelf down in the Bed, who haply now began to repent him of his confidence, and no doubt contented himſelf with ſuch a part of the Bed, as that he came not near the middle.

Having thus diſpoſed of him, ſhe went her ways, lock'd the Chamber door, without ever

minding the noiſe ſhe made in doing it, which *Don Pedro* was troubled moſt of all at. Her buſineſs now was to get to *Don Rodrigues*, whom I am apt to believe ſhe paid, like a gallant good natured Woman, whatever ſhe was in his debt, at leaſt, as much as he would take of it.

Don Pedro in the mean time was in a condition much different from that of his Couſin's, who no doubt was over head and ears in the embraces of a fair Lady that was a bed with him, while this over-charitable Kinſman lay in fear of nothing ſo much as of thoſe of a ſordid man, who, to his great misfortune was a very troubleſome bedfellow. Then did he begin to reflect, but too late, on his fooliſh preſumption, that being what he ſhould have done before he engaged himſelf in ſuch a deſign; he blam'd himſelf, call'd himſelf fool, and acknowledged that the injury he did a Husband was one of thoſe that are unpardonable, if he himſelf were to paſs his ſentence upon it.

But it was not long e're theſe ſed reflections were interrupted, and his juſt fears heightned by his Bed-fellow's turning to him, and caſting his burthenſom arm about his neck, as if he would have embraced his Wife. *Don Pedro* ſomewhat frighted at thoſe unwelcome careſſes, the more haply becauſe accompani'd with certain words imperfectly uttered, made a ſhift to disburthen himſelf of the arm which he thought more weighty than a far heavier burthen, and ſlipp'd his neck from under it, taking great care not to do him any hurt; and having ſo done, he got to the bed-ſide, with his body ſo far over, that he had much ado to keep in the bed, wiſhing his life fairly at an end, and blaming only himſelf for running ſo great a hazard to

comply

comply with the paſſions of two indiſcreet Lovers. He had hardly time to breath, and recover his Spirits ever ſo little, e're the unquiet bedfellow thruſt in his Legs between his; which laſt action added to the foregoing Perſecutions, made him look pale as death it ſelf. At laſt, whilſt one came ſtill nearer, and the other remov'd, day comes on very expectedly to *Don Pedro*, who was not able to ſtand out any longer againſt his Adverſary, who had thruſt him as far as he could go.

He got out of Bed as gently as he could, and went to open the door, which he found very carefully double lock'd, a misfortune as indigeſtable as any of the precedent. As he was trying, to little purpoſe, to thruſt back the lock, it flew open of a ſudden, and the door had almoſt taken him over the face. *Virginia* comes into the room as it were in much haſt, and ask'd him loud enough, whither he made ſuch haſt? *Don Pedro* entreating her with a low voice to ſpeak more gently, ask'd her whether ſhe were mad to hazard in that manner the waking of her Husband, and deſired her ſhe would let him out. *How go out?* replies the Lady with a loud voice. *No, I would have my Husband ſee what bed-fellow he hath had to night, that he may ſee the fruits of his own jealouſie, and what I am able to do.*

Having ſo ſaid, bold as a Lioneſs, ſhe took *Don Pedro* by the arm; then, in ſuch diſturbance as that he had not the ſtrength to get from her, open'd the ſhutters of the Windows, without letting go her prize, and dragging him to the bedſide, drew the curtains, ſaying aloud, *See, Mr. Jealous brains, whom you have had to your Bed-fellow! Don Pedro* was not ſo ſcared, but that he had the confidence to look into the dreadful bed, where, in ſtead of

the imagin'd Satyr, he found his amiable *Violanta*, who had lain with him, and not *Virginia*'s Husband who was gone into the Country eight days before. The two fair Couſins jeer'd him moſt unmercifully, never had a witty Man ſuch a task to vindicate himſelf, or betray a greater confuſion. *Violanta*, who was extreamly a lover of Mirth, and ſpoke things handſomly and ingeniouſly, made her Couſin almoſt burſt with laughing when ſhe related what frights ſhe had put *Don Pedro* to, whenever pretending to be between ſleeping and waking, ſhe got any thing near him.

This baiting put *Don Pedro*, who was ſtill in his Shirt, almoſt out of Countenance; ſo that it was a long time e're he could recover himſelf out of the confuſion he was in. At laſt *Virginia* took pity of him, and left him and her Couſin to themſelves, to make up the accounts that were between them, which were of ſome conſequence, for it took up their time from morning till it was noon. From that time, while the Husband was in the Country, the two he-Couſins, and the two ſhe-Couſins had frequent meetings, and made their advantages of the opportunity. The *Indian* being return'd, only *Don Rodrigues* far'd the worſe for it; for *Don Pedro*, by the aſſiſtance of the Servants whom his Preſents had brought to his Lure, made a ſhift for two or three Months, to ſpend moſt nights with *Violanta*, who was at her own diſpoſal, and, ſince her Couſin's Marriage, lodg'd in a part of the houſe whereof ſhe had the command, and which had a back door that opened into another Street. He was ſo deeply in love with her, that he earneſtly wiſh'd himſelf married to her, but when he made any propoſal of that nature to her, ſhe

ſo

ſo handſomly put off the diſcourſe, that he knew not whether it were out of deſign, or that ſhe minded not much what he ſaid to her. At laſt, to confirm the general opinion, that this World is a Stage of perpetual changes, *Violanta* began to remit much of her paſſion, and by little and little grew to that coldneſs towards *Don Pedro*, that he could not forbear complaining of it, and, not knowing what to quarrel at, charg'd her with infidelity, reproaching her, that ſhe had entertain'd ſome other Gallant into her favour.

But inſtead of recovering himſelf by this means into that place in her affections which he had formerly poſſeſſed, it made him ſo inſupportable to *Violanta*, that ſhe did not only forbear the kindneſſes ſhe did him in the night, but could not indure his company in the day time. Yet was he not a jot caſt down at it. He, by the Charms of a many Preſents, prevail'd ſo far with one of the Gentlewomen, treacherous enough of her own inclination, as that ſhe diſcover'd to him, that her Miſtreſs was extreamly taken with her Couſin's Brother-in-law, who was then juſt come from the Univerſity; that he was a very handſom young Man, and no leſs in love with *Violanta*, than *Violanta* was with him. To act ſomething notorious for the perfidiouſneſs of it, this wicked Wench adviſed him to pretend himſelf ſick, to ſend his Miſtreſs notice of it, complaining as if ſhe were the cauſe of his indiſpoſition, which, by reaſon of the likelihood of it, might be credited; and, in a word, to pretend it ſo ſeriouſly, that her Miſtreſs might not be ſo vigilant, nor ſtand ſo much upon her guard, as ſhe had ever done, ſince ſhe broke off her correſpondence with him. *Don Pedro* plaid his part as well as if he had been

been an old Actor at it. *Violanta* perceived not the miſt that was caſt before her eyes, and the perfidious Author of the Plot, had no ſooner brought her Miſtreſſes new *Adonis* into that Chamber, but ſhe went to open the Gate to the jealous *Don Pedro.*

He comes all fury into *Violanta*'s Chamber, and ſurpriſes her already in Bed, and her young Exerciſer putting off his Cloaths to lay himſelf by her. He went with his Sword drawn ſtraight to his Rival, haply to frighten him a little. The young man had his wits about him, ſo that taking up one of his ſhooes, and holding it out as one would do a pocket-piſtol, aim'd at *Don Pedro*'s face, ſo confidently, that *Don Pedro*, who miſtruſted no ſuch thing, and doubted not but that he would have ſhot at him, ſlunk down, and turn'd of one ſide, in which interval the young man got out at the door. *Violanta*, who was reſolv'd to make an abſolute rupture with *Don Pedro*, broke out into a laughter, and jear'd at his fear of being piſtoll'd with a ſhooe. He took her abuſes ſo heinouſly, that he fell a boxing of her; ſhe had him by the Hair; it came to a bloody ſcuffle, inſomuch, that at laſt, the hard-hearted *Granadin*, having uſed her ſo unmercifully, that ſhe was forced to cry out Murther, made his eſcape into the Street, juſt as *Virginia* her Husband and all the Servants, armed, as it were to engage an enemy, that had beat up their quarters, came into *Violanta*'s Chamber.

In the mean time *Don Pedro* gave *Don Rodrigues* an account of what had paſſed, and, not loſing any time, went and proffer'd his Service to the Duke of *Oſſonne*, who was to depart the next day to be Vice-Roy of *Naples*. *Don Pedro* expected him

at

at the Port, where they were to embarque, leaving his dear Cousin extreamly troubled both at his departure, and the occasion of it. He continued six or seven years at *Naples*, much respected by the Vice-Roy, who allow'd him very considerable Pensions. He receiv'd also no small sums out of *Spain*, so that there was not any Person in *Naples* liv'd at an higher rate than he did, which made him more considerable in *Italy*, than most of your *Spaniards* who go thither as much out of a design to grow rich, as the *French* do to spend their Money. He travell'd to *Sicily*, made some stay in the more eminent Cities, and, being return'd into *Italy*, spent two or three years at *Rome*, as many at *Venice*, visited all the places he thought worth it; and, at last, having been fourteen or fifteen years out of *Spain*, ever in Love; or, if you will, ever making it his main business to satisfie his Lust, still engaged in some adventure or other, and more and more confirmed in his opinion, that a Man could not be safely married to a witty woman, an humour took him to put a period to all his extravagant courses, and to return to *GRANADA*, to see all the friends he had left there.

But the greatest motive of his departure out of *Italy*, was, that his returns of Money fail'd him, through the disappointment of his correspondents; or, at least, his Exchequer was grown so low, that he had hardly so much as carri'd him to *Barcelona*. There he sold what cloaths he could spare, to buy him a Mule, and keeping only the best he had for his Journey, he took his way toward his dear Country, without any retinue at all, the Servant whom he had brought with him out of *Spain*, being in all probability, dead of the *Neapolitan* Disease,

and

and his Stock ſo ſmall, as would not haply defray the charges of another.

He left *Barcelona* at the break of day, to avoid the heat, and the importunity of the flies, which in *Auguſt* are very troubleſome, ſo that by nine of the Clock he was gotten four or five Leagues in his way. He rode through the middle of a pretty large Country Village, where a certain Duke of *Catalonia* paſs'd away part of the Summer, as having in that place a fair Caſtle that ſtood upon the Road. The Duke was an antient Man, and had to his Lady a Woman of an excellent humor, a great both lover and maker of ſport, and about twenty years of age. He was that day gone abroad upon ſome hunting meeting, and was not to return till the next. The young Dutcheſs ſtanding in the Balcony of the Caſtle, caſt her eye on our Adventurer of *Granada*. His goodly preſence, and the ſtate of his riding raiſed in her a deſire to have a ſight of him nearer hand; beſides, that ſhe was of an inquiſitive nature, and ſuffered few ſtrangers to paſs through the Town without ſending for them. Though he had reſolv'd to bait ſome Leagues of the place where he then was, yet could he not civilly anſwer a requeſt made to him from the Dutcheſs with a denial, amounting to no more than his waiting on her only as long as the urgency of her occaſions would permit. She was beautiful as an Angel, and the *Granadin* was one that felt a certain warmth diffuſe it ſelf through his whole Body, at the ſight of ſuch Beauties, though they were not Dutcheſſes. He, on the other ſide, was a perſon every way graceful, and the Dutcheſs took much pleaſure to ſee Men of his making; to redeem in ſome meaſure, the time ſhe miſpent with

with her Husband, who to her great misfortune, thought her so handsome, and was so infinitely taken with the pleasantness of her behaviour, that he imagin'd he never saw her enough, though she were seldom out of his sight.

Don Pedro, being a person of excellent parts, and good judgment, found the Dutchess much diversion, by giving her a relation of his Travels, and soon observ'd her to be of a nature much inclin'd to mirth, and a pleasant passing away of the time. She inquir'd particularly concerning the gallantry at *Naples*, would needs know whether the Women there have much freedom, and whether the Gallants of *Italy* were comparable to those of *Spain*. In fine, *Don Pedro* was confirm'd by the questions she put to him, that if she were not very well read in the business of Courtship and Gallantry, it was not for want of good will. She would needs entertain him at a dinner to both their mutual satisfaction: Soon after dinner he would have taken his leave of her, but she would not by any means permit it, telling him her Lord would not return that day, that he must needs be her Guest, and very obligingly adding, that Persons of his worth being very rare in *Catalonia*, they were not to be parted with till some extraordinary necessity forced them away, and consequently the happiness of their Company was to be improv'd to the utmost.

She thereupon led him into a Closet, which by reason of its spaciousness was very cool, adorn'd with Pictures, Porcelane, and other Rarities, and furnished, besides all things suitable to the greatness of the Person, with a sumptuous Couch, covered with a Satin quilt. Having seated him on it, he related

related to her his adventures at *Granada*, *Sevil*, and *Madrid*, as alſo thoſe he had met with in *Italy*, which are not come to my knowledge. The Dutcheſs heard him with much attention, and he told her at laſt, that he was reſolved to marry, if he could but meet with a Woman ſimple enough to ſecure him, as to theſe inconveniencies which witty Women run their Husbands into. *An Eſtate I have*, continu'd he, *plentiful enough, and though ſhe I ſhall marry have no fortune at all, ſo ſhe be well brought up, and not over-deformed, I ſhall not ſcruple to marry her; though, to be ſincere with you, I ſhould rather make choice of one that were unhandſome, ſo ſhe were ſimple, than a handſom one that were not. Ah how ſtrangely do you miſapprehend things in my judgment* ſays the Dutcheſs to him, *or, what do you mean, when you ſay*, well brought up? *I mean a* virtuous *woman, and of good reputation*, replies he. *And how is it poſſible a woman that is little better than a natural fool can be virtuous*, ſays the fair Lady, *ſince ſhe knows not what virtue is, nay, is not in a capacity to learn? How do you imagine a fool can have any affection for you, having not the apprehenſion to know you? ſhe will be wanting to her duty, yet not be ſenſible of it; whereas a woman of underſtanding, in caſe ſhe ſhould be diſtruſtful of her own virtue, will make a ſhift to avoid the occaſions which may endanger the loſs of it.*

Their conteſtation took up much longer time, the *Granadine* maintaining, that a Woman ſhould aſpire to no greater knowledge than that of loving her Husband, being faithful to him, and careful of the government of her Houſe and Children; and the Dutcheſs on the other ſide deſirous to convince him, that a ſimple woman was not able to do any thing of all this; nay, that though ſhe were handſome

ſome, it would not be long e're ſhe would be thought troubleſome. They were both ſatisfied of one anothers Wit and Judgment, and the mutual good opinion they had conceiv'd one of another, was ſoon heightned into an affection; nay, I may ſay ſomething yet greater. There was not only a difference between the *Grenadine* and the Duke, as to age, underſtanding, and perſon, but the former was of ſuch an exact compoſure as the World haply afforded but few like him; and if he was thought ſuch by his Dutcheſs, he in requital thought her the handſomeſt Woman he had ever ſeen. He was bold as a Lion, and never had the opportunity to be alone with a Woman, but he made profter of his Service to her. If it were accepted he did the beſt he could; if offence were taken, he caſt himſelf on his Knees, and calling himſelf firſt the preſumptuous *Ixion*, he craved pardon ſo ingeniouſly, and with ſuch exquiſite hypocriſie, that either his offence was pardoned, or haply it would not have been taken amiſs if he offended again. *I never thought*, ſaid he to the Magnetick Dutcheſs, *to have met with a Perſon able to have forced me out of an opinion wherein ſo many experiences had confirmed me: But I muſt withal confeſs, I never was before oppoſed in it by a perſon extraordinary as you are, whoſe Soul alone, without making any advantage of your Beauty (which yet deſies the World to parallel it) may exerciſe what juriſdiction it pleaſes over all thoſe who have apprehenſion enough to acknowledge, that your excellencies are greater than thoſe of all other Woman put together. You have cured me of one error, but ſuffer me to groan under ſome thing elſe which is ſo much the more dangerous, and hard to be cured, by how much I take greater*

pleaſure

pleaſure in my ſickneſs, and ſatisfie, by enduring it, the nobleſt ambition Man can be capable of.

I have now forgot what other hyperboles he drew up together, to engage the Dutcheſs's vertuous inclinations; as alſo what reſerves of pathetical impertinences he was forc'd to make uſe of; for, he was upon a very hot and dangerous ſervice of Courtſhip. Nor could I ever learn with what countenance the Dutcheſs entertain'd a Forlorn of Love and Gallantry ſo confidently brought up; whether ſhe receiv'd the amorous charge ſuitably to the fierceneſs of it; or made the weaker reſiſtance out of hope of better quarter. Theſe particulars, though much deſirous of it, I could never have any account of, and only have it from one of the Dutcheſſes Gentlewomen, ſince dead in *France* of the King's Evil, that the Cloſet door was lock'd upon them at two of the Clock, and that they were there together till ſupper-time; and beſides what the Gentlewoman ſaid, I know my ſelf by experience, that *Opportunity makes the Thief*. Night came on, the indulgent Deity of ſtoln Loves; but *Don Pedro* and the Dutcheſs were prejudic'd rather than oblig'd by it, for out of a regard to Civility, and to keep the Servants from talking, (whoſe jealouſies ever magnifie things to the great prejudice of Truth, a Vertue they are profeſs'd Enemies to) they called for lights, which being brought, were darkned by the two bright Eyes Heaven had beſtow'd on the Dutcheſs, and which then out-vy'd the Stars with their lively ſparkling. Her complexion, which now had doubled the hue of its native carnation, appear'd brighter to *Don Pedro*, than the Sun in a Summers day, and his face too had a little touch of the violet inclining to red.

But

But as they were beholding one another with much confidence and ſatisfaction, an alarm came to the Dutcheſs, that the Duke her Husband was come into the Court. All ſhe could do upon ſo ſudden notice, was, to diſpoſe her much aſtoniſhed Gallant into a Cloſet where ſhe kept her perfumed Waters, and having locked him in, to caſt her ſelf on a Bed. The Duke, who was a Man of threeſcore Years of Age at leaſt, comes into his Ladies Cloſet, and finds her freſh as a Roſe upon the Buſh. He told her, that a Letter he had received from the Vice-Roy had occaſioned his Return ſooner than he expected. He was grown very hungry, and ordered to be brought him into the Cloſet what there was ready; and the Dutcheſs, though ſhe had no great ſtomach to eat any thing with him, while her Gallant ſhook, or haply did ſomething elſe, for fear, yet took a Chair, and ſate near the Table. She was of a diſpoſition extreamly inclined to make ſport, and ſo divertive, as that it, in a manner, retrieved her old Husband into Youth again; ſo much was he pleaſed at every thing ſhe did. It was an ordinary thing between them to lay extravagant Wagers, and that moſt commonly when ſhe had ſome occaſion of humour to get Mony out of him, which the ſimple Man took great delight to loſe, as one that inexpreſſibly doted on ſo excellent a Woman.

He never admired her ſo much as at this time; She, to heighten his admiration, told him a hundred pleaſant Stories; at which the good Duke was ready to burſt with laughing; for eating with a good ſtomach, and at the ſame time laughing very heartily, he was two or three times ſo near choaking, that they were forced to give him ſuch

thumps on the back, as he would have taken very unkindly at another time: but through God's Mercy, he got no hurt, only a Crum or two miſs'd their way down his Throat. At laſt, the Dutcheſs, who had a malicious humour to make ſport at any thing, would needs divert her ſelf at the Coſt of her impriſoned Gallant. She told the Duke, that it ſeem'd a long time to her ſince they had laid any Wager; and that ſhe would gladly lay an hundred Piſtols with him upon ſuch a Match and Terms as they ſhould agree upon. The Duke told her he was at her Service, and expected what ſhe would propoſe. The Dutcheſs made many Propoſals to him, which ſhe was confident he would not accept; and at laſt ſhe asked him, whether he would lay any Wager, that he named all thoſe things requiſite, about an Houſe, that were made of Iron. The Duke took her up, though he thought the Wager very extravagant, and having called for Pen, Ink and Paper, as ſoon as they had taken away, and his Almoner ſaid Grace (for the Duke was a Man of good example) he writ down the names of all the Iron things he could think on: But ſuch was the Dutcheſſes good fortune, as that he forgot to ſet down Keys. She cauſed him divers times to read over what he had writ; and having asked him whether he had any thing to add, ſhe folded up the Paper, and told him ſhe would take time to examine it, and in the interim acquaint him with an Adventure had happened to her, one of the moſt pleaſant he had ever heard of.

I was gotten (continued ſhe) *preſently after your departure, to one of the Balconies of the Caſtle, which looks towards the Road; where I had not been long e'er*

I ſpyed

I spyed passing by, mounted on a Mule, a Man of a goodly and graceful Presence, who, by the rate of his riding, seemed to be employed upon some business that required more than ordinary expedition. I was very desirous to know what might be the occasion of his haste, and thereupon sent a Page after him to bring him to me. I must needs acknowledge, I never saw an handsomer Man, nor one more likely to make the gravest Matron, or strictest Nun, break their Vows of Chastity. I asked him, whence he travelled, and what he was? He gave me an account of himself with so much Gallantry and Ingenuity, that he inflamed me with a desire of more of his Conversation. I prevailed with him so far, as that he was willing to stay the remainder of the day in the Castle, and give me a Relation of his Adventures; which must needs have been very remarkable, and consequently very pleasant in the Relation. He acquitted himself answerably to my expectation; and I must confess, I was never better pleased with any story in my life; and I shall not think it much to let you participate of the pleasantness of it.

She thereupon acquainted the Duke what had happened to *Don Pedro* at *Granada*, *Sevil*, and *Madrid*; whereat the good Man, who made as much sport at a foolish story, as any Duke within an hundred Miles of him, spent his Spleen in such violent and immoderate Laughters, as occasioned those as well of the Dutchess, as the chiefest of the Duke's Menial Servants, with whom he innocently lived in great Intimacy and Familiarity. She afterwards acquainted him what had happened to her Gallant in *Italy*: which was also very pleasant, as I have been told, but the particulars I could never learn. Only this I know, that the Duke laughed so heartily thereat, that

Don Pedro himſelf, locked up as he was, could hardly forbear. She told him what an ill Opinion he had of all Women that pretended to any thing of Wit, the Reaſons which he alledged to maintain it, and thoſe which ſhe had urged in oppoſition thereto.

At laſt, having found her Husband, and all that were preſent, nay, *Don Pedro* himſelf, ſo much ſport, that they were weary of it, ſhe told the Duke, that the Gallant of *Granada*, after the Relation of his Adventures, grew ſo preſumptuous, as to make his Applications to her, and had done it with ſo much Addreſs, that, not knowing how to take it amiſs from a Stranger, that he was ſo confident in his Courtſhip, as to aim at her Enjoyments, ſhe was ſo taken with him, that it was no hard matter for him to perceive it, *To be ſhort, to what end ſhould I detain you longer* (continued the Dutcheſs) *ſuch a perſon may attempt any thing, and not be thought too confident. We ſpent moſt part of the day together, to our mutual ſatisfaction; and would have been together ſtill, had you not come upon us when I leaſt expected you: I ſhall not diſſemble with you, I was both troubled and ſurprized at your Return. My lovely ſtranger ſeemed to be more aſtoniſhed than I was; I, with much precipitation, got him into my Cloſet of perfumed Waters, whence he hears me if he be not dead out of fear: but, confident of the influence I have over you, and being of my own nature, unwilling to diſſemble, even in thoſe things wherein the freedom of my humour might prove prejudicial to me, I would needs find you matter of diverſion at the coſt of that poor Gentleman, whom I will ſet at liberty ſo ſoon as you are departed to your Chamber, and diſmiſs him that he may return to* Granada, *where, he ſays, he goes to find out a Woman ſimple enough to be his Wife.*

The

The Dutcheſs accompanied her Relation with ſo much ingenuity, freedom, and likelihood, that the Duke began to quit his Mirth, and to take things in good earneſt. He grew pale; was afraid his Lady had ſaid no more than what was true; nay, could not forbear asking her for the Key of the Cloſet, where ſhe ſaid the *Granadine* was locked up. She fell to ſome other diſcourſe, and thereby heightned both his jealouſies and his fears: He asked her a ſecond time for the Key of the Cloſet: She denied to give it him. He would needs have it, and ſtarted out of his Chair in a great fury. *Not ſo faſt, my Lord, not ſo faſt* (ſays the Dutcheſs to him) *Before you ask for Keys ſo haſtily, pray have the patience leiſurely to read the Inventory you have given me; you have forgotten to ſet down* Keys: *you cannot deny that they are uſually made of Iron, & that you have loſt your hundred Piſtols, which I accordingly expect to be immediately paid me: and know withal, that it was only to convince you that you had loſt, as alſo to put you into ſo good an humour, as that you might part the more freely with your Mony, that I have entertained you with ſo pleaſant a ſtory. Take heed another time you be not ſo eaſie of belief, as to receive for true, what is pure Fiction and Romance. There is no probability, that ſo many extraordinary Adventures ſhould happen to the ſame Man; and much leſs, that I ſhould have related ſuch a ſtory, if it were true.*

The Dutcheſs ſpoke this with ſuch a confident indifference, that the Duke was more eaſily induced to believe all ſhe had ſaid was fabulous, than he had been to think it true. He laughed at all, as if he had been little better than out of his Wits; he admired the miraculous ingenuity of his Wife, and obliged all his Domeſticks that were

preſent to a like admiration, who were haply as credulous Fools as their Maſter. *Do but ſee for God's ſake*, ſaid he, breaking forth into loud exclamations and laughter, *do but ſee with what Artifices ſhe hath ſatisfied me that I had loſt my wager.* The Dutcheſs was ready to burſt with laughing, her Gentlewomen were not much behind. *Don Pedro* in the Cloſet was forced to add to the Dutcheſſes perfumed Waters, the better to ſmother his joy. At laſt, having given his Steward order to deliver his Lady the hundred Piſtols, he took his leave of her, and went to his own Lodgings, often telling her, one while, that ſhe was a Female Devil; another, that ſhe had a Wit and Invention beyond the Devil. The Servants repeated the ſame thing after their Maſter; ſo that till he was abed and aſleep, nothing was talked of about the Houſe, but the damnable wit of the Dutcheſs.

In the mean time, the Dutcheſs being paid the hundred Piſtols by the Steward, cauſed the Chamber-door to be locked; and having brought *Don Pedro* out of his impriſonment, not fully recovered of the fear ſhe had put him into, ſhe preſſed him to acknowledge, that a witty and diſcreet Woman may, without prejudice to her Honour, ſalve a misfortune, whereof the very thought would make a ſimple one die for fear. She would needs have him eat of what her Women had brought up for her ſelf. He intreated her to excuſe him, and to diſmiſs him as ſoon as might be. She gave him the hundred Piſtols ſhe had got of her Husband, with a Gold Chain, and her own Picture, which amounted to as much, and deſired him to remember her, and to give her an account of his further Adventures.

Having

Having thereupon embraced him with much affection, ſhe recommended him to the Conduct of her Women, who put him and his Mule ſecretly out at a Back-door. He thought it no prudence to lodge in that place, but to ride forward two Leagues, to the Town where he thought to have dined the day before, when the Dutcheſs retained him.

As he rid along, what had happened to him with the amorous Dutcheſs was perpetually preſent to his thoughts. He could not ſufficiently admire, at leaſt, as he then thought, the readineſs wherewith at firſt ſight ſhe entertained her affection, even before ſhe knew him; her confidence to make ſo ſtrange and pleaſant a ſtory to the Duke, which yet was but too true; and laſtly, her ſubtilty in ſalving all by applying it to the Wager. He could not alſo but admire the eaſie nature and ſimplicity of the Duke; he pitied him, and, after all Accidents and Circumſtances weighed, was confirmed more than ever in the opinion, that a witty Woman was of a difficult keeping; and thence inferred, that if the Dutcheſs had not been over-confident of her own Wit, ſhe would not ſo eaſily have executed what ſhe had been ſo deſirous to do, nor have been guilty of a Preſumption ſo incredible, as to declare it to her Huſband.

In fine, from all the Adventures he had run through, and all the experiences he had of Mankind, he derived a certain confidence, that he ſhould never run the hazard of being unfortunately Married, either by not taking any Wife at all, or marrying one ſo ſimple, as knew no difference between Love and Averſion.

Amidſt theſe Reflections, he artived at *Madrid*, where he found his Couſin *Don Rodrigues* poſſeſſed of his Father's Eſtate, and married to his Couſin. He underſtood from him, that *Violanta* was Married, and that the fair *Virginia* was gone to the *Indies* with her Husband. From *Madrid* he took his Journey for *Granada*. He alighted at his Aunts, who entertained him with unexpreſſible kindneſs, and acquainted him that *Saraphina* led a Saint's Life in the Nunnery, and that her beloved Servant was dead, out of pure Grief and Indignation that he had not prevailed with her to quit the holy Life ſhe had obliged her ſelf to, and marry him.

The next day he went along with his Aunt to ſee young *Laura*, *Saraphina*'s Daughter, ſhe had been put into a Convent at four Years of Age, and might then be about ſixteen or ſeventeen. He thought her beautiful as all the Angels together, and withal ſimple beyond all the Nuns that came into the World without Wit, and were taken out of it e'er they got any. He viewed her very ſeriouſly, and was extreamly taken with her Beauty. He obliged her to ſpeak, and could not but admire her ſimplicity and her innocence. He doubted not but that he had found out what he ſought: And what made him have a greater inclination for *Laura* was, that he had had a great love for *Seraphina*, and perceived her Daughter to be much like her, though incomparably more handſome. He acquainted his Aunt that ſhe was not his Daughter, and how that he had ſome intentions to Marry her. His Aunt encouraged him in his deſign, and acquainted *Laura* therewith; who expreſſed not any, either ſatiſfaction

faction or diſſatisfaction thereat. *Don Pedro* took order for the furniſhing of his Houſe, hearkned out for ſuch Men-ſervants as were in ſome meaſure remarkable for their ſottiſhneſs; laid out for Maids as ſimple as the Miſtreſs that was to govern them, and had much ado to find any. He made her Cloaths as rich and ſumptuous as any could be made in *Granada*. All the Perſons of Quality about the City were at the Wedding, and were no leſs ſatisfied with *Laura*'s Beauty, than diſſatisfied with her want of Underſtanding. The Ceremonies of the Wedding were over in very good time, ſo that the new Married Couple were left alone. *Don Pedro* ordered his Servants to go to their Beds, and, having ſent away his Wifes Maids, after they had undreſſed her, locked the Chamber-door.

Having thus ordered things, *Don Pedro*, out of a tranſcendency of Prudence, which was the greateſt madneſs in the World, put in Execution the moſt fantaſtick deſign that could fall into the imagination of a Man, who had all his life been accounted a Perſon of Underſtanding. Being more fool than his Wife was ſimple, he would needs try how far he might truſt her ſimplicity. He ſet himſelf in a Chair, cauſed his Wife to ſtand before him, and ſaid theſe words to her, or others haply no leſs impertinent: *You are now my Wife, a happineſs for which I hope I ſhall have cauſe to bleſs God as long as we live together. Let it ſink very deeply into your mind what I am going to tell you, and obſerve it exactly as long as you live, both for fear of offending God, and diſpleaſing me.* At all theſe honyed words the innocent *Laura* made very low Courteſies, whether ſeaſonably or not, is no great matter,

matter, and looked on her Husband as timerouſly, as a Boy newly ſent to School would on an imperious Pedant. *Do you know* (continued *Don Pedro*) *what kind of life Perſons that are Married do lead? I know nothing of it* (replies *Laura*, making a Courtzy lower than any before) *but if you will teach it me, I ſhall be as perfect in it as in my* Avemary: (And then another Courtzie.) *Don Pedro* was the moſt ſatisfied Man in the World, to find his Wife much more ſimple than he could well have expected. He drew out of a Cloſet that was in the Chamber, a Suit of Armour, very rich, and very light, which he had ſome time worn at a magnificent Reception, which the City had made for the King of *Spain*. He put his Ideot-Wife into them, he put on her Head a little gilt Head-piece cover'd with a Plume of Feathers, girt a ſhort Sword to her ſide; and having put a Lance into her hand, told her, that the duty of ſuch Married Women as would be accounted Virtuous, was, to watch their Husbands while they ſlept, Arm'd all over, as ſhe then was. She made him no Anſwer; but with her ordinary Reverences, which had not haply been at an end a good while, if he had not commanded her to take two or three turns about the Chamber: Which ſhe did by chance with ſo much Majeſty (her natural Beauty, and *Pallas*-like Accoutrements contributing much thereto) that the over ſubtile *Granadin* was in a manner out of himſelf for joy to ſee it. He went to Bed, and *Laura* continued in the poſture he had left her in, till five in the Morning.

The moſt prudent and moſt circumſpect of all the Husbands that ever were, at leaſt, who thought himſelf no leſs, got up, put on his Cloaths, diſarm'd

disarm'd his Wife, help'd her to put off her Cloaths, and having dispos'd her into the Bed out of which he arose, kiss'd her over and over, and wept out of pure joy that he had found, as he thought, what he look'd for. He order'd her to lie in Bed till it were very late; and having commanded the Maids not to disturb her, he went to Mass, and thence about his Occasions; for I had forgot to tell you, that he had bought an Office at *Granada*, such as might be that of a perpetual Mayor or Sheriff.

The first Night of the Nuptials were spent in the manner you heard, and the Husband was such a Coxcomb as to make no better use of the second. But Heaven punish'd him according to the use he made of his Talent. There happen'd a business, which oblig'd him, all excuses laid aside, to take Post the same day, and make all the expedition he could to Court. He had no more time allowed him, than to shift himself, to put on other Cloaths, and to take leave of his Wife, whom he commanded, upon pain of God's displeasure, and his own, exactly to observe, in his absence, the Life that Married Women were to lead.

Those who have any thing to do at Court are uncertain how long it may be, e'er they are dispatch'd. *Don Pedro* thought not to have staid abroad above five or six days, but his business kept him there like a Burr, now sticking to one Courtier, anon to another, for four or five Months; in the mean time, the simple *Laura* neglected not her duty, spent the Nights according to her Husband's Order, in Armour, and the Days that succeeded them in such Works as she had learn'd among the Nuns.

Much

Much about this time came a Gentleman of *Corduba* to prosecute a Law-suit at *Granada*. He was, as to his Internals, no Fool; as to his Exterternals, handsome enough. He often saw *Laura* in her Balcony, and thought her very handsome: He often pass'd and repass'd by her Windows, a kind of Courtship ordinary in *Spain*: And *Laura*, on the other side, so let him go to and fro, without ever knowing what it meant, or indeed, having any desire to know. A Citizen's Wife, of mean Quality, who lived over against *Don Pedro*'s House, being of a nature extreamly charitable, and concerning her self much in the Exigencies of any she saw distress'd, soon took notice both of the Affection of the Stranger, and the Insensibility of her fair Neighbour thereof. She was a Woman could manage a business with abundance of Conduct and Circumspection; and the principal Quality she professed, was that of making Matches, and soliciting Venereal Causes, whether they were Just or unjust, it matter'd not, so they brought in something to make the Pot boyl. And this Employment Nature seem'd to have design'd her for, as having furnish'd her with all the Accomplishments requisite in such as would be eminent therein; for she had some skill in making of Perukes, she had a Pension from all Chamber-Maids and Waiting-Gentlewomen, to sell their Ladies Cast Cloaths, and their own, and other things, which your meaner sort of Gentlewomen make a great shew with: She distill'd several sorts of Waters; She had some Secrets for the beautifying of the Body; and, above all, she had confidence enough to pretend to some skill in Chyromancy and Astrology; and upon that account lying under some suspicion

ſuſpicion of being a Witch. She ſo conſtantly ſaluted the Gentleman of *Corduba* every time he paſs'd by her Neighbour's Door, that he could not but imagine it done out of ſome deſign. He return'd her Salutation, went to her, and with the ſame labour became acquainted with her, and improv'd that Acquaintance into Friendſhip: He made her privy to his Love, and promis'd her a very good Reward if ſhe prov'd a ſucceſsful Solicitreſs on his behalf to her Neighbour.

Upon this Encouragement (Inſtructions ſhe needed not any) the old piece of Brokery beſtirs her ſelf immediately; ſhe ſoon prevail'd with the ſimple Servants to let her in to the Miſtreſs, under pretence of ſhewing her ſome Rarities which ſhe had to ſell; She commended her Beauty, bemoan'd her being depriv'd ſo ſoon of her Husband's Company; and, being left alone with her, brought in ſome Diſcourſe of the gallant Gentleman who paſs'd by her Doors ſo often. She told her, that he lov'd her beyond his Life; and was paſſionately deſirous to become her Servant, if ſo be ſhe would permit him. *Truly, truly, I am very much oblig'd to him* (replies the innocent *Laura*) *and ſhould gladly entertain him into my Service; but the Houſe is now full of Servants, and till ſome one of them be diſmiſs'd, I dare not entertain any in my Husband's Abſence. I will write to him about it, if this Gentleman be deſirous I ſhould, and doubt not but he will do any thing I ſhall preſs him to.*

The tempting Gipſie needed not ſo great a diſcovery to be ſatisfi'd, that *Laura* was little remov'd from Simplicity it ſelf. She therefore made her apprehend, as well as ſhe could, after what manner the Gentleman was deſirous to ſerve her; told

told her, he was a Perſon of as great an Eſtate as her Husband; and that if ſhe was deſirous to make any tryal of it, ſhe would bring her, as a Preſent from him, Jewels of great value, and what elſe ſhe ſhould deſire. *Alas, Madam!* (ſays *Laura*) *I have ſo much of what you ſpeak of, that I know not what to do with them. Nay, if it be ſo* (replied the Satanical Ambaſſadreſs) *and that you do not much care whether he make you any Preſents, do him but the favour that he may give you a Viſit. That he may do when he pleaſes* (ſays *Laura*) *there's no body hinders him. That will do very well* (replies the old One) *but it were better if none of your Servants knew of it. That's no hard matter* (replies *Laura*) *for my Women lie not in my own Chamber, and I go to Bed without their aſſiſtance, and that very late. Take this Key, which opens any Lock about the Houſe, and about Eleven at Night he may come in at the Garden-gate, where there is a little pair of Stairs that lead to my Chamber.*

The Old Crone, upon that, took her by the hands, and kiſs'd them over and over; telling her, ſhe would go and revive the poor Gentleman, whom ſhe had left half dead. *How comes he to be in that condition?* (cries *Laura*, not a little frightned.) *'Tis you are the occaſion of his Death* (replies the old Temptreſs.) *Laura* grew pale, as if ſhe had been convicted of a Murther, and would have made Proteſtations of her Innocence, if the wicked Agent, who thought not fit to make any further tryal of her Ignorance, had not caſt her Arms about her Neck, aſſuring her the ſick Party would not die, taking leave of her.

It may be well imagin'd ſhe was not ſo neglectful as to leave behind her that miraculous Key, which

which open'd all Doors. There may haply be ſome body, who, upon reading what is here ſaid of that Key, will think he hath play'd the Critick rarely, when he ſhall ſay, that it was enchanted, and that this paſſage betrays ſomething of Fable: But whoever he be, let him know thus much from his moſt humble Servant, that the Maſters of Families in *Spain* have ſuch Keys, which they call Miſtreſs-Keys; and accordingly, take heed another time, how he carps at what he underſtands not. But now I think on't, let him take what falls within his narrow apprehenſion which way he pleaſes: May I be thought as impertinent as he, if ever I trouble my head with it.

Nor ſhall I care a jot, if he think this very Digreſſion impertinent; let him make a Parentheſis of it, if he will. I know he is impatient to know what the old Woman does; ſhe is juſt gone to the Amorous Gentleman, who is at her Houſe entertaining a Daughter of hers; one, her Mother deſigns to be her Succeſſor in the Diſcipline of advancing the Enjoyments and Accommodations of Mankind. Knocking as hard as ſhe could at the Door, the Gentleman began to ſuſpect he might be betray'd; but the Daughter underſtood it to ſignifie the happy Succeſs of her Mother's Interceſſion, as having learnt from her, and ſhe from the common Proverb, that, *Who brings good News is not afraid to knock at the Door.* She comes into the Room with an Infernal Smile in her Countenance, and gave him that account of her furtherance of the buſineſs, as made him ready to leap out at the Windows for joy. He rewarded her very liberally, and expected Night with much impatience. It comes at laſt, though never the

ſooner

ſooner for his expectation. He gets into the Garden, and, with as little noiſe as might be, to *Laura*'s Chamber-door, while ſhe was walking very ſeriouſly up and down the Chamber, all in Armour, and a Lance in her hand, according to the wiſe Inſtructions of her extravagant Husband. There was one ſmall Light, and that plac'd in a remote corner of the Chamber, the Door being wide open to receive the Gallant ſhe expected. But he ſeeing the glimpſe of a Perſon all in Armour, made no doubt but there was ſome Treachery in the buſineſs. His fear at that time overmaſter'd his Love, how violent ſoever it might be; ſo that he made more haſte to be gone, than he had to come thither; imagining he could hardly get ſoon enough into the Street. He went to his Proxey, and acquainted her what danger he had been in. She, to vindicate the ſincerity of her procedure, went the next Day to *Laura*, who preſently ask'd her, whether the Gentleman were ſtill ſick, and why he came not according to appointment? *He is neither ſick, nor hath fail'd to come*; (replied Satan) *but finding a Man all in Armour walking up and down your Chamber, it frighted him away*. *Laura*, at this, burſt out into a laughter, ſhe could not recover her ſelf out for a good while, which the old One knew not how to interpret: At laſt, not able to laugh any longer, and making a ſhift to ſpeak, ſhe told her Neighbour, that it muſt needs be, the Gentleman was never Married, and that it was ſhe her ſelf who walk'd up and down the Chamber in Armour.

The old Woman was ſtill to ſeek what *Laura* ſhould mean by that, and for a good while could not believe ſhe was well in her Wits; but after abundance

abundance of queſtions and anſwers, ſhe apprehended what ſhe could never have believ'd, as well, of the ſimplicity of a young Maid of ſixteen years of age, that ſhould know any thing almoſt; as the extravagant Precaution her Husband had bethought him of to ſecure his Wive's Honour. She thought it her beſt courſe to let *Laura* continue in her error till ſhe were undeceiv'd by her expected Gallant, and ſo inſtead of betraying her ſurprize at the ſtrangeneſs of the thing, ſhe joyn'd with *Laura* in laughing at the fright ſhe had put the Gentleman into. Another appointment was made that he ſhould give his perſonal appearance at her Chamber that night. The Old Woman ſatisfied the Gallant, and both admir'd the ſottiſhneſs as well of the Husband as the Wife.

Night came on, he gets into the Garden, thence up the private Stairs, and found his Lady all in Armour, upon Duty, as ſhe us'd to be. He embrac'd her, though all clad in Iron, and ſhe entertain'd him, as if ſhe had known him from the longeſt day ſhe could remember. At laſt he ask'd her why ſhe was all in Armour? She made anſwer ſmiling, that ſhe might not put them off, nor paſs away the Night in any other poſture; and told him, ſince he ſeem'd not to know ſo much, that it was the life of Married Women, and that to fail in the obſervance thereof was a very great Sin. The crafty *Corduefe* had all the trouble in the World to undeceive her, and to perſwade her that ſhe was abus'd, and that the life of Married Perſons was quite another thing.

At laſt he prevail'd with her ſo far as that ſhe was content he ſhould diſarm her, and to learn of him another way of exerciſing Marriage much

more commodious and pleaſant than that which her Husband made her practiſe, which *Laura* acknowledged to be very inconvenient and wearisom. He was not ſloathful in diſarming her, he help'd alſo to undreſs her, as not finding her ready enough at it, and having ſoon put off his own Cloaths, he laid himſelf by her, and made her confeſs there was a vaſt difference between his precepts of Marriage, and thoſe her Husband had given her; he read her all the Lectures he could upon that Subject, and ſhe was ſo far apprehenſive of his inſtructions, as that ſhe grew not weary of learning, plying it very hard, as long as her Husband continu'd at the Court. At laſt ſhe receiv'd a Letter from him, which acquainted her that he was upon his return, and that he had diſpatch'd his buſineſs at Court: And the *Corduba* Blade having alſo diſpatch'd his at *Granada*, the crafty Companion return'd home, without ſo much as taking his leave of *Laura*, and I think without the leaſt regret for the loſs of her Company, nothing being ſo frail as the love a Man hath for a Woman that is little better than a natural Fool.

Nor was *Laura* on the other ſide leſs indifferent, but receiv'd her Husband with ſo much ſatisfaction, and betray'd ſo little reſentment for the loſs of her Gallant, as if ſhe had never ſeen him. *Don Pedro* and his Wife Supp'd together to the great ſatisfaction of both. Bed-time came, *Don Pedro* went into Bed as he was wont to do, and was much aſtoniſh'd to ſee his Wife in her Smock coming to lye down by him. He ask'd her in a great Fury, why ſhe was not in Armour? *So I ſhould indeed*, (ſaid ſhe to him,) *had not another*

ther Husband taught me a more pleaſant way for a Woman to paſs away the Night with her Husband. It ſeems then you have another Husband, (replies Don Pedro?) *Yea, that I have,* (ſays ſhe to him,) *ſo pretty a Man, and ſo handſom, that you will be raviſh'd to ſee him; and yet I know not when we ſhall ſee him, for ſince I receiv'd the laſt Letter you ſent, I could never ſet Eyes on him.*

Don Pedro, ſmothering the trouble of his thoughts, ask'd her, who it was? She could not give any further account concerning him, but in requital proffer'd *Don Pedro* to ſhew him what the other Husband had taught her. The unhappy Man pretended himſelf ſick, and it's not unlikely he was ſo, at leaſt in his mind. He thereupon turn'd from her, and bethinking himſelf that he had made choice of an Ideot to be his Wife, who had not only done what blemiſh'd his Reputation, but thought her ſelf not oblig'd to conceal it, he call'd to mind the wholeſom advice of the Dutcheſs, who no doubt would have been pleas'd with the account of this laſt adventure of his. He thereupon deteſted his Errour, and was ſatisfied, though too late; that a virtuous and diſcreet Woman knows how to obſerve the Laws of Honour; and if out of frailty, ſhe chance to break them, that ſhe can conceal her miſcarriage.

At laſt, taking heart, he reſolv'd to ſubmit with patience to a misfortune that was not to be remedied. He continued for a time his pretence of being indiſpoſed, to ſee whether the Lectures of his Lieutenant had done any thing beſides teaching his Wife what he had done better to have taught her himſelf. They liv'd together for ſome

years afterwards; he had always an eye over her Actions, and before he died, (having had no Children by her) he left her his whole Estate, upon condition, she would become a Nun, and go into the same Convent where *Seraphina* was, whom he acquainted that *Laura* was her Daughter. He writ to *Madrid*, to his Cousin *Don Rodrigues*, and sent him the History of his Life and Adventures, and acknowledg'd that his embracing so erroneous an Opinion had reduc'd him to that misfortune which he feared most of any, and against which he thought he had used the greatest Precaution.

He died; *Laura* was neither troubled at it, nor glad of it; she went into the Nunnery where her Mother was, who finding the Estate left by *Don Pedro* to her Daughter, to be very great; founded a Convent, and became the first Abbess of it. The History of *Don Pedro* was divulged after his death, and served to satisfie those that made any doubt of it. *That without wit, Vertue cannot be perfect; That a witty Woman may be virtuous of her self; and that a simple Woman cannot be such, without the assistance and good direction of some other.*

THE

THE HYPOCRITES.

The Second Novel.

THE moſt delightful Seaſon of the Year was putting the Fields and Trees into a verdant Livery, when a certain Woman came into *Toledo*; a City, which, as well for its Antiquity, as its Eminence, takes place of any in *Spain*. The Woman was handſome, young, ſubtle, and ſuch a profeſs'd Enemy to Truth, that for whole years together, that Vertue, came not ſo much as once into her mouth, and what is much more to be admired, is, that Truth was never the worſe for it, at leaſt never complain'd of it. She had either the artifice, or the good fortune to be ever very ſucceſsful in her lies; and there is not any thing more certain, than that a fiction of her dreſſing hath ſometimes met with approbation of the ſevereſt Enemies of Falſhood. This was a Science, ſhe was ſo great a Profeſſor in, as that her Dictates would have

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furniſh'd the beſt cuſtomed *Aſtrologers*, the *Poets*, and the *Mountebanks*: In a word, this natural endowment was ſuch in her, that the Conjunction of it with the Beauty of her Countenance, in a ſhort time got her pieces of Gold anſwerably to her inſinuations, and the crafty deſigns ſhe carried on. Her eyes were black, ſweet, ſprightly, full of gallantry, and yet unmerciful Hectors, that had been convicted of four or five Murthers; and ſtood charged with the ſuſpicion of above fifty, which could not be fully proved againſt them: But as for the unfortunate Wretches whom they had wounded, it is hard to gueſs, nay indeed to imagine the number of them. For matter of dreſſing, ſhe had an excellency and happineſs in it beyond any of her Sex, inſomuch that the leaſt pin faſtned by her hand wanted not its particular grace. For what eſpecially related to her head, ſhe neither troubled any for either advice or aſſiſtance; as making her Looking-glaſs, at the ſame time, her Council of State, her Council of War, and her Exchequer. How fatal muſt it be for any Man to ſee ſuch a Woman! ſince that if he ſaw her, he could not forbear falling in love with her, and if he loved her, he could not do it long, and be withal long without trouble.

This Lady, accompliſh'd as I have deſcrib'd her, came into *Toledo*, juſt in the cloſe of the Evening, much about the time that all the young Gentlemen of Quality in the City were preparing for a Maſque to be repreſented at the Nuptial ſolemnity of a ſtrange Lord, who was to be Married to a Lady of one of the beſt Families in the Country. The Windows were become a kind of Firmament, by reaſon of the Torches

which

which were placed in them, but much more in respect of the Ladies who look'd out at them; the great number of lights having restor'd to the streets that day which the night had depriv'd them of. The Ladies of meaner Quality clad in their Mantles, discovered to those who beheld them, no more than what they thought most worth the looking on. Many Bravoes, or rather (to use the modern word) Trapanners, Blades, and Hectors, were hunting after some prize; a sort of People that great Cities ever were and will be pestred with; who trouble themselves not much whether their good fortunes be real, provided they be thought such, or at least doubted of; who never set upon any, but in considerable numbers, and that with insolence enough; and who, upon their good faces, and a short Hanger within their Breeches, assume to themselves a jurisdiction over the lives of others, and think to make all the Women die for love, and the Men for fear. O what work would this day have found the soft-headed Complementers and Cajollers of Woman kind, and what low and pitiful equivocations were there us'd.

But among the rest, a young Man, who, of a Scholar, was not long before turn'd Page, was so prodigal of his Rhetorical fooleries before our Lady errant, as if he had thought beyond all language to express how highly he admir'd her. He had seen her allight out of the Hackney-Coach that brought her, and was so dazl'd at the sight of her, that not content with that, he had followed Her to the House where she had taken a Chamber, and thence up and down to all those places whether she went, out of a desire to see some-

thing. At last the strange Lady having seated her self in a place she thought convenient to see the Masquers go by; the Eloquent Page, dress'd that day all in Linnen, much finer than ordinary, had soon fastned on some discourse with her, he being not the first Man she had ever seen. Of all the Women in the World, she had the best faculty to engage a young conceited Fool upon many impertinences, and that with the greatest insinuation, and most unexpected malice that could be. Imagine then, if finding this Page a Talker beyond all confidence, whether she engaged him not to speak much more than he knew. She besotted him with Flatteries and Commendations, and afterwards did what she would with him. She learn'd of him, that he serv'd an old Gentleman of *Andaluzia*, Uncle to him who was upon Marriage, and upon whose account the whole City was in solemnity; and that he was one of the wealthiest Men there of his Quality; and that he had not any to make his Heir but that Nephew, whom he had a great tenderness for, though he were one of the most dissolute young Men in all *Spain*, one that fell in love with all the Women he saw; and, besides the common Slugs, and such as he could command upon the account of his Gallantry or his Presents, had sometimes exercised his Satyrical violences upon Maids, without any regard to their Qualities and Conditions. To this he added, that his Riots and Extravagances had made him a dear Nephew to his Uncle, and out of that reflection was he more inclined to see him Married, to say, if upon a change of his condition there would ensue a change of manners.

While the Page was revealing all the secrets

and concernments of his Maſter to her, ſhe ſtill by her ſoothing and admiring interruptions egg'd him on to further diſcoveries, making her remarks to thoſe of her Company, with what grace and pleaſingneſs he ſpoke handſome things: And, in fine, omitting nothing that might contribute ought to the undoing of a young Man, who had already conceiv'd but too good an opinion of himſelf. Commendations and Applauſes coming from an handſome Woman that had ſome deſign in it, are dangerous, and much to be feared. The poor Page had no ſooner acquainted *Helenilla* that he was born at *Vailladolid*, but ſhe preſently breaks forth into praiſes of that City, and the Inhabitants of it, inſomuch that having run her ſelf out of breath in the Commendations of them, even to Hyperboles, ſhe told the beſool'd Page, that of all ſhe had known of that Country, ſhe had not ſeen any ſo handſom and accompliſh'd as himſelf. After this laſt touch of her flattery there needed no more to make an abſolute fool of him. She invited him to ſee her at her lodging, and it is not to be queſtioned, whether ſhe gave him her hand rather than any other. He felt in himſelf ſuch agitations of joy, as made him do ſuch things as ſome would have thought him a little crack-brain'd; and he was fully ſatisfied, that a Man ſhould never deſpair of a good fortune how miſerable ſoever he were.

The Lady being come to her Chamber, caus'd the beſt Chair to be preſented to the Page. He was ſo beſotted with his imaginary happineſs, that going to ſit down before he had well look'd about him, he fell ſhort of the Chair, his Britch took acquaintance with the ground, he ſcatter'd his

his Cloak, Hat, and Gloves about the Room, and had like to have fallen upon a Dagger that he had, which in his fall got out of the ſheath. *Helenilla* run to help him up, making as much ſtir as a Tygreſs robb'd of her young ones: She took up the Dagger, and told him, ſhe could not endure he ſhould wear it any more that day, after the miſchief it was like to have done him. The Page got up all he had let fall, and made many pitiful Complements ſuitable to the occaſion and the accident.

In the mean time, *Helenilla* made as though ſhe could not recover her ſelf out of the fright ſhe had been put into, and began to admire the neatneſs of the Dagger. The Page told her it came from his old Maſter, who had ſometime given it to his Nephew, together with a Sword, and all things belonging thereto, and that he had made choice of it that day before many others that were in his Maſters Wardrobe, to wear upon ſome extraordinary occaſion. *Helenilla* propos'd to the Page whether ſhe might not go diſguis'd to ſee after what manner Perſons of Quality were Married at *Toledo*. The Page told her the Ceremony would not be till midnight, and invited her to a Collation in the Steward's Chamber, who was very much his Friend. He thereupon took occaſion to curſe his misfortune, and that he was oblig'd to change the moſt pleaſant Company in the World for that of his old Maſter, whom the indiſpoſition incident to Age confin'd to his Bed. He added, that being extreamly troubled with the Gout, he would not be at the Wedding, which was kept at a Houſe in the City far from that of the Court *Fuenſalide*, where the old Marqueſs his Maſter liv'd.

Being

Being upon taking his leave, he was pumping for ſome handſome Complement, when ſome Body knock'd at the door in as much haſte as if they had come for a Midwife. *Helenilla* ſeem'd a little troubled thereat, and deſired the Page to go into a little Cloſet, where ſhe lock'd him up for a longer time than he thought of. He who knock'd ſo confidently at the door, was a Gallant of *Helenilla*'s, who to blind the World, ſhe made People believe was her Brother. He was privy to all her leudneſſes and the ordinary inſtrument of her ſleighter pleaſures. She immediately gave him an account of the Page who was lock'd up in the Cloſet, and the deſign ſhe had conceiv'd within her ſelf to ſqueeze ſome pieces of Gold out of his old Maſter, ſuch a deſign as whereof the Execution required no leſs diligence than ſubtilty.

Having reſolv'd how all things ſhould be carried, the Coach-man was call'd and order'd with all expedition to make ready his Coach, though the poor Beaſts that brought them thither from *Madrid* were ſufficiently tir'd. All being in readineſs, *Helenilla* and her Retinue (which conſiſted of the dreadful *Montufar*, an old Woman called *Menden*, venerable for a weighty pair of Beads, and a Matron-like carriage and countenance, and a little Pigmey of a Lacquey) embarqu'd themſelves in that ſhatter'd Veſſel, and gave command to drive into the Street, where liv'd the *Modern Chriſtians*, whoſe Faith is of a newer faſhion than the Cloaths they ſell. The Maskers were abroad the ſtreets, inſomuch that it happen'd the Bridegroom diſguis'd as the reſt, met the Coach wherein *Helenilla* was, and ſaw that dangerous ſtranger, who ſeem'd to him a *Venus* in triumph,

or,

or, (to ſpeak a little more hyperbolically,) the Sun it ſelf in a Progreſs. He had ſuch a temptation for her, that a ſmall matter would have put all thoughts of his Wedding out of his head, to go and endeavour the Conqueſt of that unknown Beauty; but for that time he had ſo much command of himſelf, as that he ſmother'd a deſire violent enough though it were but juſt ſprung in him. He follow'd the Maſquers, and the Hackny-Coach kept on its way towards the Brokery, where in a trice, and without two words to the bargain, *Helenilla* bought her a ſuit of Mourning from head to foot, and put the old Woman *Mendez*, her Gallant *Montufar*, and her little Lacquey into the like, and taking Coach again, allighted at the Houſe of the Count of *Fuenſalide*. The little Lacquey went in, enquired out the Lodgings of the Marqueſs of *Villefagnan*, and demanded audience of him for a ſtrange Lady come from the Mountains of *Leon*, who had ſome buſineſs with him of great conſequence. The good Man was much ſurpriz'd at the viſit of ſuch a Lady, and at ſuch an unſeaſonable hour. He ſetled himſelf in the Bed the beſt he could, order'd his rumpl'd Band, and caus'd to be thruſt under his back two Cuſhions more than he had before, to receive ſo important a viſit with greater Ceremony.

This poſture was he in, having his eyes faſtned on the Chamber-door, when he perceives, not without the great admiration of his eyes, nor leſs diſturbance of his heart, the diſconſolate *Montufar*, in Mourning down to the ground, accompanied with two Women in the ſame dreſs, whereof the younger, whom he led by the hand, and who had ſome part of her face covered by a thin

thin Hood, seem'd to be the most sad, and the more considerable of the two. A Lacquey bore up her Train after her, which had so much stuff in it, as that being held out with advantage, it took up the best part of the Chamber. As soon as they were come within the Chamber-door, they saluted the old Marquess who lay sick a-Bed, and gave him a volley of three low reverences not counting that of the little Lacquey, whose Congey was not worth the remembring. Being come to the midst of the Chamber, they made three Reverences more, all at the same time, and afterwards three more e're they took seats, which were brought them by a young Page, comrade to him whom *Helenilla* had lock'd up in her Chamber: But these three last Reverences were such, as if the former had been forgotten. The softer, I mean the kinder part of the old Man's Soul was strangely moved thereat; the Ladies sate down, and *Montufar* and the little Lacquey withdrew, bare-headed to the Chamber-door.

The old Man all this while put himself to no small torment to requite their Complements, and was much troubled for their being in Mourning, before he knew the occasion of it, which he entreated them to acquaint him with, as also upon what account they honoured him with a visit at a time so unseasonable for Persons of their Quality. *Helenilla*, who but too well knew, what compassion a weeping Beauty raises in the beholders, opens the sluces of her fair eyes, to let out the tears which they seemed to be burdened with, and accompanied them with sighs, sometimes loud, sometimes low, as she thought fit, taking occasion ever and anon to put out her Ivory hand to wipe

wipe her face, which she also thought it not amiss to discover, to shew it was as troubled, as beautiful.

The old Man expected with much impatience that she should speak, and began to conceive some hopes of it; for the Torrent of tears which had broke forth at her eyes, was already so far fall'n and dri'd up, that the Lillies and Roses it had overflown were to be seen, when the old *Mendez*, who thought it became her to go on with the doleful part whereof the other had left, beset her self to weep and sob with so much earnestness, that it was some shame to *Helenilla* to be out-done by a thing that seemed not to have so much moisture in her as the tears she spilt amounted to. Nay, the old Woman thought not that enough, but to have the advantage of *Helenilla*, beyond all dispute, she conceived a handful or two of hair might do well, and prevail much upon the auditory. No sooner thought that done; she made a fearful devastation upon her head; but the troth on't is, she spoiled nothing of her own, or medled with so much as a hair that ever grew there.

Helenilla and *Mendez* were lamenting in this manner, as if it had been upon a wager, when *Montufar* and the Lacquey, upon a signal agreed betwixt them, were heard at the Chamber door sighing and weeping, though not so violently as those by the Bed-side, who yet upon that new Consort, took occasion to renew their Lamentations. The old Marquess was out of himself to see so much weeping, and not know the occasion of it. He wept too, as well as he could make a shift to do it; sobb'd as vigorously as any in the Company, and intreated the distressed Ladies, for Heaven's sake, and all in it, to moderate their affliction,

and

and to acquaint him with the occaſion thereof, aſſuring them his Life ſhould be the leaſt thing he would hazard and ſacrifice to ſerve them; and regretting his paſt youth, as being now uncapable to give them effectual demonſtrations of the ſincerity of his good intentions.

They were a little appeaſed at theſe words, their countenances appeared more pleaſant, and they thought they had wept enough, becauſe they could not, without ſome violence to themſelves, weep any more. Beſides, they were thrifty of their time, as knowing they had not any to loſe. So that the old Woman uncovering her head, to the end her venerable and Matron-like countenance might give her all the credit ſhe ſtood in need of, began her declamation in this manner. *May it pleaſe God, out of his Omnipotence, to preſerve the Right Honourable the Marqueſs of* Ville-fagnan, *and afford him all the health he ſtands in need of; though to ſay truth, what we come to acquaint him withal be ſuch news, as from which he will derive but little joy, which is indeed the flower of Health: But the misfortune of our misfortune is ſuch, that we muſt communicate it to others.* The Marqueſs gave himſelf a thump on the Breaſt with his fiſt, which at the ſame time diſcharg'd it ſelf of a deep ſigh: *May it be the pleaſure of Heaven that I am miſtaken,* (cries he,) *but I fear me, this is ſome new prank, or rather, ſome extravagance of my Nephew's, that I am like to hear of, go on Madam, go on, and pardon me for interrupting you.* The old Woman, inſtead of making any anſwer, began to weep afreſh, ſo that *Helenilla* was forced to go on with the diſcourſe. *Since you know by experience* (ſaid ſhe) *that your Nephew is a Perſon, that if any Man,*

hath

hath least command of his passions, and that you have been often troubled to smother the reports of his violences, you will be the more easily induced to credit that which he hath done me. Being at Leon *the last Spring, whether I conceive you had sent him, he meets with me in a Church, and upon the first sight told me such things, as, had they been true, we should both have continued still in that Church to avoid the hands of Justice; I as a Murdress, He as the dead Man I had killed and made ready to be put in the ground. He told me a hundred times that my eyes had murdered him; nay, he omitted not the least of those flatteries and insinuations which are ordinary among Lovers, who would abuse their simplicity upon whom they have some design. He followed me to my Lodging, rode every day up and down before my Windows, and every night importun'd all the Neighbour-hood with the Musick he intended only for me. At last, perceiving that all his amorous addresses prevailed nothing, he with Presents corrupted a Negro-slave that I had, and through her treachery and advice, surprized me in a Garden we had in the Suburbs. I had no body with me but the perfidious Slave; he had in company with him a Man as lewd as himself; and had given Money to the Gardener to go of an errand to the other end of the Town, upon pretence of some important business, what need I make many words? He set his Dagger to my Throat, and finding nevertheless that I had a greater value for mine Honour than my Life, with the assistance of his Complice, he did that by violence, which all his Courtships should never have obtained. The Slave made no small stir, and the better to disguise her perfideousness, got a slight wound in one of her hands, and presently fell into a feigned swound. The Gardener returns: Your Nephew frighted*

ned at the thoughts of his crime, got away over the Garden wall with so much precipitation that he let fall his Dagger, which I took up. Yet needed not the insolent young man have been in such a fear, being not in a capacity to cause him to be stay'd, I might have had that command of my self, as to put a good countenance on it, and dissemble the horrid misfortune that had hapned to me. I did what I could not to appear more sad than I was wont to do. The wicked Slave not long after ran quite away. I lost my Mother, and I may say, I had with her lost all, if my Aunt, who is here come along with me, had not had the goodness to give me entertainment, which she does so nobly, as that I have the same treatment with her own two excellent Daughters. In her house it was, that I heard your Nephew is so far from thinking of any reparation for the wrong he hath done me, that he is upon Marriage in this City. I have made the greatest hast I could hither, to the end that before I go out of your Chamber you should give me in Mony or Jewels two thousand Crowns, to put my self into a Nunnery; for knowing as much as I do by experience of the disposition of your Nephew, I could never fancy to Marry him, though he and all the friends he hath should use all the proffers and entreaties that may be to perswade me to it. I know he is to be Married this night, but I'll break off the Match if I can, at least make a disturbance he shall hear of while he lives, if you do not take that course to prevent it which I propose to you. And that you may be satisfied, (added she) *that there cannot be any thing more true, than what I tell you, of the violence your Nephew hath done me, behold the very Dagger he set to my throat! I wish God had so pleased he had done somewhat more than threatned me with it.*

Having given over speaking, she beset her self

to weeping afreſh. *Mendez* kept ſtill a note above her; and the muſical conſort at the door, whereof the little Lacquey made the treble, and *Montufar* the baſe, was no leſs ambitious to be heard.

The old Marqueſs, who had already given but too much credit to what had been ſaid to him, by the craftieſt of all Woman-kind, no ſooner caſt his Eye on the Dagger, but he immediately knew it to be the ſame he had ſometime given his Nephew. All therefore his thoughts ran upon, was to prevent the diſturbance which might happen at his Nephew's Wedding. He would gladly have ſent for him, but he was afraid ſome body might be ſo inquiſitive as to ask what ſhould be the occaſion of his ſo doing; and, as it happens, our fears are extraordinary when our deſires are ſuch; he no ſooner perceiv'd the afflicted Ladies making as if they would go and break off the Match, which it had coſt him abundance of trouble to bring to the poſture it was in; but he commands one of the Pages to bring a certain Cabinent, and to take out of it two thouſand Crowns in pieces of Gold of four Piſtols, *Montufar* receiv'd them, and told them very exactly one after another, whereupon the Old Marqueſs having made them promiſe to give him a viſit the next day, made a thouſand excuſes to the Ladies, that he was not in a condition to wait on them to their Coach. They got into it very well ſatisfied with their Viſit, and made the Coach-man drive back again towards *Madrid*, bethinking themſelves that if they were purſu'd, it would be towards *Leon*. Their Hoſteſs in the mean time, ſeeing her gueſts were vaniſh'd, goes into the Chamber: She finds the Page in the Cloſet, who could not imagine what reaſon they had to lock him in there;

ſhe

ſhe ſuffer'd him to go his ways, becauſe ſhe knew him, or rather becauſe ſhe found all things as ſhould be in the Chamber. Thoſe, who make it their profeſſion to Steal, and think of no other way of livelihood, ſtand in little fear of God, and therefore are ſo much the more afraid of Men. They are of all Countries, and yet are not of any, and never have any ſetled Habitation. As ſoon as they have ſet foot in a place, they make their advantages, and then ſhift into another. This unhappy profeſſion, which is ſo learnt with ſo much pains and diligence is different from others: for People quit thoſe out of age, or for want of ſtrength; but a Man ſeldom quits that of ſtealing, unleſs it be in his youth, and for want of longer life. It muſt needs be that thoſe, who follow it ſo cloſely, find a ſtrange pleaſure in it, ſince for that, they hazard a great number of years, which, ſooner, or later, the Executioner cuts them ſhort of.

But alas! *Helenilla*, *Mendez*, and *Montufar*, were little troubled with ſuch reflections as theſe; their thoughts were wholly ſet upon the cruel fear they were in of being purſu'd. They gave the Coach-man double the rate he demanded, that he might make the greater haſte, which he honeſtly did, anſwerably to his hire; ſo that it may be imagin'd that never did Hackney-Coach make ſuch ſpeed upon the Road to *Madrid*. They had no inclination to ſleep, though the night were far ſpent. *Montufar* was much troubled in mind, and, by his frequent ſighing, diſcover'd more remorſe than ſatisfaction. *Helenilla*, who ſaw into his very thoughts, would needs divert him with a relation of the particulars of her Life, which 'till then ſhe had kept from him as a great ſecret. *Since I ſee*

thou art somewhat out of order (said she to him) *I will now satisfie the desire thou hast ever had to know who I am, and to be inform'd of the Adventures that had happen'd to me before our acquaintance. 'Twere easie for me to tell thee that I am well descended, and give my self an illustrious name, as most do: but I will observe that sincerity towards thee, as that I will discover to thee even the most inconsiderable imperfections of those that brought me into the World.*

Thou art then to know, that my Father was born in Galicia, *by profession a Lacquey, or, to speak more honourably of him, a Serving-man. He had a great veneration for the memory of the Patriarch* Noah, *for his excellent invention of the Vine, and indeed, abating the inclination he had to the juyce of that noble Plant, it may be said of him, that he car'd not much for the temporal goods of this World. My Mother was of* Granada, *by condition, (to be free with you) a Slave: but there's no conteſting with the Stars. She answer'd to the name of* Mary, *which her Master had given her, and it was indeed the name she receiv'd at her Baptism, but she would have taken it more kindly, if one call'd her* Zara, *which was her name before she was converted from the* Turkish *Religion; for (since I must tell you all) she was a* Christian *only out of a compliance, and conformity, but in her heart a* Moor. *Yet would she often go to Confession, but rather to discover the Sins of her Masters, than her own; and whereas she entertain'd her Confessor much more with the hardships and inconveniencies of her Services, than her own imperfections, and made him believe Miracles of her Patience; He, being a very holy man, and measuring others by himself, took all for true that she said, and instead of reproving, commended her; so that who should have been neer my Mother at Confession, would*

have heard nothing but Commendations of all sides. You are haply desirous to know how I came to discover so great a secret, and you may well think, I have it not from my Mother; but I am naturally inclin'd to pry into things, and young as I was, my Mother never went to Confession, but I got as near her as I could to overhear what she said. Though she were swarthy, or rather black, yet was there in her countenance and making, somewhat that was not unhandsome; and above six Knights, Commanders of white and red Crosses, have courted her favour. She was so charitable, that she divided amongst them all, what was so much desired by every one in particular, and she was of a nature so full of acknowledgment towards her Masters, that, to requite, in some measure, the trouble they had been at in her Education from her infancy, she did all that lay in her power to bring them a little Slave male or female; but Heaven was not pleas'd to further her good intentions, for all the little half Negroes died presently after they were born. She was much more fortunate in bringing up the Children of others. Her Masters, who lost all their own as soon as they came into the World, made her Nurse to a Child given over by the Physicians, who yet in a short time, through my Mothers tenderness of it, and the goodness of her Milk, discover'd signs of perfect health, and hopes of a long life. In requital of this Service, my Mothers Mistress gave her liberty when she died. My Mother is now a free Woman; she turns Laundress, and proves so excellent at it, that in a short time, there was not a Courtier in Madrid, *who thought his Linnen well done, unless it came from the* Turkish *Laundress. Now had she leisure and opportunities to put in practice the Lectures that her Mother had sometime read to her, about a familiarity with the people of the other World. She had desisted from that tempting profession, more out of*

modesty, and as wearied with the commendations people gave her of being excellent in her Art, than out of any fear of the Magistrate. But now she made it her principal Employment; only to oblige and pleasure her Friends: and in a short time she made such considerable Acquaintances, and rais'd her self to such Credit in the Court of Darkness, that, to be a Devil of any Reputation, there was a necessity of holding a Correspondence with her. I speak not this out of any Vanity, for I never tell a Lye (added *Helenilla*) *and would not give my Mother the Commendations of those Excellencies which were not in her; but indeed, I could do no less than give this Testimony to her Virtue. The Secrets she sold, those she reveal'd, and her Oracular Faculty in answering Questions (for all which she was pointed at as she went along the Streets) were but ordinary Talents among those of her Nation, in comparison of her experience in the business of Maiden-heads. A crack'd Wench, after she had been under her hands, went for a better Maid than she was before the Miscarriage, and her Maiden-head sold at a higher rate the second time than the first. She might be about forty years of Age when she was married to my Father, honest* Rodrigues. *'Twas the wonder of the whole Quarter, that a Man who lov'd Wine so well, would take a Woman that drank not any, as observing the Law of* Mahomet; *and one that had her hands perpetually in the Water, as being a Laundress: But my Father made answer, There would be the more Wine for himself, and that Love made all things pleasant. Not long after, he made a shift to get her with Child, and, when the time came, she was brought to Bed of me. This joy continued not long in our House; for, when I was about six Years old, a certain Prince would needs put an hundred Lacqueys into Liveries, to run down a mad Bull. My Father*

ther being one of those that were made choice of, he drank that Day without any discretion; and going in the Valour of his drink to oppose the passage of the furious Bull, he was by him toss'd into several pieces. I remember there were Songs made of him, and that it was said upon occasion of my Father's death, that no body car'd for those of his Profession. It was a good while after e'er I apprehended it to be a jear put upon him, as if he wore Horns as well as the Bull; but ill Tongues will be wagging; nay, to forbid People to be abusive, would but make them the more such. My Mother was griev'd at my Father's death, I also was griev'd at it; she took heart and forgot it, I did the like. Not long after, my Beauty began to make people talk of me, There was no small Emulation at Madrid, *who should take me abroad in a Coach, carry me to Plays, and entertain me with Collations upon the Banks of the* Masanares. *My Mother was as watchful over me as an* Argos, *which I took very heinously; but it was not long e'er I was convinc'd it was for my advantage. Her severity, and the high Rate she set on me, made the Commodity the more valuable, and rais'd an Emulation among those whose Teeth water'd at me. I was to be his that bid most; yet every one thought he had had me before his Rival, and every one imagin'd he found that which was gone long before. A rich* Geneva *Merchant, whose Addresses were only in private, dazled my prudent Mothers Eyes with so much Gold; and discover'd so much sincerity in his procedure, that she answer'd his good intentions as he expected. He had the precedency of all others in my Favour, but it cost him dearly. There was a Faithfulness observ'd towards him as long as he was distrustful of us; but as soon as he seem'd perswaded of our Faith, we immediately broke it. My Mother had too great a Sympathy for the Suf-*

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ferings of others, not to be mov'd at the continual Complaints of my Gallants, all Persons of Quality about the Court, and all very rich. 'Tis true, they squander'd not their Gold away as my Geneva-*man did; but my Mother knew how to esteem great Gains, and yet slighted not the small; besides, she was very obliging out of a Principle rather of Charity than Interest. The* Geneva *Blade broke, I know not whether we were the cause of it. There happen'd to be some Quarrels upon my account; the Magistrates visited us, rather out of Civility, than otherwise: but my Mother, indeed, had an Aversion for young Lawyers and Scholars, and hated no less the* Hectors *and self-conceited Gallantilloes, who began to haunt us. She therefore thought it her best course to remove to* Sevil, *made Mony of all her Goods, and took a return'd Hackney-Coach for her self and me. We were basely betray'd by the Coach-man, robb'd of all we had, and my Mother so unmercifully beaten, because she would not over-readily part with what she had, but oppos'd the Villains as much as her strength would permit, that before we could get to a wretched Inn, she fairly died at the foot of a Rock. I pluck'd up a good heart, though I were yet but very young. I felt all about the folds of my Mothers Cloaths, but there was nothing to be expected after the exact Searchers that had been there before me. I left her to the Mercy of those that pass'd by; not doubting, but that in a great Road, such as that between* Madrid *and* Sevil, *there would come by some People so charitable as to bestow Burial on her. I return'd back again to* Madrid; *my Gallants heard of my misfortune, made a Contribution to set me up again; so that in a short time I was got into Cloaths, and a House very well furnish'd. About this time was it that I saw thee at a Friends of mine of the same Profession, and was immediately taken with thy good Endowments.*

I need not give thee any further account of my Life, ſince that we have ever ſince liv'd together. We came to Toledo; *we leave it all in haſte; and ſo well furniſh'd with Money, that, if thou hadſt as much Courage as I thought thou hadſt had, thou wouldſt be more chearful than thou art. And ſince the Relation I have made to thee hath had the vertue to make thee ſleepy, as I perceive by the reiterated yawnings and noddings of the Head; lay it in my Lap, and take thy reſt. But know, that whatever there may be good and profitable in Fear, before the committing of a Crime, proves very baſe, and very dangerous when it is once committed. Fear ever diſtracts the Mind of the guilty Perſon; ſo that, inſtead of avoiding his Purſuer, he many times caſts himſelf into his hands.*

Montufar fell aſleep, and the Morning broke forth ſo pleaſant and gay, that the Birds, the Flowers, and the Fountains ſaluted her, each according to their Mode; the Birds in ſinging, the Flowers in perfuming the Air, and the Fountains in laughing, or making a noiſe, which you pleaſe; one's as good as the other.

In the mean time the Marqueſs of *Villefagnan*'s Nephew, the ſenſual *Don Sancho*, was thinking to get up from his new Bride, much wearied, and haply already cloy'd with the Enjoyments of Marriage. His Imagination was full of the beautiful Stranger, the dangerous *Helenilla*, whom he had ſeen in the Hackney-Coach, and repreſented her to him wholly admirable; doing thereby a very great Injuſtice to his Wife, who was a Lady ſo handſome, and ſo accompliſh'd, that there were not a few in *Toledo* that ſigh'd for her, while ſhe ſigh'd to think on the unkindneſs of her Husband; and he, fickle Man as he was, wiſh'd himſelf in the

the Embraces of an infamous Strumpet, who communicated her ſelf for a ſmall matter to any that had a mind to her. What a ſtrange Irregularity is this of our Appetite! A Man that hath a handſome Wife of his own, hath a greater inclination to one of his Maids. A Noble Man, who hath his Table ordinarily furniſh'd with Biſques and Pheaſants, looks on them with diſdain, and calls for a Meſs of Broath, and the plain piece of Beef provided for the Servants. Moſt People are deprav'd in their Taſte as to many things, and your great Lords more than any. For, having greater Eſtates than they know what to do withal, and being inclin'd ſtill to ſeek after what they have not, they are drawn in to do that which is evil, purely out of diverſion: And to compaſs their Enjoyments, they care not much what pains they are at, nor what Time and Money they ſpend, nor think it much to be guilty of baſe Importunities to ſome ſcornful Wench, to obtain that of her, which ſhe ſometimes beſtows on others, without ſo much as being intreated to do it.

All this happens through the juſt permiſſion of Heaven, to puniſh Men's Inclinations to Evil by the very Inconveniences of the Evil. Ah, unfortunate *Don Sancho!* Heaven hath been pleas'd to bleſs thee with thoſe two things, which, of ought this World affords, can moſt contribute to thy Felicity; Wealth in abundance, and a lovely Perſon to thy Wife: Wealth to ſupply thoſe who deſerve, yet have it not; and, becauſe they have it not, are many times engaged in thoſe unworthy Courſes to which Poverty reduces the moſt generous Spirits: And a Wife equal to thee, as to Quality and Eſtate,

Eſtate, accompliſh'd as to both Mind and Body, beautiful even in thy Eyes, and much more in thoſe of others, who ſee more clearly in the Affairs of other People, than they do in their own; and, in a word, reſerv'd, modeſt and virtuous. What doſt thou look for abroad? Haſt thou not in thy own Houſe, thy ſecond Self, a Woman, whoſe ingenious Converſation will delight thee, whoſe Body is abſolutely at thy devotion, who is tender of thy Honour, careful in managing thy Houſe, prudent to improve thy Eſtate, furniſhes thee with Children, who divert thee in their Youth, and will relieve thee in thy Age? What, I ſay, canſt thou look for abroad? I'll tell thee in few words, what will be thy fortune; thou wilt ruin thy ſelf, both as to Eſtate and Reputation; thou wilt loſe the Reſpect of thy Friends, and wilt raiſe thy ſelf many powerful Enemies. Doſt thou think thy Honour ſecure, becauſe thou haſt a vertuous Woman to thy Wife? Alas! what little experience haſt thou of the things of this World, and how little reflect on Humane Frailty; The ſureſt Horſe of his Feet in the World, and the moſt at Command, ſlips under an unskilful Rider, and haply gives him a fall. A Woman may reſiſt ſuch and ſuch a Temptation to do ſomething that's unhandſome, and haply tranſgreſs in the higheſt degree, when ſhe thinks her ſelf moſt ſecure. One Miſcarriage is a Trap-door to let in ſeveral others after it; and the diſtance which is between Virtue and Vice, is ſometimes but a ſhort Days Journey.

But to what end are we troubled with all theſe Moral Truths, and of what benefit are they? Will *Some Body* ſay. And why does that *Some Body* trouble

trouble his head ſo much? Let him make uſe of them, or let them alone, as his Convenience ſhall adviſe him; however, he may think himſelf oblig'd to the Perſon who gives them for nothing.

Don Sancho was thinking to get up from his Wife, when his Uncle's Steward brought him a Letter, giving him an Account of the ſtrange Lady, who he could not but think had trapann'd him, becauſe ſhe was not to be heard of in any of the Inns about *Toledo*, where he had caus'd Enquiry to be made after her, and in the ſame Letter entreating him to let him have one of his Men to ſend after the Slut towards *Madrid*, which way he thought ſhe might be gone, for that he had ſent People to all the other great Roads that went to the Towns about *Toledo*, that only to *Madrid* excepted. *Don Sancho* was out of all patience at this news: he found himſelf aſſaulted in that part of his Soul which was leaſt able to reſiſt, and was elevated to a ſtrange height, to find himſelf unjuſtly charg'd with one Weakneſs, though he had been convicted of many. The loſs of the Money, and the Cheat put upon his Uncle, he was equally enraged at. He made a Relation of the buſineſs to his Wife, and ſome of his Kindred, who were come to viſit him the next Morning after his Marriage; and perſiſting in the reſolution he had taken to do what he intended, notwithſtanding the intreaties of his Wife and Friends, he ſlips on his Cloaths, eats ſomething, then runs to his Uncle's; and thence, after he had learn'd of the Page who had brought the Ladies into the old Marqueſs's Chamber, what kind of Coach they were in, how many in Company, and by what Marks they might be known, he took Poſt

for

for *Madrid*, attended by two Servants, in whose Courage he repos'd much Confidence. He rode on four or five Stages with so much speed, that he had not the least thought of the beautiful Stranger: but his Closet being a little evaporated by so violent agitation of his Body, *Helenilla* reassum'd her former place in his imagination, so Beautiful and attractive, that he was several times in a mind to return to *Toledo* to find her out. He was a hundred times angry with himself that he had been so far transported upon the trick put upon his Uncle, and often call'd himself an undiscreet person, and enemy to his own Enjoyments, for bruising his Body in that manner by riding Post, instead of bestowing his time better in seeking after a happiness, the possession whereof would, in his opinion, raise him to the highest pitch of felicity.

While he was in his Amorous reflections, he often spoke to himself, as one distracted, and that so loud, that his Servants, who were a pretty distance before him, making a sudden stop, would turn about, and in much haste ride back to know what he would have. *What reason is there* (would he cry sometimes) *I should leave the place where I saw her? Must I not be the most unhappy Man in the World if this Stranger have left* Toledo *before I get back again thither? 'Twere no more than my desert, for offering to turn Constable, and running with an Hue and Cry after I know not whom. But if I return to* Toledo (continued he) *without doing any thing, what will they say of me, who would have diverted me from such an Enterprize? Or must I let a sort of trapanning Rogues go unpunish'd, after such an unheard of affront put upon my Uncle, and my own Reputation so treacherously wounded?*

The

The diſſolute young Spark was thus ballancing of things, when, coming near *Xetaffa*, his Servants diſcover'd *Helenilla*'s Coach by the marks that had been given thereof. They preſently cry'd out to their Maſter, that they had taken the Thieves; and not ſtaying till he came up to them, rode full ſpeed after the Coach with their Swords drawn. The Coach-man ſtopp'd, extreamly frightned; *Montuſar* was no leſs. *Helenilla* caus'd him to remove out of the Boot, and ſate there her ſelf, to ſee what might be done to remedy ſo great a misfortune. She ſaw *Don Sancho* coming towards her with his Sword drawn, and could perceive nothing in his Countenance whence ſhe might promiſe her ſelf any favour: But the Amorous Gentleman had no ſooner faſten'd his eyes on her who had already ſo deeply wounded him, but he was immediately perſwaded that his Servants were miſtaken: For it is natural for a Man to have a good opinion of what he loves; and thereupon, as if he had known *Helenilla* from his Infancy for a Lady not to be charg'd with any thing unhandſome, he run upon his Servants, ſtriking at them as hard as he could with the flat of his Sword. *You Raſcals*, (ſaid he to them) *have I not given you ſufficient warning to take heed you were not miſtaken? And do you not deſerve I ſhould break your Arms and Legs for ſo unmannerly ſtopping a Ladies Coach, whoſe very preſence might have forc'd you to more Reſpect?* The poor Slaves, who had not been ſo forward but upon the Marks given them by the Page, and ſaw they had to do with a Woman extreamly handſome, an Object that raiſes Submiſſions and Reſpects in the moſt unciviliz'd Souls, avoided, by getting out of the way, the fury

fury of their Master, and thought he had reason to be angry, and that it was an excess of his kindness, that he had not sufficiently loaded them with blows.

Don Sancho, having thus disengag'd his Servants, crav'd pardon of *Helenilla*, and told her upon what ground his presumptuous Servants were like to have done her some violence, which she knew as well as himself. He intreated her to consider how apt a person blinded with Choler is to be mistaken. *Do but see, I beseech you* (said he) *into what inconveniencies Servants may engage their Masters? Had I not been with these Villains that came along with me, they had upon very uncertain appearance, put the whole Country into an Alarm, and having the power in their own hands, would have brought you to* Toledo *as a Thief. Not indeed but that you are such* (added he, composing himself to mildness) *but the Robberies you are guilty of are rather those of Hearts than any thing else.* *Helenilla* acknowledg'd the indulgence of Heaven towards her, in bestowing on her a face which pleaded her exemption from Punishment, notwithstanding the many Lewdnesses she was ordinarily guilty of: and assuming a confidence which banish'd the fear she had been in, she answer'd *Don Sancho* with much modesty, and in few words, as knowing that for one to be over-earnest in disclaiming a thing laid to his charge, increases the suspicion of his guilt. *Don Sancho* could not but admire he should meet with what he sought, after so strange a manner; and besotted as he was, thought Heaven prosper'd his designs, since it had prevented him from returning to *Toledo*, as he had several times thought to have done: which no doubt had

had been to avoid that good which he ſought after with ſo much earneſtneſs. He ask'd *Helenilla* her name, and the place of her abode at *Madrid*, and intreated her not to take it amiſs if he waited on her thither, to confirm the proffers he had made her of his Services. *Helenilla* gave him ſuch an account of both, as he was for the preſent ſatiſfied with; and told him, ſhe ſhou'd think her ſelf very happy to receive his Viſits. He proffer'd to wait on her all along the way, but ſhe would by no means permit it; repreſenting to him that ſhe was married, and that her Husband was to meet her in a Coach; and whiſper'd him in the ear, that ſhe was ſomewhat diſtruſtful of her own Servants; but, above all, ſtood in fear of the diſpleaſure of her Husband.

This ſlight expreſſion of Confidence rais'd in *Don Sancho* an imagination that ſhe had ſome kindneſs for him. He took leave of her; and, carried more upon his own hopes, than the Poſt-horſe he had under him, (if I may ſo ſay;) he ſet forward towards *Madrid*. He was no ſooner arriv'd, but made enquiry after *Helenilla*, and her Habitation, according to the directions ſhe had given him. His Servants were tir'd to find her out, and the endeavours of his Friends were not ſpar'd; yet all to no purpoſe. *Helenilla*, *Montufar*, and the venerable *Mendez* were no ſooner got to *Madrid*, but they were thinking which way to get out of it. They were ſenſible they could not avoid the Cavalier of *Toledo*, if they ſtaid there; and that if they gave him a more particular Account of their Perſons and Quality, they ſhould find him as dangerous an Enemy, as they thought him then their paſſionate Servant. *Helenilla* put all the

Goods

Goods she had into a sure hand, and the very next day after her arrival, putting her self and her Train into the habit of Pilgrims, she took her way towards *Burgos*, the place where *Mendez* was born, and where she had still a Sister living, of the same Profession with her self.

In the mean time, *Don Sancho*, out of all hopes of meeting with *Helenilla*, returns to *Toledo*, with so much shame and confusion, that from his departure out of *Madrid*, 'till he came to his own House, he was not heard to speak one word. After he had Saluted his Wife, who entertain'd him with thousands of Caresses and Kindnesses, she gave him some Letters from his Brother, wherein he found that he lay very sick at one of the chiefest Cities in *Spain*, where he possess'd the greatest Dignities of the Cathederal Church, and was one of the richest Clergy-Men in that Country. He staid but one Night at *Toledo*, and the next Morning took Post, to go and see his Brother recover'd, or possess himself of what he left, if he died.

While *Don Sancho* is upon his way to his Brother, *Helenilla* is upon hers to *Burgos*, having conceiv'd a dissatisfaction of *Montufar*, greater than the Love she had sometimes born him. He had express'd so little resolution when *Don Sancho* and his Servants stop'd the Coach, that she made no doubt but he was an arrant Coward. Out of this reflection was he become so odious to her, that it was with some violence to her self, that she could endure the sight of him; insomuch, that her thoughts were wholly taken up to find out some way to be rid of this Domestick Tyrant: and, till it were done, comforted her self with

the hope of ſeeing her ſelf e'er long at liberty, and her own diſpoſal. This Advice was given her by *Mendez*, which prevail'd the more upon her, for that it was fortifi'd with all the reaſons which her prudence could ſuggeſt. She could not endure, that in an Houſe, where ſhe was to live, there ſhould be any *Montufar* to command her, who ſhould have the Miſtreſs of it at his devotion; and, not doing any thing towards it, ſpend what they both had much ado to get. She perpetually repreſented to *Helenilla* the wretchedneſs of her Condition; comparing it to that of the Slaves employ'd in the Mines; who, to enrich their Maſters with the Gold which they took ſo much pains to force out of the Earth; and, inſtead of being better treated for their Endeavours, are many times rewarded with blows. She would be always telling her, that Beauty is a Flower, and conſequently of no long continuance; and that her Looking-Glaſs, which then repreſented to her but what was moſt aimable, and ever ſpoke to her advantage, would ſoon entertain her with Objects ſhe ſhould be little ſatisfied with, and tell her ſuch News as ſhe ſhould not be well pleas'd at. *Aſſure your ſelf, Madam,* (ſaid ſhe to her) *that a Woman once turn'd of Thirty, loſes ſome thing particular of Beauty every ſix Months, and makes new Diſcoveries every day, either in her Body or Face, or ſome Spot, or ſome Wrinkle. 'Tis the Malice of Time to make young Women old, and to make old Women wrinckled. If a Womans that's grown rich, at the coſt of her Modeſty and Reputation, meets nevertheleſs with the Contempt and Reproaches of the World; what Horrour muſt ſhe needs raiſe in People, who, through want of Conduct, is reduc'd to both Poverty and Infamy? Upon what*

ground

ground can she hope to be reliev'd in her misery? If with the wealth you have made a shift to get, by such Courses as are not approv'd of by all the World, you rais'd the Fortunes of some deserving vertuous Person, who would in requital marry you, it were an Action acceptable in the sight of God and Men, and the end of your Life would expiate the beginning of it. But to cast your self away as you do, by being at the disposal of a Rascal, as lewd as cowardly; one, whose great Atchievements consists in the trapanning of Women, who yet are never gain'd by him but with Threats, nor kept but by Tyrany, is, methinks, the direct way to bring your self to the greatest extremities imaginable, and to be the Author of your own Ruine.

With these and the like Arguments did the judicious *Mendez*, who was much better at speaking than doing, endeavour to exasperate *Helenilla* against *Montufar*, whom she still lov'd, though rather because she was accustom'd to it, than that she could give any reason for it; as indeed having too long experience of his manners, not to have found out of her self all the specious inducements laid down to her by her old Remembrancer. Yet did they not prove ineffectual. *Helenilla* took them in very good part; and the more readily, for that *Mendez* advis'd her to things which she her self would be not a little the better for, if she should put them in execution; so that perceiving *Montufar*, coming up to them, being to go together to *Guadarrama*, where they were to dine that day, they put it off to another time to consider of the course they should take to be rid of him, so as never to have a sight of him again.

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All Dinner time he ſeemed to be indiſpos'd, having no Stomach at all to any thing; and as he roſe from Table, he was taken with a ſhivering, and not long after with a violent Fever, which ſtuck cloſe to him the reſt of that Day, and all Night; and the violence of it being augmented towards the Morning, put *Helenilla* and *Mendez* into good hopes the Fever would do them a Courteſie, though it were only to free them from further trouble how to ſhake him off. *Montufar* finding himſelf ſo weak that he was not able to ſtand, told the Ladies they muſt not ſtir from *Guadarrama*; that a Phyſician muſt be had, whatever it coſt; and that all imaginable care ſhould be taken of him. This was ſaid with ſo much imperiouſneſs and Authority, as if he had ſpoken to Slaves, and that their Lives and all things elſe were abſolutely at his diſpoſal. His Body in the mean time became more and more weak of the Fever, which had reduc'd him to ſuch a Condition, as that, had it not been for his often calling for Drink, he might have been given over for a dead Man.

There was no ſmall ſtir about the Inn, that a Confeſſor was not all this while brought to him; that he might, as a good Chriſtian, diſcharge his Conſcience in this World, before he took his Journey for the next. At laſt, while the good Man was gone for, *Helenilla* and *Mendez*, making no doubt but the Fever would carry him away; came to him; and ſitting down on both ſides of his Bed, *Helenilla* broke her mind to him in theſe terms.

If thou haſt ſo much memory left, deareſt Montufar, *as to remember after what manner thou haſt ever lived with me; that is, how thou haſt behav'd thy ſelf towards one who hath laid the greateſt Obligations imaginable upon thee: as alſo towards* Mendez, *a Perſon venerable upon the account of her Sex, her Age and her Virtue; thou wilt not be ſo fond as to imagine, I ſhould importune God Almighty for the Recovery of thy health: but though I were as deſirous of it, as I have reaſon to wiſh thy deſtruction, yet is there a neceſſity we poor Mortals ſhould comply with his holy diſpoſal of us and ours; and that I ſhould offer up, my ſelf, what ſometime I had moſt doated on, and had been moſt dear to me. But to deal freely with thee, we begin to be ſo weary of thy Tyranny, that our Separation was unavoidable; and, if God had not brought things to this paſs, we ſhould have had that conſideration of our own happineſs as to have endeavour'd it otherwiſe. Thou art going with all expedition to the other World, we envy thee not the good Entertainment thou wilt find there: but, hadſt thou been ordain'd to make any longer ſtay here, we ſhould, to avoid thy inſupportable Company and Behaviour, have remov'd into ſome part of* Spain, *where we ſhould have thought no more of thee, than if there never had been any ſuch thing as thou art in the World. Thou think'ſt Life ſweet, but if thou conſider well how thou haſt liv'd, thou haſt much reaſon to take thy Death kindly, ſince Heaven, for reaſons unknown to Men, ſends it thee in a more honourable way than thou haſt deſerv'd; permitting a Fever to do that which the Executioner does to perſons leſs wicked than thou haſt been; or Fear, to ſuch white-liver'd cowardly Raſcals as thou art. But, my dear* Montufar, *before our final Separation, ſpeak to me ſincerely once in thy life, Is it true that thou didſt really expect I ſhould ſtay here to look*

to thee, and nurse thee up? Alas, suffer not these Vanities to come into thy mind so near thy death. So little regard have I of thy welfare, that, were it to restore thy whole Race, I would not stay a quarter of an hour here. Make Friends, and get into the Hospital, if thy Disease do not dispatch thee the sooner; and since all the Advice I ever gave thee hath been for thy good, do not slight the last I am like to give thee. 'Tis this, my poor Montufar; *Not to trouble thy self to send for any Physician, as knowing, he will forbid thee the drinking of Wine; which, without any Fever, is enough to make an end of thee in four and twenty hours.*

While *Helenilla* was making this Funeral Sermon to her once much beloved *Montufar*, the Charitable *Mendez* ever and anon felt his Pulse, and laid her Hand on his Forehead; and perceiving her Mistress had given over speaking, she would needs also give him a departing Lecture. *Your Lordship's head* (said she to him) *burns extreamly; and I am much in fear this unhappy Accident will be the occasion of your marching off to see your Friends in the other World, without affording you the time to come to your self again. Take therefore this pair of Beads* (added she) *and fall devoutly to your Prayers till such time as the Confessor comes. You will be so far in your way, as to the discharge of your Conscience. But if Credit may be given to the Historiographers of the Prison for the Malefactors of* Madrid, *who have so often had occasion to spend their Pens in setting down your Atchievments, your Lordship's exemplary Life may well exempt you from much Pennance: Besides that, God, who is very merciful, will, no doubt, put to your Account in Heaven the glorious Progress you made bare-shoulder'd through the principal Streets of* Sevil, *in the*

sight

ſight of ſo many People, and guarded by Beadles, and other Officers of the Garriſon of common Rogues, Cut-purſes, and Houſe-breakers. You may alſo produce, as an Acquittance for your further Diſcharge, the Voyage you made by Sea; during which, viz. for the ſpace of ſix Years, you did many things not unpleaſing to God; taking much pains, eating little, and being ſtill in danger, and conſequently the more devout. But what is more conſiderable, is, that you were hardly twenty Years of Age, when, to the great edification of your Neighbour, you began that Holy Pilgrimage. Moreover, it is very probable you will be well recompenced in the other World for another thing; which is, your care, that the Women who have had any dependance on you ſhould not be idle, or want ſomething to do; making them work, and live, not only by the Labour of their Hands, but that of their whole Body. To this I may add; that if you die in your Bed, you will put a pleaſant trick upon the Judge of Murcia, *who hath ſolemnly ſworn he would ſentence you to die upon the Wheel, who expects the ſatisfaction to ſee it; and who muſt needs be enrag'd when it ſhall be told him, that you died of your ſelf, without the aſſiſtance of any third Perſon. But I triſle away the day here in talking, and never think it is time to ſet forward on the Journey we have a deſire to make. Farewell, dear Friend that hath been; receive this laſt Hug as heartily as I beſtow it on you, for I think we ſhall never ſee one another again.* With which words, *Mendez*, caſting her Arms about his Neck, embrac'd him with ſo much kindneſs, as that, had ſhe us'd a little more, it had ſtifled him: *Helenilla* did the like; and with that Complement left the Chamber; and without calling for any Account, ſoon after, the Inn alſo.

Montufar, who was us'd to their Abuſes, who had alſo the faculty to return them as good as they brought, and who fondly imagin'd all they had ſaid to him was only for his diverſion, look'd on them as they departed from him, without the leaſt ſuſpicion; more inclin'd to conceive they went to give order for his Broths. He ſoon after, out of pure Security, fell into a little Drowſineſs, which held him ſo long, as that the two Gentlewomen might well be gotten a League or better in their way, before he was perfectly awake. He ask'd the Hoſteſs for them; who told him, they were gone abroad, and had given order he ſhould not be diſturb'd, for that he wanted Sleep very much, having not clos'd his Eyes all the Night before.

Upon this Account of them, *Montufar* began to believe the Ladies had ſpoken to him in good earneſt. He ſwore at ſuch a rate, as would have made ſome think the Earth might open and ſwallow down the Inn, and all in it: he threatned, even to the very Way they travell'd on, and the Sun that lighted them. He would needs get up to put on his Cloaths, and had almoſt broke his Neck in attempting it, ſuch was his weakneſs. The Hoſteſs endeavour'd to excuſe the Ladies, and did it the beſt ſhe could, but with ſuch impertinent Reaſons, that the Sick Man was the more enrag'd, and fell out with her. He was ſo incens'd, that for four and twenty hours, nothing went down his Throat; and that Diet, with abundance of Rage and Fury prov'd ſo effectual, that, after the taking of a certain Broth, he found himſelf ſtrong enough to purſue his Fugitive Slaves. They were got as far before him as they were able

able to travel in two Days; but two Hackney-Mules he fortunately met with, upon their return to *Burgos*, contributed as much to his design, as it prov'd fatal to that of the two counterfeit Pilgrims. He overtook them within six or seven Leagues of *Burgos*. They grew pale, and then blush'd when they saw him, and excus'd themselves, if any such thing could be done. *Montufar* smother'd his anger, for very joy that he had found them, which he could not forbear expressing in his very Countenance. He first broke forth into a Laughter at the trick they had put upon him; and rais'd them to such Security, that they thought him the veriest Sot they had ever met with. He thereupon made them believe they were out of the way to *Burgos*; and having (to bring them into it) led them among Rocks and Precipices, such places as he knew no Man travell'd through, he drew a long Dagger, an Instrument, for which they had ever had a great respect; and commanded them very imperiously to make present delivery of what Gold, Silver and Jewels they had. They thought at first with their Tears to have pacifi'd him so far as to bring the business to some Composition. *Helenilla* was very prodigal of them for her part, casting withal her Arms about his Neck: But the unmerciful *Hector* grew so insolent upon their Submissions, that he would not hear of any thing by way of Treaty, and once more gave them the peremptory Word of Command, allowing them but half a quarter of an Hour to resolve whether they would deliver or no. There was no way but to sacrifice their Purses to the safety of their Persons; So that, with much regret, they parted with what

was

was dearer to them than their very Entrails. Yet was not *Montufar*'s Revenge ſatisfied with that. He pull'd out of his Pocket a parcel of Whip-Cord which he had bought on purpoſe for ſuch an Execution; and having tied them to ſeveral Trees, one againſt the other, he told them, with a treacherous Smile, that, out of a certain knowledge he had of their negligence in doing Penance from time to time for their Sins; he would, for the good of their Souls, give them a little Diſcipline with his own hands, that they might remember him in their Prayers. The Sentence pronounc'd was immediately put in execution, with Branches of green Broom that grew thereabouts in abundance, he having ſo much Mercy in his Juſtice, as not to do it with the Whip-Cord, whereof he had had himſelf experience both of the weight and ſmart, notwithſtanding the grave reproaches of *Mendez*, not long before, to that purpoſe.

Having diſciplin'd them till he grew weary, at the coſt of their poor Skins, he ſate him down between the two Patients; and, turning himſelf to *Helenilla*, entertain'd her ſomewhat to this effect.

My deareſt Helenilla (ſaid he) *be not ſo much diſpleas'd with me for what hath happen'd between us, till thou haſt conſider'd my good intention in it, and thereupon reflected, that every one is oblig'd in Conſcience to follow his Vocation: It is thine to commit leud Actions, and to be miſchievous; it is mine (the World conſiſting of Good and Evil) to puniſh Leudneſs and Miſchief where I meet with them. Thou know'ſt better than any one, whether I diſcharge my Duty as an honeſt Man ſhould; and thou*

thou art to assure thy self, since I chastise thee so heartily, that I love thee no less. Were it not that it is more pardonable in me to be tender of my duty, than inclin'd to compassion, I should not leave a Gentlewoman, so well descended, and so vertuous, stark naked, tied to a Tree, at the mercy of the first that passes by. The illustrious Birth, which thou, not long since, gavest me an account of, deserves another Destiny: But be ingenuous, and acknowledge thou wouldst do no less thy self, if thou wert in my place. What will prove thy greatest misfortune, is, that, having been so common as thou hast, it will not be long e're thou art known; and then, it is to be fear'd, that out of a Maxim of Policy, to the perpetual terrour of publick Sinners, order will be given for the burning of this mischievous Tree, whereto thou art, as it were, incorporated, together with the wicked Fruit that grows on it: But, in recompence, if thou hast only a fear of all the Evils thou bringest on thy self, thou wilt one day make very pleasant relations of thy Adventures; and have this to add, that, by the patient suffering of one hard Night, thou shalt have acquir'd an Excellency, which will be much talk'd of, amongst the many others thou art Mistress of already; and that is, my dear Quondam-*Acquaintance, the knack of being able to sleep standing.*

But the charitable Mendez *might justly quarrel at my incivility, if I should continue my discourse any longer to thee, without so much as turning my face towards her, who was so free of her Advice and Assistance in my Sickness: and I should be much wanting, as to the duty I owe my Neighbour, if I should not, out of a like Motive of Charity, give her some Advice suitable to the present posture of her Affairs. They*

are,

are, indeed, (added he, turning towards *Mendez,*) *in a much worse condition than you haply imagine: Recommend your self therefore earnestly to the goodness of God, though it be the first time you ever did it: Let your many Wrinkles be as many Remembrances of the decays of your Microcosm, and your inability to overcome this days Persecution: Were it the pleasure of Heaven you might have a Confessor as easily as you stand in need of one. Not but that you may derive much quiet of Thought and Conscience from the exemplary Life you have led, since you have always been so excessively charitable, that, instead of repining at the imperfections and miscarriages of others, you have repair'd those of an infinite number of young Maids. Besides, shall there be no Account made for the pains you have taken in studying the most occult Sciences? 'Tis true,* the Inquisition *lov'd you never the better for it; nay bestow'd on you some publick marks of its disaffection: But you know, it consists of knowing Men, and that there is ever an Envy and Emulation between Persons of the same Profession. Nay, they do much more, that is, they are far from any confidence of your Salvation: But it matters not. Custom makes all things tolerable, even in Hell it self, where it cannot be but that you must expect great kindness from the Inhabitants of the place, as having held a great Correspondence with them during your living here. I have but a word more to tell you; which is, that I might have chastiz'd you much after another manner; but it came into my thoughts, that it is ordinary with old People to become Children again; that you are old enough to be return'd to your first State of Innocence, and consequently, that a Rod was a more proper Instrument to punish you for the Rascally Childish Trick you put upon me, than any other,*

ther. And ſo I take my leave, recommending the care of your Perſons to your own dear ſelves.

Having thus had the ſatisfaction to return their Abuſes, he went his ways, and left them rather dead than living, not ſo much through the grievouſneſs of the Chaſtiſement they had receiv'd, as that he had carried with him all they had, and left them alone, bound to their good behaviour, in a place, where, for ought they knew, they might, become Food for the Wolves.

They were very mournfully looking one upon the other, without ſaying any thing, when there paſſes by between them an Hare, which had not gone far e're they perceiv'd a Dog in purſuit of her; and at ſome diſtance after the Dog, a Gentleman on Horſe-back, and that no other than *Don Sancho* of *Villefagnan*, who was come to *Burgos*, to ſee his Brother, whom he heard to have lain ſick, and with whom he then ſojourn'd at a Country-houſe he had not far off thence, whither he was come to take the Air. He thought it a ſtrange Spectacle to ſee two Women bound in that manner to Trees; and was much ſurpriz'd when he found in the Countenance of one of them, that of the beautiful Stranger he had ſeen at *Toledo*, whom he had made ſo much enquiry after at *Madrid*, and who was perpetually preſent to his imagination. But whereas he had, upon the firſt ſight of her, conceiv'd a ſtrong impreſſion that ſhe was a Woman of Quality, and Married, he continu'd for a while in ſome doubt whether it were ſhe; as finding it an hard matter to be convinc'd, that ſhe durſt preſume to come ſo far in ſo poor an Equipage, as

he

he might perceive by her Cloaths: But the Countenance of *Helenilla*, which, though caſt down, and betraying a certain fright, had loſt nothing of its Beauty, ſatisfied him at length that he had found what had coſt him ſo many deſires and diſturbances. He lifted himſelf up upon the Stirrups, and look'd all about him to ſee if he were all alone, and he was ſimple enough to fear, it was ſome Diabolical Illuſion (God ſo permitting it) ſent to puniſh him for his Debauches and Senſuality. *Helenilla*, for her part, had a reflection that was not much better; and was no leſs in fear, that Heaven had made choice of that day, to bring about her all thoſe who had any thing to call her to an account for. *Don Sancho* beheld *Helenilla* with much aſtoniſhment; ſhe him with much diſtraction, each of them expecting the other ſhould firſt ſpeak; and *Don Sancho* was at laſt going to fall into ſome diſcourſe with her, when he perceives one of the Pages coming in full ſpeed towards him, whereupon advancing to know what the matter was; the other told him, that the young Gentlemen, his Couſins, were together by the Ears, ready to kill one another. He made all the haſte he could, follow'd by the Page, to the place where he had left his Company, and finds four or five of them in the heat of their Drink, railing one at another with their Swords drawn, and, at ſome diſtance, employing their drunken Valour in Cuts and Slaſhes, which coſt ſome of the adjacent Trees the loſs of many a fair and hopeful Branch.

Don Sancho, enrag'd at his being depriv'd of the pleaſant Viſion he had loſt, upon ſo frivolous an occaſion, did what he could to appeaſe thoſe irrecon-

reconcileable, yet not very dreadful Enemies; but his Arguments, his Intreaties, and his Menaces had prevail'd but little with them, if the wearineſs they were in, and the Wine which diſturb'd their Brains had not laid them ſo often on the Ground, as at laſt faſten'd them to it, and ſet them a ſnorting as peaceably, as they had at firſt with too much violence fallen out.

Leaving them ſo quieted of themſelves, *Don Sancho* took way back again towards the happy Tree, unto which he had left the Idol of his heart in a manner metamorphos'd; but his aſtoniſhment, not to find there what he ſought for, was greater than it had been upon the ſight of her before. He rode about it ſeveral times, to ſee if with earneſt looking he might find what was not there; and, not ſatisfied with that, look'd all about him, yet could diſcover nothing but a ſad Wilderneſs. He rode up and down to all the places thereabouts, and returns again to the Tree; which dull Plant as it was, never ſtirr'd for all the trouble he put himſelf to.

Don Sancho, as I told you, had ſuch a Devotion for the Female Sex, that he could love any Woman at the firſt ſight: But, to compaſs his deſires, if Money would not do, he would ſpare no Courtſhip, no Addreſſes, no Submiſſion, no Services, no Importunity to do it. This you'll ſay was the only way to make a Man a Poet, if he were capable of it. *Don Sancho* indeed could do pretty well at it, and was very happy in the humouring of any Accident, good or bad: And whereas the odneſs of the Subject given a Poet heightens his Fancy, if he have it any thing ſtrong, he thought the Adventure had happen'd to him ſo ſtrange

ſtrange, that it would have been inſenſibility in him, great as that of the Tree it ſelf, not to ſay ſomething to it. Having therefore alighted, he diſcover'd his Poetry to it in theſe words, if it be true at leaſt, that he was as great a Fool as I am told he was. *O moſt happy, and moſt to be envied Tree! ſince thou haſt been felicified with the Embraces of her whom I love, though I have no great knowledge of her, and whom I would not know but to love her, may thy Leaves be mingled among the Stars; may the Sacrilegious Ax never offer the leaſt violence to thy ſacred and tender Bark; may the Thunder bear a reſpect to thy Boughs, and the Worms of the Earth to thy Roots; may the harſh Winter ſpare thee, the Spring enrich thee; may the loftieſt Pines envy thee; and, to conclude, may Heaven protect thee.*

While the vertuous Gentleman was exhauſting himſelf in fruitleſs Regrets, or, if you will, in bemoaning Poetical Ejaculations, which are of greater importance than any other, and which it is too violent an Exerciſe for a Man to make uſe of every day; his Servants, who knew not what was become of him, after a good whiles ſearch, found him, and came about him. He returned to his Brothers very melancholly; and, if I am not miſtaken in what I have been told, he went to Bed Supperleſs.

But 'tis not eaſily credible, how many Irons one that tells a Story, or writes a Novel, may have in the Fire at once: He that tells the Story, it being ſuppoſed he ſpeaks to more than one, is troubled many times to gueſs at what Circumſtances of it the greateſt part of his Auditory

ſticks,

ticks, and is impatient to have it profecuted: the other, though it may happen he hath to do but with one at a time (for now the World grows more and more Learned, People think it more edifying to read things of that nature themselves) is subject to the same inconvenience, not knowing where the Reader would have the design profecuted, where interrupted by some unthought of accident. This brought into my thoughts, that the Reader I have now to do with, may think I leave him too long in suspence, as being haply impatient to know, by what enchantment *Helenilla* and *Mendez* had been snatched away from the sight of the amorous DON *SANCHO*. Let him have but ever so little patience; I am just going to tell him.

Montefar upon his departure from them was much pleas'd in himself at the piece of justice he had done; but as soon as the fury of his revenge began to admit remission, his Love was proportionably re-inflam'd, and represented *Helenilla* to his imagination more beautiful than ever he had seen her. He concluded from her great patience in receiving so cruel a chastisement (when she saw there was no remedy but to endure it) that she must needs be of an excellent and tractable disposition, and much inclin'd to forget and forgive injuries. He consider'd with himself, that what he had taken away from them would be soon spent, and that her Beauty was a settled and constant revenue to him, while he continu'd in her favour, the want of whose Company he already thought insupportable. Upon these Considerations, he made all the haste he could back, and the same barbarous hands which had with so

little remorse fastned to the Trees the two Fugitives, and had afterwards so unmercifully swept their back-sides with good green Broom, knock'd off their Chains, I would say, cut asunder, or unty'd their Cords, and set them at liberty, while *Don Sancho* was Christianly employ'd in reconciling those of his Drunken Company who were fallen out.

Montufar, *Helenilla*, and *Mendez*, became good Friends again as they went along, and having reciprocally promis'd to forget all dissatisfactions and differences, embrac'd one another with as much tenderness for their reconciliation, as regret for what was past; doing just as the Great ones do, who neither love nor hate any thing, and who accommodate those two contrary passions to their advantages, and the present state of their affairs. They held a Council concerning the way they should take. Their Politicks advis'd them to forbear going to *Burgos*, where they might be in danger to meet with the Gentleman of *Toledo*. They therefore made choice of *Sevil* for their retreat, and it seemed to them that Fortune seconded their design, since that, as they came into *Madrid* Road, they met with a Mule-driver, who had three return'd Mules he could dispose of, and which he was glad to let them have to carry them to *Sevil*, upon the first proposition made by *Montufar* to that purpose. He treated the Ladies upon the way very civilly, to make them forget the ill treatment they had received from him. They at first were somewhat distrustful of his insinuation, and resolved to be reveng'd on him upon the first opportunity. But at last, more out of policy than any

consideration of vertue, they became greater Friends than ever. They bethought themselves, that Discord had ruined the Greatest Empires, and were convinc'd, that, in all appearance they were born one for another. They play'd not any trick of their profession in their Journey to *Sevil*; for having their thoughts sufficiently taken up with their removal out of a Country where enquiry might be made after them, they were afraid to run themselves into new inconveniencies, which might hinder their going to *Sevil*, where they had great Designs to carry on.

They alighted a League short of the City, and having satisfy'd the Mule-driver, made their entrance into it at the close of the Evening, and took up their Lodging in the first Inn they came to. *Monufar* took an House, furnish'd it, but meanly enough, and put himself into a Black Suit, a Cassock, and a long Cloak. *Helenilla* put her self into the habit of a Religious Woman, having her hair so closely imprison'd, as there was not ought to be seen; and *Mendez*, clad like a devout Matron, got her a pair of Beads, of such bigness as might well serve as Case shot for a small piece of Ordnance. For some days immediately after their arrival, *Monufar* walked up and down the Streets, habited, as I have described him, with his Arms a-cross, and casting down his Eyes when ever he met with any of the female Sex. He cry'd out ever and anon, with a voice that would break the very Stones: *Blessed be the most blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and the ever-happy Conception of the immaculate Virgin*, with several other Exclamations of the same kind.

He caus'd the same things to be repeated by the Children he met with in the Streets, and got them together many times to make them sing Hymns and godly Songs, and to teach them their Catechism. He often visited the Prisons, Preached to the Prisoners, comforted some, Ministred to others, bringing them Victuals, and many times carrying from the Market an heavy Basket filled with such things as he had either begg'd or provided for them. Oh detestable Rogue! it seems there wanted only thy turning Hypocrite, to make thee the most accomplished Villain the Earth ever groan'd under.

These vertuous actions, done by the greatest Enemy to Vertue of all Mankind, in a short time rais'd him into the reputation of a Saint. *Helenilla* and *Mendez*, for their parts, did such things as made People begin to talk of their Canonization. One pretended to be Mother, the other, Sister of the blessed Brother *Martin*. They went every day to the Hospitals; waited on the Sick, made their Beds, wash'd their Linnen, and, if they wanted, accommodated them at their own Charge.

Thus were the three most vicious Persons in all *Spain* become the admiration of *Sevil*. Much about this time there happened to come thither a Gentleman of *Madrid*, about some occasions of his own. He had been one of the acquaintances of *Helenilla*; for such Women as turn common, supply many in their time: he knew *Mendez* to be no better than she should be, and had so much experience of *Montufar*, as to take him for no other than a dangerous Cheat and a Pandar. One day, as they were coming all three together from Church

Church, followed by a great number of Persons, who kiss'd their Vestments, and intreated them to be mindful of them in their Prayers, they were discover'd by the Gentleman I spoke of; who, upon sight of them, being inflam'd with a Christian Zeal, and not able to endure that three Persons so transcendently Wicked should abuse the credulity of a whole City, broke through the multitude, and coming up to *Montufar*, gave him an hearty blow over the face. Abominable Cheats! cries he to them; Do you neither fear God, nor Man? He would have said something else: but his good intention met not with the success it deserv'd, it being not only imprudent, but dangerous, to be over-precipitate in the discovery of any thing. All the People fell upon him, looking on him as one that had committed Sacriledge in his incivility towards their Saint. He was soon laid on the ground, loaden with blows and kicks, and no doubt had lost his Life among them, if *Montufar*, through a miraculous readiness of Wit, had not taken him into his protection, covering him with his Body, thrusting away the most earnest to beat him, nay, exposing himself to their fury and blows. *My dearest Brethren*, Crys he as loud as he could, *let him alone for the Holy Jesus sake, for the Blessed Virgins sake, be not so violent.*

These few words laid that great Tempest; and the People, as easily quieted as they had been stirred up, made way for B. *Martin*, who came up to the unfortunate Gentleman, glad in his Soul to see him so treated, but discovering in his countenance a great trouble thereat. He raised him up from the ground where he tumbled over

and over, embrac'd him, and kiss'd him, though all blood and dirt, and reproved the People very sharply for their rudeness. *I am indeed, the wicked wretch,* said he to those who had any desire to hear him, *I am the Sinner, I am he that never did any thing pleasing in the sight of God. Do you imagine,* continued he, *because you see me now clad like an honest man, that I have not been all my Life a Thief? a scandal to others, and my own ruin? Let me be the object of your Injuries; 'tis at me you ought to cast Dirt and Stones, it is my Blood your Swords thirst after.*

Having said these words with a personated mildness, and thereby absolutely quieted the People, he went, with a Zeal yet more counterfeit, and cast himself at the feet of his Enemy, and kissing them, he not only ask'd him pardon, but got him again his Sword, Cloak, and Hat, which had been lost in the Tumult. He put them about him, and having led him by the hand to the end of the street parted from him, after he had bestow'd on him many embraces, and as many benedictions.

The poor Man was all this while as if he had been inchanted, so astonished was he at what he had seen, and what had been done to him, and conceiv'd so much shame at the sadness of the adventure, that he was never seen in the Streets afterwards, though his business detain'd him in the City some time longer.

In the mean time, *Montufar*, by this act of counterfeit humility, had gain'd the hearts of the whole City. The people looked on him with admiration, many came the oftner to Church purposely to see him, and the Children cry'd after him

him *a Saint, a Saint,* as they would *a Fox, a Fox,* had they met his Enemy in the Streets. From this time he began to live the happiest Life of any Man alive. The great Lord, the Gentleman, the Magistrate, the Prelate courted him every day to their Tables, and happy thought he himself, whom he honour'd with an acceptance of his Entertainment. If any one ask'd his Name, he made answer, that he was the Animal, the Beast, fit only to carry Burthens, the Common-shore of filthiness, the Vessel of iniquity, and such other Attributes as his studied Devotion furnished him withal. He spent the day in some publick places with the Ladies of the City, importuning them with perpetual complaints of his own luke-warmness: telling them that he was not sufficiently annihilated in Spirit, that he was guilty of too much Self-centreity, and wanted those recollections which should confine his thoughts to Celestial contemplations, and divert them from being disorder'd by the vanities of this World; in a word, never entertaining them with any thing but what was wrapt up in this fustian Language: So great a Proficient had a short time made him in Sycophancy, and Hypocrisie.

Of the great Alms daily bestowed in *Sevil*, there past most through his hands, or through those of *Helenilla*, and *Mendez*, who, as to what might be expected from them, acted their parts to the heighth, and whose names made no less haste to get into the Calender, than did that of *Montufar*. A certain Widow, a Lady of Quality, and inexpressibly besotted with Devotion, sent them every day two dishes of Meat for their Din-

ner, and as many for their Supper, and those such as had been ordered by one of the best Cooks about the City. At last, the House they liv'd in grew too little for the great number of Presents that were brought in from all parts, and to entertain the Ladies that came to visit him. If a Woman was desirous to be with Child, her only way was to put her Petition into their hands, that they might present it at the Tribunal of God, and bring her a speedy and satisfactory answer of it. She that had a Son in the *Indies*, took the same course; and so did she also who had a Brother, Friend, or Cousin, in Slavery at *Algiers*. And the poor Widow, who had a Cause depending before an ignorant Judge, against a powerful Adversary, doubted not of its going with her, since she had made them a present according to her ability. Some presented them with Sweetmeats, others with Pictures and Ornaments for their Oratory. Sometimes there were sent them in, all sorts of clean Linnen and Cloaths for poor People that were ashamed of their necessities, and often, considerable Sums of Money, to be distributed as they should think fitting. No body came empty handed to them, nor did any body doubt of their future Canonization. Nay, it grew to that height, that some desired their advice in things doubtful, and to come. *Helenilla*, who had a Diabolical Wit, managed the business of Answers; and the cunning Gipsie would be sure to deliver her Oracles in few words, and in terms ambiguous and capable of several interpretations. Their Beds, simple in appearance, were all the day covered with Mats, but at night with good Down-beds and Quilts, and good Coverlets;

verlets; the House being full of all manner of Houshold-stuff, sent in by some or other, for a charitable supply of some Widow, whose Goods had been taken in Execution, or to furnish the House of a young Maid Married without any Portion. Their doors, in Winter, were shut up at five of the Clock, in Summer, at seven, as punctually as if their House had been a well regulated Convent; and then the Spits went, the House was perfum'd, the Fowls went to the Fire, the Tables were neatly covered, and the Hypocritical Triumvirate, fed without any remorse, and valiantly drank to their own good Healths, and sometimes remembered theirs whom they made such Fools. *Montufar* and *Helenilla* lay together, for fear of the Spirits; and their Man and their Maid, who were of the same Constitution, imitated them in their manner of passing away the night. But for the Matron *Mendez*, she always lay alone, and was more contemplative than active, ever since she had given her mind to the black Art.

Thus did they spend their time, when the besotted Inhabitants of *Sevil* thought they were at their mental Prayers, or disciplining themselves. It is not to be asked, whether they were in good case, as to the body, living at this rate. Every one blessed God for it, and it was in a manner the general wonder, that a sort of People who exercis'd so great austerities, were of a better complexion, than those who lived in the heighth of luxury and abundance. During the space of three years that they led all the People of *Sevil* by the noses, receiving presents from all parts, and converting most of the Alms that past through

their

their hands to their own uſe, what a number of good yellow pieces they got together, will not eaſily be credited. What ever happen'd ſucceſsfully, was attributed to the effect of their prayers. They ſtood for all the Children that were Chriſtned, they were the makers up of all Matches, and the Arbitrators of all differences. At laſt, God grew weary of ſuffering their wicked kind of living. *Montufar*, who was much inclin'd to choler, uſed often to beat his Man; he, on the other ſide, being high fed, and living at eaſe, receiv'd his Chaſtiſement with a great deal of indignation, and would many times have left his ſervice upon it, if *Helenilla*, much more politick in that than her Gallant, had not ever and anon appeas'd him with kindneſſes and preſents. He one day corrected him a little too ſeverely for a trivial fault. The young fellow got out of doors, and, blinded by his paſſion, went and gave notice to the Magiſtrates of *Sevil* of the Hypocriſie of theſe three bleſſed Perſons. Some evil ſpirit ſuggeſted it into *Helenilla*, that the fellow would do the miſchief ſhe fear'd. She adviſed *Montufar* to take all the Gold, whereof they had a conſiderable quantity, and to avoid the tempeſt ſhe was afraid would fall upon them. No ſooner ſaid than done. They took about them what they had of greateſt value, and putting a good face on't in the Streets, went out at one of the City gates, and came in again at another, to blind thoſe that might follow them.

Montufar had inſinuated himſelf into the favour of a certain Widow, as lewd, and as very an Hypocrite, as himſelf; He had made *Helenilla* acquainted with all that paſſed between them, who took

took not any thing amiss, no more than *Montufar* would have done at her familiarity with a Gallant that had been profitable to the Community. To her House they made their retreat, and there they were secretly kept, and entertained to their own wishes; the Widow having an affection for *Montufar*, for his own sake, and for *Helenilla* upon *Montufar*'s account.

In the mean time, the Magistrate, conducted by *Montufar*'s revengeful servant, was gotten into the House of our Hypocrites, and made search for the blessed Children and their glorious Mother, and neither meeting with them nor any tidings of them, the Servant-Maid not knowing where they were, nor whither they were gone, had caus'd all the Trunks to be sealed up, and an Inventory to be taken of all that was in the House. The Officers found in the Kitchin what to entertain themselves withal for above one day, and left not in danger to be lost any thing they could handsomely make their own. While things were in this posture comes the old *Mendez* into the House, having not the least imagination of what they were doing there. The Officers laid hold on her, and hurried her to Prison with a great concourse of People at her heels. The Man and the Maid were sent thither also to keep her Company, and having spoke somewhat too much as well as she, were condemn'd, as she was, to the embraces of the Whipping-post, and there to receive two hundred lashes. *Mendez* dyes of it within three days after, as being too old to overcome so rigorous a Chastisement, and the Man and the Maid were banish'd *Sevil* for their lives; so that the prudent *Helenilla*, by her fore-sight,

kept

kept her dear *Montufar* and her self out of the hands of the Magistrate, who sought after them, but in vain, both within and without the City. The people were asham'd they had been so abused; and the Ballad-singers, who were grown hoarse in celebrating their Commendations at all corners of the Streets, set their muddy Poets at work to write as much in dispraise of the counterfeit Saints. These Insects of *Parnassus*, exhausted, upon this occasion, their satyrical vein; and the Songs they made, to cry down those whom not long before the People had made their Idols, are to this day sung up and down at *Sevil*.

Montufar and *Helenilla* reflecting on the sad Tragedy of *Mendez*, thought it their best course to take a counter-march to *Madrid*, which they did as soon as they durst venture with safety, bringing thither with them much wealth, and being also married together. They immediately made enquiry after what news there might be of *Don Sancho* of *Ville-fagnan*, and having understood that he was not at *Madrid*, they appear'd publickly; he, as well cloath'd as any Gentleman about the Court, and she, after the rate of a Lady of Quality, and beautiful as an Angel. Before the treaty of Marriage was concluded between them, there were certain Articles drawn up, with a mutual promise for the punctual observance thereof; among others, these; That *Montufar* as an Husband of much discretion and great patience, should not be any way troubled at such visits as upon the account of her beauty should be made to her; she on the other side being oblig'd not to entertain any but what were benefical.

They

They had not been there long, e're those Women, who between the Sexes of Mankind are much of the same predicament with Horse-Coursers in matter of Horses, such as may otherwise be called the Publick Intelligencers in the affairs of Pleasure, otherwise, Haglers, and Caterers in humane flesh; in the vulgar language, Bauds; or, to speak more honourably of them, Women of Designs, began to beat the Market about *Helenilla*. They made her appear one day at a Play, another in the Park, and sometimes in the great Street of *Madrid*, seated in the boot of a Coach, whence, looking on some, smiling on others, taking notice of all, she could on a sudden muster such a number of transported Lovers as might pass for a considerable Regiment. Her dear Husband very punctually observ'd the Articles agreed on at the Contract; such as were bashful in their addresses, he by his insinuating behaviour, incourag'd into greater confidence; and did in a manner lead them by the hand to his Wife, being so full of compliance and so ready to further their enjoyments, as never to want some urgent occasions, purposely to afford them the freedom of her Company alone. He made acquaintances which none but such as had Money enough, and car'd as little how they spent it, and never came into his own House e're he had been assur'd by a signal that appear'd in the Window, when the Mistress of the House was busie, that he might come in without hindring any sport; and, if the signal were such as forbad him entrance, he went his way as well satisfied as a person whose business is done in his absence, and pass'd away an hour

or

or two in some Gaming-House, where all were glad to entertain him for his Wifes sake.

Among those whom *Helenilla* had made her tributary Vassals, there was a certain Gentleman of *Granada*, who surpassed all his Competitors both in the excess of his love and his expence. He was descended out of so noble an House, that the Titles of his Nobility might be found among the Antiquities of the Capital City of *Judæa*, and those who had a particular knowledge of his race, affirm'd, that his Ancestors had kept the Books for Arraignment of Malefactors at *Jerusalem* before and after the time of *Caiaphas*. The love he had to *Helenilla* made him in a short time release a great number of good Pieces which he had impriſon'd haply one by one. By this means came *Helenilla's* House to be one of the best furnish'd about *Madrid*. A Coach, whereof she knew neither the price, nor was at the charge of maintaining the Horses that drew it, waited every Morning at the Door, to receive her Commands, and roll'd up and down till Night, as she was pleas'd to order it. This prodigal Lover took a Box for her at the Play-House by the year, and there hardly pass'd a day, but he entertain'd, with some magnificent Collation, her and some others of the Sex, in the Houses of recreation that are about the City. These Entertainments were a certain Paradise to *Montufar*, who accordingly satiated his natural gluttony thereat; and being cloath'd like a Prince, and as full of cash as if he had been a Treasurer, he fed every day like a *Frenchman*, and drank like a *German*. He had very great compliances for the liberal *Granadine*, and

and was not sparing of his acknowledgments to Fortune her self.

But the wind turns of a sudden, and brings with it an horrible storm. *Helenilla* entertain'd the visits of a certain young Hector, one of the Danger-fields of the City; who never durst shew their faces in the field; who live at the charge of some wretched Curtezan whom they tyrannize over; who go every day to Plays to make tumults, and defeat poor Citizens of Hats and Cloaks; and who every night beat their innocent Swords against the Walls, that they may have some colour to swear in the Morning, that they had a furious encounter with some Enemies. *Montufar* had many times given *Helenilla* notice, that he was not pleas'd with that unprofitable acquaintance of hers. Notwithstanding all his remonstrances, she still kept him Company. *Montufar* was incens'd thereat, insomuch that, to satisfie himself, he gave *Helenilla* the same Chastisement, as the deceas'd *Mendez*, and she, had sometimes receiv'd from him in the Mountains of *Burgos*. *Helenilla* pretended her self reconcil'd to him upon the first acknowledgments of his passion [but was resolv'd to be reveng'd.] The better to compass her design, she for eight days together treated him with such unusual kindnesses, that *Montufar* was absolutely satisfi'd. She was one of those Women, who adore their Tyrants, and exercise their cruelty on their adorers. One day, the Gentleman of *Granada* had order'd an excellent Supper to be provided, intending to make the third person at it himself; but some business so fell out, that he could not come. *Montufar* and *Helenilla* drank hand to hand to the Health of their Benefactor.

factor. *Montufar*, according to his ordinary course, made a shift to get drunk, and as they were taking away the Cloth would needs taste of a Bottle of perfum'd Hypocras, which the *Granadine* had sent in, as a thing extraordinary. It was never discover'd, whether *Helenilla*, who had open'd it before Supper, had put into the Bottle a dram of something more than should be: This is certain, that not long after *Montufar* had taken it off, he felt a strange heat in his intrails, and, presently after, insupportable pains and gripings. He had some suspicion of his being poyson'd, and ran to get his Sword, which *Helenilla* perceiving, got in that interval out of the room to avoid his fury. *Montufar* went to her Chamber whither he thought she had been gone to hide her self, and searching after her in the height of his fury, he discovers, as he took up a Piece of Tapistry, *Helenilla*'s young Gallant, who immediately run him with his Sword through the body. *Montufar*, though half dead, made a shift to get him by the throat. Upon the shrieks of the Servants, who made an hellish noise, the Magistrate comes into the House, just as the Murtherer was in hopes to make his escape, having put *Montufar* out of all pain with a sharp dagger he had.

In the mean time *Helenilla*, who was got into the Street, and knew not whither she went, enters the first door she met with open. She perceiv'd a light in a low room, and a Gentleman walking up and down in it. She went and cast her self at his feet imploring his assistance and protection, and was much astonish'd to find him to be *Don Sancho*, of *Villefagnan*, who was no less surpriz'd to meet with, in her, the Idol of his heart,

heart, which now appear'd to him the fourth time. *Don Sancho* had, ſome time before, had ſome differences with his Wife, and thoſe were come to ſuch height, as that they were thereupon abſolutely parted, ſhe finding it impoſſible to live with him, by reaſon of his ill treatments of her, and his debauches. He had procur'd from the Court a Commiſſion to plant a new Colony in the *Indies*, and was within a ſhort time to take Shipping at *Sevil*. While *Helenilla* entertains him with a thouſand forg'd ſtories, and that he is over-joy'd to find her willing to accompany him in his voyage; the Magiſtrate Condemns the young Gallant to be hang'd for the Murthering of *Montufar*, makes a ſearch after *Helenilla* all over *Madrid*, and ſeiz'd of all that was in the Houſe. *Don Sancho* and *Helenilla* had a proſperous Voyage to the *Indies*, where there have happen'd to them ſtranger Adventures than any have been related yet. Some particulars have been brought over, but more are ſtill expected. Thoſe that are lately come out of thoſe parts give an account of *Helenilla* as being yet alive, in great Proſperity, and Governeſs of a vaſt Country: She and *Don Sancho* living as happily and as lovingly as any couple in the World. She engag'd him to marry her e'er he could have his deſires of her; which when he made ſome difficulty to do, ſhe ſatisfi'd him with this, that, in ſeveral Worlds, it was lawful for a Man to have ſeveral Wives. There are ſeveral Bookſellers, who with the laſt Ship that went into thoſe parts, ſent over a young man to get the Copy of her and her *Indian* Husband's Adventure, before it comes to my peruſal; but though they do, I do hereby let

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them know, they must have my hand in it before it be Printed, because I have all the Stories wherewith she entertain'd *Don Sancho* at her so sudden meeting with him at *Madrid*, ready for the Press, which, considering the surprize and confusion she must needs be in at so fatal an accident, and the presence of Spirit she had to invent them, will accordingly be thought the greatest Miracle of Female invention that ever was. I intend to put out all together, (not including what is already publish'd) under the Title of *THE COMPLEAT CURTEZAN*, or, *THE MODERN LAIS*. In the mean time, forbidding all manner of Persons to trouble either Booksellers or Friends to send them Books under such names, till they find these Titles at the beginning of the Book, which they now meet with at the end, or hear further from their humble Servant.

THE

THE

The Innocent ADULTERY.

The Third Novel.

THE Court of *Spain* was at *Vailladolid*, and consequently the inconveniencies of those that were oblig'd to attend it, were the greater, (it being a place as famous for the dirtiness of it as *Paris*, if we may believe an eminent Spanish Poet, who hath given us that account thereof) when in one of the coldest Nights of a Winter that had been more sharp than ordinary, and about the hour that most of the Monasteries toll their Bell to *Mattins*, a young Gentleman, named *Don Garcias*, slip'd out of a House where he had spent the day in some Company, or haply at Gaming, which, however we may be sensible of the other losses consequent thereto, makes us little mind that of our Time, though haply the greatest. Though the Night were dark, yet had he not any light with him; whether his Lacquey had through

ſleepineſs loſt his Link, or that his Maſter car'd not much whether he had any; and was juſt paſſing into the Street where his Lodging was, when, at a door, opened of a ſudden, a certain perſon was thruſt out with ſuch rudeneſs and violence, that the party fell at his feet, on the other ſide of the way, as he walk'd along.

He was much ſtartled at the ſtrangeneſs of the Adventure; much more, when going to give his hand to the Perſon he thought ſo unworthily treated, he perceiv'd he was ſtript to the Shirt, and heard him ſighing and bemoaning himſelf, without endeavouring in the leaſt to get up. Thence he infer'd he had hurt himſelf in his fall, and thereupon, having, with the help of his Lacquey which was come up to him, ſet him on his feet, he ask'd him, wherein he might do him any Service. *You may ſave my Life, and ſecure my Honour*, replies the unknown Perſon, with a Voice interrupted with ſighs, and which convinc'd him of the miſtake he had been in all the while, and that it was a Woman he had found ſo barbarouſly forc'd out of doors at ſo unſeaſonable a time. *I beſeech you*, added ſhe, *by the ſame generoſity which makes you ſo ready to aſſiſt me in my misfortune, to diſpoſe of me into ſome place, where I may remain conceal'd, provided none know of it but your ſelf, and ſuch as you ſhall be confident of their fidelity.*

Don Garcias put his Cloak about her, and commanding his Lacquey to hold her by the arm on one ſide as he did on the other, he ſoon brought her to his Lodging, where all were in their Beds, but one Maid, who opened the door, curſing and bitterly railing at thoſe who made her ſit up ſo late: The Lacquey, whether upon the directions

of

of his Maſter, or the pleaſure thoſe of his Quality take in the doing of miſchief, made her no other anſwer than that of blowing out her Candle, and while ſhe was gone to light it again, calling him a hundred Rogues, and Skip-kennels, *Don Garcias*, conducted, or indeed rather carried to his Chamber, (which was but one pair of Stairs) the diſtreſſed Lady, who with much ado kept on her feet.

The Lacquey having brought up a light, *Don Garcias* perceived he had met with a very extraordinary adventure, having brought into his Lodging one of the handſomeſt Women in all *Spain*, and one who immediately rais'd in him both Love and Compaſſion. Her hair was black, but withal of a brightneſs out-vying that of Jet; her Complexion, a miraculous mixture of Lillies and Roſes; her Eyes, to ſpeak modeſtly of them, ſo many Suns; her Breaſt lovely, beyond all compariſon; her Arms admirable; her Hands yet much more to be admired; and her Stature ſuch, as a Man that were a Great Monarch ſhould wiſh in her whom he call'd his Queen! But that delicate black Hair was all in diſorder; that attractive Complexion was pale and diſcolour'd; thoſe ſparkling Eyes were full of tears; that incomparable Breaſt all bruis'd; thoſe Arms and Hands were not in a much better condition; in a word, that lovely Body, of ſo graceful a proportion, was full of black and bloody places, as if the Owner had been beaten with Stirrup-leathers, a Girdle, or ſomething elſe, no leſs unfit to be employed on ſo much tenderneſs and delicacy. If *Don Garcias* were infinitely pleas'd to look on ſo Beautiful a Perſon, the ſame Beautiful Perſon was

no less troubled to see her self reduc'd to the condition she was in; at the disposal of a Man, she had not the least knowledge of, and one that seem'd not to be five and twenty years of age. He took notice of her disturbance, and did all he could to perswade her, that she should be far from fearing any thing unhandsome from a Gentleman who would think himself happy to serve her, though with the hazard of his Life.

In the mean time, his Lacquey kindled a little Char-coal fire; for in *Spain* there's but little other Fuel; but for that, all Countries must be content with what provision Nature hath been pleas'd to make them; though she be ever so much a Step-mother, there's no repining at her disposal of things. He also laid clean Sheets, or should have done if he had any, on his Master's Bed, who, having bidden the Lady good-night, left her in possession of his Chamber, double-locking the door upon her, and went to Bed, I know not upon what pretence, to a Gentleman of his acquaintance that had a Chamber in the same House. He slept in all likelihood better in his Friends, than the Lady he had recommended to his own Bed did in his; he never drew bit, till the cries about the Streets awoke him; she ceas'd not weeping and bewailing her self all night long. *Don Garcias* got up, rubb'd and powder'd, and made himself as spruce and as youthful as he could. Being come to his own Chamber-door, he lay'd his Ear to the Key-hole, and having heard the poor Lady still bemoaning her self, he made no difficulty to go in to her. His presence heightned the violence of her affliction, and not able to look on him with any command of her grief; *You see,*

said

said she to him, *a Woman, who was, no longer since than yesterday, the most esteem'd of any in* Vaillado-lid, *but at present the most despicable, and most infamous, and in a Condition now much more likely to raise compassion, than she hath sometime been to cause envy. But how great soever the misfortune may be whereto I am reduc'd, the seasonable kindness I receiv'd from you, may yet in some measure remedy it, if after you have afforded me the Sanctuary of your Chamber till night, you get me convey'd thence, either in a Sedan or Coach, to a Convent which I shall name to you. But may I,* added she, *after all the Obligations you have cast on me, intreat you to be at the trouble to go to my House, to enquire what is said and done there; and, in fine, to inform your self, what discourse there is about the Court and City, concerning the unhappy Woman, whom you have so generously taken into your protection.*

Don Garcias proffer'd himself to go where ever she pleas'd to desire him, and receiv'd her Commands, with that earnestness and alacrity, as a Person newly fallen in Love, would do those of the Beauty he was become an Adorer of. She gave him such directions, as were necessary; he left her, upon engagement to make a speedy return, and she immediately fell to such Lamentations, as if she had but newly begun. It was not an hour e'er *Don Garcias* return'd; and upon his coming into the room, perceiving his fair Guest much alarm'd, as if she had had a presentment of the ill news he brought her; *Madam,* said he to her, *if you are* Eugenia, *Wife of* Don Sancho, *I have somewhat to tell you which very much concerns you*; Eugenia *is not to be heard of, and* Don Sancho

in Prison, charg'd with the death of his Brother, Don Lewis. Don Sancho *is innocent,* said she, *I am the unfortunate* Eugenia, *and* Don Lewis *was the lewdest man in the world.*

Her tears, which thereupon broke their way with too much violence, and her sobs admitting very little intermission, suffer'd her not to speak any more; and I think *Don Garcias* was not in the mean time a little troubled to compose himself to sadness, and to express how sensible he was of her affliction. At last, as we find that violent things are seldom of long continuance, *Eugenia*'s grief admitted some moderation; she wip'd her Eyes and Face, and went on with the Discourse, which, as I said, her Tears and Sighs had interrupted. 'It amounts not to much, *said she to him,* 'that you know the Name and Quality of the unfortunate Woman, you have in so short a time 'so highly oblig'd; you may well expect she 'should acquaint you with the Particulars of her 'Life, and, by that confidence repos'd in you, 'make some kind of acknowledgment of the extraordinary Obligation you have cast on her. 'I am come out of one of the best Houses in *Vall-ladolid.* I was Born to a great Fortune, and Nature hath been so indulgent to me, as to matter of Beauty, that, had I been proud of it, I needed not to have fear'd the checks and censures of any: The accomplishments of my Person brought me more Gallants than the greatness of my Estate; and the reputation of both together rais'd me Adorers in the most remote 'Cities of *Spain.* Among those who propos'd to 'themselves the felicity of my enjoyments, *Don*

'*Sancho,*

'*Sancho*, and *Don Lewis*, two Brothers, equal both 'as to the goods of Fortune and Nature, were 'the moſt remarkable. As well for the violence 'of their paſſion, as the emulation they expreſs'd 'who ſhould do me the moſt, and moſt conſide-'rable ſervices. My Friends countenanc'd the 'pretentions of *Don Sancho*, who was the elder of 'the two, and my Inclinations were conſonant 'to their choice, and diſpos'd me to a Man turn'd 'of forty years of Age, who, by the mildneſs and 'compliance of his diſpoſition, and the extraor-'dinary care he took to pleaſe me, got a greater 'Intereſt in my Soul, than would haply have 'done a perſon whoſe Age had been more ſuta-'ble to mine. The two Brothers, though they 'had been Rivals, had nevertheleſs liv'd ſo friend-'ly together as never to have any difference; 'and *Don Sancho*, upon his gaining of me, loſt 'not the Friendſhip of his Brother *Don Lewis*. 'Their Houſes joyn'd together, or rather were 'but one Houſe, ſince the common Wall that 'ſeparated them, had a Door in it, which, by 'joynt-conſent was not lock'd of either ſide. *Don* '*Lewis* was not ſhie, even before his Brother, to 'make the ſame Addreſſes to me as he was us'd 'to do whilſt he was his Rival; and *Don Sancho*, 'whoſe affection was heightned by his enjoy-'ment, and who lov'd me beyond his own Life, 'look'd on his Courtſhips as the expreſſions of an 'innocent gayneſs and civility. He call'd me 'himſelf his Brother's Miſtreſs, who for his part 'palliated a real love with ſo much eluſion and 'artifice, that I was not the only perſon deceiv'd 'in it. In fine, having a while accuſtom'd him-'ſelf to entertain me publickly with his paſſion,

'not

'not minding who were preſent, he came at laſt
'to make ſome diſcoveries of it to me in private,
'with ſo much importunity, and ſo little reſpect,
'that I was no longer to doubt of his unworthy
'deſigns upon me. Though I was but very
'young, yet had I prudence enough to put him
'off with ſuch Retorts, as whence he might have
'taken occaſion to let all things paſs as if he ſtill
'only perſonated the paſſionate Lover. I took
'in jeſt whatever he ſaid to me ſeriouſly, and
'though to my remembrance I never was more
'angry than at that time; yet I never did my
'ſelf greater violence, to forbear doing any thing
'inconſiſtent with the ordinary indifference of
'my humour. This he was ſo far from making
'his advantage of, that it incens'd him; and gi-
'ving me a frightful look, wherein his wicked
'intentions were but too viſible; No, no, Ma-
'dam, *ſaid he to me*, I am not ſo much a coun-
'terfeit ſince I loſt you. as I was while I had yet
'hopes to gain you: And though your rigour be
'great enough ſoon to free you from a Love and
'Addreſſes which you think troubleſome, you
'have ſo accuſtomed me to ſuffer, that it will
'be much better done of you to—Forbear ever
'being alone with you, *ſaid I, interrupting him.*
'Upon which one of my Women, coming into
'my Chamber, prevented him, from making
'further diſcoveries of his inſolence, and me,
'from expreſſing my reſentment thereof, as high-
'ly as the occaſion requir'd, and I found my ſelf
'inclin'd to do. I was very glad ſince, I had not
'done it, upon this account of my Husband, and
'was in hope that wicked Brother would have af-
'forded me leſs of his love and more of his eſteem;

but

'but he ſtill continued both his prevarications 'before People, and his importunities in pri- 'vate. To elude his Tranſportations and ſeri- 'ous Addreſſes, I put on the greateſt ſeverity I 'could, ſo far as to threaten to give his Bro- 'ther notice of his behaviour towards me: I 'made uſe of all the ways I could think on, to 'make him ſenſible of his miſcarriage. I en- 'treated, I wept, I promis'd to love him as a 'Brother; but he would needs have that place 'in my affection which Lovers only pretend to. 'In fine, ſometimes born with, ſometimes ſharp- 'ly treated, and ſtill no leſs amorous than ab- 'horr'd he would have made me the moſt unfor- 'tunate Woman in *Spain*, if my confidence, which 'could not upbraid me with any thing, had not 'eſtabliſh'd and preſerv'd the tranquillity of my 'mind. But at laſt my vertue, which had ſtood 'out the aſſaults of ſo dangerous an Enemy, for- 'ſook me; and I became a prey to one I little 'thought of, becauſe I forſook it. The Court 'came to *Vailladolid*, and brought with it that 'gallantry which makes Ladies that are unac- 'cuſtom'd to it, entertain other thoughts than 'they had before. There is ſomewhat more than 'ordinary pleaſing in all new things; our Ladies 'thought they ſaw ſomething in the Courtiers 'which they obſerv'd not in thoſe who amongſt 'us went for the greateſt Gallants; and the 'Courtiers on the other ſide endeavour'd to 'pleaſe our Ladies, and to inſinuate into their fa- 'vour, though they thought them little better 'than certain Conqueſts. Among the Gallants 'that follow'd the Court, in hopes of ſome prefer- 'ment in time for their attendance, a *Portuguez*,

'named

'named *Andrado*, was much taken notice of, for 'the ſharpneſs of his Wit, the gracefulneſs of his 'Perſon and countenance, and more particularly 'for the greatneſs of his expences, a Charm that 'hath a ſtrange power upon unexperienc'd La-'dies, who meaſure the Excellency of the Soul, 'by the Magnificence of a Man's Retinue, and his 'Cloaths. Wealth he had not much, but Gaming 'brought that, which was haply ſuperfluous with 'others, to further his Accommodations: and 'the advantages he made of it were ſo conſidera-'ble, that he liv'd at as high a rate as the richeſt 'and moſt ſumptuous about the Court. I was ſo 'unhappy as to be thought worth his liking, and 'when, through my own vanity and his Court-'ſhip, I was perſwaded that he was taken with 'ſomething in me, I thought my ſelf the happieſt 'Woman of my Quality in the World. I ſhould 'find it no ſmall difficulty to expreſs what artifi-'ces he had to force himſelf into a Womans af-'fections, and anſwerably thereto, what an ex-'ceſſive Love I had for him. That Husband, 'whom not long before I thought ſo kind, ſo 'dear, and ſo worthy my reſpects, was grown, 'in my apprehenſion, as deſpicable, as odious. 'For *Don Lewis* I had a greater averſion than e-'ver; nothing pleas'd me but *Andrado*; I could 'love no Man but him, and where-ever I came 'and had not the ſight of him, I aſtoniſh'd all 'People with my diſtractions and diſquiets. Nor 'was *Andrado*'s affection to me leſs violent. His 'predominant paſſion of Gaming gave way to 'that of his Love; his Preſents gain'd my Wo-'men, his Letters and Sonnets took me infinite-'ly, and the Muſick he was ſomewhat over-pro-

'digal

'digal of, gave all the Husbands that liv'd in my 'ſtreet occaſion to be thinking. In fine, he char-'ged me ſo home, or I made ſuch weak reſi-'ſtance, that I was wholly at his devotion. I pro-'mis'd him all he could deſire, inſomuch that all 'the trouble we were at, was about the place 'and the time. My Husband was to make one 'at a Hunting-match, which was to have kept 'him in the Country for ſeveral days together. 'I ſent notice of it to my dear *Portuguez*, and we 'appointed the execution of our amorous deſigns 'to be the very night after my Husband's going 'out of Town, I was, at a certain hour agreed 'on between us, to leave the back-door of our 'Garden open, and, under pretence of paſſing 'away ſome part of the night there, by rea-'ſon of the extraordinary heat, to ſet up a field-'bed in a little wainſcot Bower, open of all ſides, 'and ſurrounded with Orange-trees and Jeſſe-'mine. In fine, my Husband left *Vailladolid* in 'the Morning: But from that to night ſeem'd to 'me the longeſt day of my life. Night came at 'laſt, and my Women having ſet up a bed in the 'Garden, I pretended before them an extraordi-'nary ſleepineſs, ſo that as ſoon as they had un-'dreſs'd me, I bid them go to their Beds, one 'only excepted who was privy to my deſign. I 'was hardly got into Bed, and the Maid that 'ſtaid with me, whoſe name was *Marina*, had 'but lock'd that door of the Garden which came 'from the Houſe, and open'd the back-door; 'when my Women came in all haſte to tell me 'that my Husband was return'd. I had but ſo 'much time as to get that door lock'd, which I 'had caus'd to be open'd to let in *Andrado*. My

'Husband

'Husband came to me with his ordinary careſſes,
'and I leave it to you to imagine how I enter-
'tain'd them. He told me the occaſion of his ſo
'ſudden return, was, that the Gentleman who
'had invited him to Hunting, had been thrown
'by his Horſe and broke a Leg; and having ad-
'ded to that an account of what elſe had hap-
'pened that day, he commended my ingenuity
'in making choice of a place to avoid the incon-
'veniences of the heat, and would needs paſs
'away the night with me. He immediately put
'off his Cloaths and came into bed to me. All I
'could do was to put on the beſt countenance I
'could, and to ſmother the trouble I was in at
'his return, and to aſſure him, by ſome forc'd
'careſſes of mine, that I was not inſenſible of his.
'*Andrado*, in the mean time, came according to
'the appointment, and finding that door lock'd
'which he ſhould have found open, he with the
'aſſiſtance of his Lacquey made a ſhift to get
'over the Garden-wall, with hopes, notwith-
'ſtanding that obſtacle, to paſs away the night
'with me. He hath avow'd to me ſince, that
'his ingaging himſelf in ſo preſumptuous and
'dangerous a deſign proceeded meerly from a
'motive of jealouſie, as being in a manner con-
'fident, that ſome Rival, more in my favour
'than himſelf, was admitted to thoſe enjoyments
'which he had been put into hopes of. The ima-
'gination he had, that haply I had put a trick
'upon him, put him into ſuch a fury, that he
'was fully reſolv'd to be even with me in caſe
'what he ſuſpected ſhould prove true, and to
'exerciſe the greateſt revenge he could think of,
'upon the Gallant he ſhould find poſſeſs'd of the
'place

'place he had promis'd himſelf. He made his ap-
'proaches to the Bower where we were a-bed,
'with as little noiſe as he could. It was a clear
'Moon-ſhine night, ſo that I both perceiv'd him
'coming in, and knew him. He ſaw I was
'frightned, and obſerv'd the ſigns I made to
'him to withdraw. He could not of a ſudden
'diſcern whether the perſon who lay by me was
'my Husband or ſome other; but perceiving in
'my countenance no leſs aſtoniſhment, than con-
'fuſion and ſhame, and finding upon the Table
'the Cloaths and Plume of Feathers, which he
'had ſeen my Husband in, that Morning, he
'was ſatisfi'd it could be no other than *Don San-*
'*cho* who was a-bed with me, and further con-
'firm'd in that belief, by finding him ſleeping
'more ſecurely than a Gallant could have done,
'had any been in his place. However he would
'needs come to that ſide of the bed which I lay
'on, and gave me a kiſs, which I durſt not deny
'him for fear of awaking my Husband. He for-
'bore putting me into any further fright, but
'went away, lifting up his eyes, ſhrinking up his
'ſhoulders, and doing ſuch actions as betray'd
'the regret he conceiv'd at his being ſo unhappily
'diſappointed, and immediately got out of the
'Garden with the ſame faculty as he had got in-
'to it.

'The next Morning betimes, I receiv'd a Let-
'ter from him, the moſt paſſionate I had ever
'read, and an excellent Paper of Verſes upon the
'tyranny of Husbands. He had ſpent in compo-
'ſing them the remainder of the night after he
'had left me; and for the whole day after I had
'receiv'd them I did nothing almoſt but read them

'over

'over and over, when I could do it without any 'bodies obſerving it: Nay, ſo far were we either 'of us from reflecting on the danger we had been 'in, that our thoughts were buſied to contrive 'how we might run into the ſame hazard again. 'And for my part, though I had not of my ſelf 'been ſufficiently inclin'd to grant him any thing 'he deſir'd of me, nor lov'd *Andrado* ſo much as 'I did, or had not yielded my ſelf up to the 'Charms of his Letters; yet could I not have 'withſtood the perſwaſions of my Woman, who 'perpetually ſollicited me on his behalf. She re-'proach'd me, that, ſince I had ſo little confi-'dence, it argu'd I had but little Love for *Andra-'do*, and entertain'd me with ſtories of the paſ-'ſion he had for me, with no leſs earneſtneſs than 'if ſhe had been to repreſent to ſome Gallant of 'her own what ſhe her ſelf had for him. I under-'ſtood by that carriage of hers, that ſhe was as 'perfect as needed in the part ſhe was to act, 'and withal of what importance it was to be 'careful in the choice of ſuch perſons as are plac'd 'about thoſe of my Age and Quality. But I had 'reſolv'd to ruin my ſelf; and if ſhe had been 'more virtuous than ſhe was, I ſhould not have 'truſted her ſo far. In fine, ſhe got me to con-'ſent, that ſhe ſhould receive *Andrado* into a 'Wardrope adjoining to my Chamber where ſhe 'lay alone: And we had ordered things ſo, as 'that as ſoon as my Husband were fallen aſleep, 'ſhe ſhould go into my Bed to ſupply my place, 'while I paſs'd away the night with *Andrado*. He 'was accordingly hid in my Wardrobe, my Hus-'band feell aſleep, and I was preparing my ſelf to 'go to him, with the earneſtneſs uſual in perſons

'who

'who are violent in their desires, yet have much 'to fear; when a horrid confusion of Voices dole-'fully crying out *fire*, *fire*, struck my ear, and 'awakened my Husband; and immediately my 'Chamber was full of smoak, and looking to-'wards the Window, me-thought the Air was all 'in a flame. A Negro Wench that belong'd to 'the Kitchin had in her drink set the House on 'fire, and being fallen asleep it was not per-'ceiv'd, till that, having made its way to some 'dry Wood, and thence fastening on certain Sta-'bles, it began to break through the floor of my 'Lodging. My Husband was a Man very much 'belov'd. Of a sudden, the House was full of 'Neighbours, who came to do what good they 'could. My Brother-in-law, *Don Lewis*, whom 'the common danger made more diligent than 'any other, came immediately in to our assistance 'with all his people, and animated by his pas-'sion, makes a shift to come to my Chamber, 'even through the flames: which had already 'taken hold of the Stair-case. He had made such 'haste that he had nothing about him but his 'Night-gown, which having wrapped me in, he 'took me up in his Arms, rather dead than li-'ving; but more out of a Reflection on the dan-'ger *Andrado* was expos'd to, than what I was in 'my self, carried me to his own House through 'the door that was common between us, and 'having put me into his own Bed, left me with 'some of my Women to keep me company. In 'the mean time, my Husband, with their assi-'stance, who concern'd themselves in the acci-'dent happened to us, order'd things so well, 'that the fire was extinguish'd after it had done

'much miſchief. *Andrado* found it no hard mat-
'ter to make his eſcape amidſt the confuſion and
'thronging of thoſe who were come either to help
'us, or to ſteal; and you may imagine to your
'ſelf, how joyfully I receiv'd that good news from
'*Marina*. He writ to me the next day ſome
'things that were infinitely ingenuous and hand-
'ſome, upon the ſtrangeneſs of our diſappoint-
'ment, which I anſwer'd as I could, and ſo we
'alleviated, by mutual Letters, the trouble we
'both equally conceiv'd, not to ſee one ano-
'ther.

'The miſchief which the fire had done, being
'in ſome meaſure repair'd, ſo that it was thought
'fit I ſhould remove from *Don Lewis*'s Lodgings
'to my own; it prov'd no hard matter for *An-*
'*drado* to gain my conſent to try the ſame way
'once more, as being confident it would then
'have taken its effect, if by ſo an extraordinary
'an accident it had not been prevented. But it
'ſo happen'd, that that very Night wherein we
'had appointed to recover what ſuch unforeſeen
'emergencies had depriv'd us of, a Gentleman
'of my Husband's Acquaintance, being in ſome
'trouble about a Duel he had been engag'd in,
'and thinking himſelf not ſafe at an Ambaſſador's
'where he had taken refuge, was forc'd to be-
'think him of ſome place where he might be in
'leſs danger of falling into the hands of Juſtice.
'My Husband brought him ſecretly to our Houſe,
'and commanded the Keys to be carried up to
'his own Chamber after he had caus'd the doors
'to be loc'd in his preſence, for fear ſome treache-
'rous or careleſs Servant might prove the occaſion
'of his Friend's diſcovery.

'This

'This order, whereat I was both ſurpriz'd, and 'extreamly troubled, was but juſt put in execu-'tion, when *Andrado* gave the ſignal agreed on 'between him and *Marina*, to let her know he 'waited in the Street for admiſſion. She, much 'at a loſs what to do with him, made a ſhift to 'ſignifie to him that he ſhould ſtay a little. We 'conſulted together, ſhe and I, and not finding 'any poſſibility to get him into the Houſe at the 'door, ſhe went to the Window, and ſpeaking as 'low as that he could but hear her, acquainted 'him with the new obſtacle that had interven'd, 'and propos'd it to him, as the beſt expedient 'ſhe could think on, to expect till all were a-bed, 'and then to get in at a little Window in the Kit-'chin, which ſhe would open for him. *Andrado*, 'to ſatisfie his Love, thought nothing too hazar-'dous to attempt. My Husband ſaw his Friend 'a-bed, and upon my perſwaſion went in very 'good time to his own; all the Servants did the 'like, and *Marina*, when ſhe thought all out of 'the way, ſet open the little window for *Andrado*; 'who immediately got half way in; but with ſo 'little care, and ſo unfortunately to himſelf, that 'after much ſtriving, which rather hindred than 'furthered his getting in, he was ſo lock'd in a-'bout the middle, between the Iron Bars of the 'Window, that he could get neither forwards nor 'backwards. His Man, who ſtood all the while 'in the Street, could do him no ſervice; *Marina* 'from the place ſhe ſtood in as little, without 'the help of ſome other perſon. She went and 'got out of her Bed one of the Maids whom ſhe 'was very intimate with, telling her, that being 'to receive a kindneſs that night from a Sweet-

'heart of hers, one ſhe loved very well, and was 'ſhortly to be married to, ſhe had endeavour'd 'to get him in at the Kitchin-window, and that 'he had faſten'd himſelf between two Bars ſo 'ſtrangely, that it was impoſſible to get him out 'without either filing them off, or removing 'them out of their places. She deſir'd her to 'come and help her, which the other was ſoon 'perſwaded to; but wanting a Hammer, or ſome 'other Iron-tool fit for ſuch a purpoſe, the aſſiſt-'ance of thoſe two Maids had done *Andrado* but 'little good, if he had not himſelf bethought him 'of his Dagger, which they made uſe of ſo effe-'ctually, that, after abundance of pains, the bars 'were got looſe out of the wall, and the bold 'Adventurer put out of the fear he was in of be-'ing found ſo ſhamefully faſten'd in a place, 'where, to eſcape beſt, he could have been look'd 'on no otherwiſe than as a Breaker of Houſes. 'This could not be done with ſo little noiſe, but 'that ſome of our Servants over-heard it, and 'thereupon were looking into the Street, when '*Andrado*, carrying along with him that piece 'of the Grate into which his Body had entred 'with ſome violence, was running away as faſt 'as he could, follow'd by his Man. The Neigh-'bours, and our people cry'd out, Thieves, and 'it was taken for granted, that it was only ſome 'Rogues that would have broken into *Don San-'cho*'s Houſe, where they perceiv'd the Grate bro-'ken. *Andrado* in the mean time being come to 'his Lodging, was forc'd to get the Iron grate 'which he had carried away about him, filed off; 'he and his man, with all their ſtriving and endea-'vours, being not able otherwiſe to ſhift him of 'that troubleſome girdle.

'This

'This third accident put him out of humour 'extreamly, as I have understood since: but for 'my part, I entertain'd it otherwise, and while '*Marina*, almost frighted out of her little wits, 'gave me the relation of it, I thought I should 'have burst with Laughing. Yet upon second 'thoughts could I not be less troubled than *An-* '*drado* was, at the ill success of our enterprises: 'but so far were our desires from being cool'd 'thereby, that they grew the more violent, and 'permitted us not to delay the satisfaction 'thereof, any longer than to the next day after 'this pleasant and unhappy adventure. My Hus- 'band was gone into the City, to compose the 'affairs of his Friend about the Duel, and, in 'all likelihood, to have been employ'd the remain- 'der of that day. I sent *Marina* to *Andrado's* 'Lodging; which was not far from my House. 'She found him a-bed, having not yet o'recome 'the weariness of his night-adventure, and so dis- 'courag'd at the disappointments of his love, 'that *Marina* was not a little troubled to see, with 'what indifference he entertain'd my furtherance 'of my desires, and the little impatience he ex- 'press'd to come to me; though she sufficiently 'represented to him the opportunity which then 'represented it self, and was not to be slighted. 'At last, after much perswasion and many remon- 'strances he came to me, and I received him with 'that excess of joy and satisfaction, a person ab- 'solutely at the command of her passion could be 'guilty of. I was so blinded therewith, that I 'observ'd not so much as *Marina* with what cold- 'ness he took my kindnesses, though it were but 'too too remarkable. At last the importunity of

'my careſſes forc'd from him ſome diſcoveries of 'his. Our mutual joy was grown to that height, 'as not to be expreſs'd otherwiſe than by our ſi-'lence; and the very thought of what we both de-'ſir'd with equal earneſtneſs, had rais'd in me a 'baſhfulneſs which made me avoid the looks of '*Andrado*, and might have given him a confidence 'to do what he pleaſed with me, when *Marina*, 'who was gone out of the room, as well to ſtand 'Sentinel without, as to leave us to the privacy 'of our enjoyments, comes in with a ſudden 'alarm that my Husband was in the Houſe. She 'dragged *Andrado*, rather dead than living, into 'my Wardrobe, as being, upon a ſudden reflecti-'on on the precedent dangers he had ſo narrow-'ly eſcaped, at a greater loſs than I was who 'had more reaſon to be frighted. My Husband 'had ſome buſineſs to put his Servants upon, be-'fore he came up into my Chamber. The time 'that took him up below afforded me the leiſure 'to put my ſelf into order, while *Marina* was bu-'ſied in emptying a great Trunk to make a lodg-'ing for *Andrado*. She had hardly lock'd it by 'that time my Husband was come in my Cham-'ber, who, having only kiſſed me at his coming 'in, without making any ſtay with me, went 'ſtrait into my Wardrobe, and lighting on a Play-'book there, ſate down and fell a reading. He 'pitch'd upon ſome paſſage he thought pleaſant, 'and conſequently would have kept him reading 'a long time (for he was very Bookiſh) if, by 'the advice of *Marina*, I had not gone into the 'Wardrobe, and, obliging him to lay aſide his 'Book, brought him thence into my own Cham-'ber. My misfortune was not at an end with

'this;

'this; *Don Sancho* taking notice of my being me-
'lancholy and troubled in mind, as indeed I had
'reaſon to be, endeavour'd to put me into a bet-
'ter humour by the moſt divertive Diſcourſes he
'could think on. He never made it ſo earneſtly
'his buſineſs to pleaſe me, and never diſpleas'd
'me more, nor was more burthenſome to me. I
'entreated him to leave my Chamber, pretending
'an extraordinary inclination to ſleep: but he, on
'the other ſide, out of an exceſſive deſire to ſee
'me out of the ſadneſs he thought me burthen'd
'with, kept me company, much againſt my will,
'longer than I could have wiſhed; and though
'he were naturally a perſon the moſt complaiſant
'of any in the World, I thought him ſo importu-
'nate then, that I was forc'd to hunt him out of
'the Room. He would, out of his kindneſs, have
'return'd into my Wardrobe, that he might be
'near me, but, upon ſome private reaſon I gave
'him why it was not convenient, he was perſwa-
'ded to go to his Chamber. As ſoon as I had
'lock'd my door, I ran to my Wardrobe to de-
'liver *Andrado* out of his cloſe impriſonment. *Ma-*
'*rina* made all the haſte ſhe could to open the
'Trunk, and was little better than dead, as well
'as my ſelf; when we found him in a manner
'breathleſs, not diſcovering either by pulſe or
'ſtirring, any ſign, whence we might think he
'was alive. Do but imagine what a terrible loſs
'I muſt be at, and what I could bethink my ſelf
'to do in ſuch an extremity! I did as Women do
'in ſuch occurrences; I wept, I tore my hair, I
'grew deſperate, and I think I ſhould not have
'wanted courage enough to run *Andrado*'s Dag-
'ger into my Breaſt, if the greatneſs of my afflic-

'tion had not reduc'd me to ſuch weakneſs as 'that I was forc'd to lay my ſelf down on *Mari-* 'na's Bed. She for her part, though troubled 'as much as any could be, had a greater com- 'mand of her Judgment in our common misfor- 'tune, and endeavour'd to find out thoſe reme- 'dies, which, weak as I was, I ſhould never 'have made uſe of, though I ſhould have kept ſo 'much diſcretion about me as to do it. She told 'me, that *Andrado* might only be in a ſound, 'and that a Chyrurgeon, either by letting him 'blood, or ſome other way, might recover him 'into the life he ſeem d to have loſt. I look'd on 'her without making any anſwer, my grief ha- 'ving reduc d me to ſenſeleſneſs and ſtupidity. *Ma-* 'rina loſt no more time in conſulting me any fur- 'ther; ſhe went to put in execution what ſhe had 'propos'd to me; but as ſhe opened the door to 'get out, who ſhould meet her but my Brother- 'in-law *Don Lewis*, coming, after he had look'd 'for me in my Chamber, to the Wardrobe, where 'he concluded I muſt be, having been told by my 'Husband that I was in no good humour. This 'ſecond misfortune we thought more terrible 'than the former. Had not *Andrado*'s body been 'expos'd to his ſight, as it unhappily was, there 'needed no more than the confuſion and aſtoniſh- 'ment which he might have obſerv'd in our coun- 'tenances, to raiſe in him a ſuſpicion that we 'were upon ſome ſtrange deſign, which no doubt 'but he would have diſcover'd, as one that con- 'cern'd himſelf much in my actions, not only as 'a Brother-in-law, but alſo as a Lover. Unavoid- 'able therefore it was that I ſhould caſt my ſelf at 'the feet of a Perſon, whom I had ſo often ſeen

'proſtrate

'proſtrate at my own; and that, deriving a con-
'fidence from the affection he had for me, and
'that generoſity which ought to be inſeparable
'from the quality of a Gentleman, recommend
'to his abſolute diſpoſal what was deareſt to me.
'He did what he could to raiſe me up; but I, on
'the other ſide, reſolv'd not to ſtir off my knees,
'with all ſincerity, as well as my tears and ſobs
'would give me leave, gave him an account of
'the cruel accident that had befallen me, where-
'at I doubt not but in his ſoul he conceiv'd an ex-
'traordinary ſatisfaction. *Don Lewis, ſaid I to*
'*him*, I do not implore thy generoſity to prolong
'my life for ſome few days; no, my misfortunes
'render it ſo contemptible to me, that I ſhould
'not want the courage to be my executioner,
'did I not fear my deſpair would caſt ſome ble-
'miſh on my honour, from which that of *Don*
'*Sancho*, nay indeed, his life, are haply inſepa-
'rable. Thou mayſt haply think the diſdains I
'have had for thee, were the effects of my aver-
'ſion rather than my vertue; thou mayſt rejoyce
'at my diſgrace, nay haply make it contribute
'to thy revenge: But wilt thou have the preſump-
'tion to impute the crime to me which thou
'wouldſt have taught me, or wilt thou be ſo un-
'grateful as not to expreſs ſome indulgence to-
'wards one that hath had ſo much for thee? *Don*
'*Lewis* not ſuffering me to proceed any further.
'You ſee, Madam, *ſaid he to me*, how juſt Heaven
'is in puniſhing you, for having been ſo indiſcreet
'in the choice of what you ſhould have lov'd and
'what you ought to hate: But I have nothing to
'loſe, as being to make it appear, by my freeing
'you out of the preſent trouble you are in, that

'you

'you have not a better Friend in the World than '*Don Lewis.* He thereupon left me, and returns 'presently again, with two Porters, whom he 'had sent one of his Servants for. *Marina* and I 'in the interim had made a shift to get *Andrado*'s 'body into the Trunk again: *Don Lewis* himself 'help'd the two fellows to get it on their shoulders 'between them, and caus'd it to be carried to a 'Friend of his, whom he acquainted with the ad-'venture, having already made him privy to the 'love he had for me.

'Having, as soon as it was brought in, taken '*Andrado*'s body out of the Trunk, *Don Lewis* 'caus'd it to be laid all along upon a Table, and 'as they were pulling off his Cloaths, feeling his 'pulse, and laying his hand upon that part of the 'body where the beating of the heart is felt, he 'found him to be not quite dead. With all expe-'dition a Chyrurgeon was sent for, while in the 'mean time they put him into bed, and us'd all 'the means they could think on to bring him to 'life. At last, he came to himself; he was let 'blood; a Lacquey was left to wait on him; and 'the Room was clear'd, that so nature and rest 'might perfect what art and industry had be-'gun.

'You may well imagine what astonishment '*Andrado* was in, when after this long Trance, 'he found himself in a bed, not able to call any 'thing to mind but the fear he had been in, and 'that he had been put into a Trunk, not knowing 'where he was, nor what he had either to hope 'or fear. He was in this terrible distraction when 'he heard the Chamber door open, and after the 'Curtains were drawn, by the light of the Torches

'that

'that had been brought in, perceiv'd *Don Lewis*, 'whom he knew to be my Brother-in-Law, and 'who having taken a Chair ſpoke to him in theſe 'terms: Do you know me, Seignior *Andrado*? '*ſaid he to him*, And do you not withal know I 'am Brother to *Don Sancho*? I do indeed know 'you, *repli'd Andrado*, and withal to be Brother 'to *Don Sancho*. And have you any remem-'brance, *ſays Don Lewis*, of what happen'd to you 'this day at his Houſe? But whether you do or 'no, *continu'd he*, aſſure your ſelf, that if ever I 'hear of any further deſigns you have upon my 'Siſter, or are ſo much as ſeen in the Street where 'ſhe lives, I ſhall be indebted to you a miſchief, 'and will be ſure to pay it, notwithſtanding all 'your caution; and know, you had been e're 'this among your Acquaintances in the other 'World, had I not too much pity and compliance 'for an impudent and unfortunate Woman, who 'hath repos'd this confidence in me; and were 'not aſſured, that the criminal deſigns you have 'laid together againſt my Brother's honour, had 'not their effect. I adviſe you therefore to change 'your lodging, and flatter not your ſelf with 'any hope you can elude my reſentment, if you 'perform not the promiſe I expect you ſhould 'make me to do it. *Andrado* would gladly have 'engag'd himſelf to much more. He made the 'moſt unworthy ſubmiſſions to him he could 'think on; and acknowledged he ought him a 'life which it was in his power to have taken a-'way from him. His weakneſs was ſuch as might 'well confine him to his Bed; but the cruel fear 'he had been in, ſtrengthned him to get up. He 'thereupon conceiv'd an averſion for me, greater

'than

'than the love he had ſometimes born me, inſo-
'much, that it was a horrour to him but to hear
'me named. I was in the mean time in no ſmall
'trouble, to know what was become of him, yet
'had not the confidence to make any enquiry af-
'ter him of *Don Lewis*, nor indeed to look with
'any aſſurance upon him. I ſent *Marina* to *An-*
'*drado*'s Lodging, whither ſhe came, not long af-
'ter he had got thither himſelf, and while he was
'packing up his things to be gone to a lodging
'he had taken in another quarter of the City. As
'ſoon as ever he ſaw her, he told her that if ſhe
'had any meſſage from me, ſhe might carry it
'to ſome body elſe, and having given her a ſhort
'account of what had paſs'd between him and
'*Don Lewis*, he clos'd his relation with this cha-
'racter of me, that I was the moſt ungrateful,
'and moſt perfidious Woman in the World; that
'he look'd on me no otherwiſe than as one that
'had plotted his ruin, and that I ſhould no
'more think of him, than as if I had never ſeen
'him.

'With theſe words he diſmiſs'd *Marina*; but
'notwithſtanding the aſtoniſhment ſhe was in at
'ſuch a ſharp entertainment, ſhe had the Wit to
'follow him at a diſtance, and to obſerve the
'place where his things were carried, and by that
'means diſcover'd the new lodging he had taken.
'The trouble it was to me to be charg'd with an
'act of malice I was no way guilty of, and to be
'hated by a Perſon I lov'd ſo well, and for whoſe
'ſake I had hazarded my life and my honour, ſuf-
'fer'd me not to give way to all the joy which
'I ſhould have conceiv'd at his being out of dan-
'ger. I fell into a deep melancholly, which ſoon

'turn'd

'turn'd to a ſickneſs, and that being ſuch as the 'Phyſitians could not well give any account of, 'my Husband was extreamly troubled thereat. 'To heighten my misfortune, *Don Lewis* began 'to preſs, and make his advantages of the extra-'ordinary ſervice he had done me, inceſſantly im-'portuning me to grant him that which I was 'content *Andrado* ſhould have had, and reproach-'ing me with the love I had for my Gallant, when-'ever I repreſented to him the duty I ought a 'Husband, and what he ought a Brother. Thus, 'hated by what I lov'd, lov'd by what I hated; 'depriv'd of the ſight of *Andrado*, too often trou-'bled with that of *Don Lewis*, and tormented with 'perpetual reflections on my ingratitude to the 'beſt Husband in the World, who thought no-'thing too much to pleaſe me, and was more 'troubled at my indiſpoſition than I was my ſelf; 'when, had he known the truth, he might juſtly 'have taken away my life; inceſſantly baited 'with the unſupportable remonſtrances of my 'Conſcience, and rack'd between the two moſt 'contrary paſſions, Love and Hatred; I kept 'my Bed for two Months, expecting Death with 'gladneſs: But it was Heaven's pleaſure to re-'ſerve me to greater misfortunes. The ſtrength 'of my Age, much againſt my will, overcame 'and diſpell'd the ſadneſs which I thought only 'Death could have put a period to. I recover'd 'my Health, and *Don Lewis* renew'd his perſecu-'tions with greater inſolence than before. I had 'given my Women order, and particularly *Ma-'rina*, that they ſhould never leave me alone with 'him. Being inrag'd at that obſtacle, and wea-'ried out with my perpetual reſiſtances, he re-

'ſolv'd

'ſolv'd to obtain, by the moſt horrid piece of trea-
'chery, that ever came into the mind of a perſon
'conſummately wicked, what I had deni'd him
'with ſo much conſtancy.

'I have already told you that between his
'Houſe and ours there was a door, ſeldom lock'd
'of either ſide. Having ſet a night wherein he
'thought to put his damnable deſign in execu-
'tion, and ſtaying till all, as well at our Houſe
'as his, were a-bed, he comes in at the door;
'open'd that of our Houſe which was to the ſtreet,
'and going to our Stable let looſe all the Horſes,
'whereof there was a conſiderable number, and
'drove them into the Court, whence they got
'into the ſtreet. The noiſe they made ſoon a-
'waken'd thoſe who had the care of them, and
'their buſtling about the Houſe awakened my
'Husband. He was a great lover of Horſes;
'and had no ſooner heard that his own were got-
'ten into the ſtreets, but putting on his Night-
'gown, he runs out after them, very much incens'd
'at his Grooms, and the Porter for being ſo care-
'leſs as not to make faſt the great Gate. *Don*
'*Lewis*, who had hid himſelf in the room next my
'Chamber, and had ſeen my Husband when he
'went out, ſlipp'd down into the Court ſome
'time after him, and having made faſt the ſtreet
'door, and expected ſome little while to avoid
'my ſuſpicion had he come immediately upon
'me, he came at laſt and laid himſelf down by
'me, acting the part of my Husband in every
'thing ſo well, that it is not much to be wondred
'at if I were miſtaken in him. He ſtanding ſo
'long in his ſhirt had made him very cold; ſo
'that as he came into Bed: Good Lord ſweet-

'heart,

'heart, *ſaid I to him*, how cold you are! How 'can I be otherwiſe, *repli'd he, counterfeting his 'voice*; 'tis cold ſtanding in the Streets. And for 'your Horſes, *ſaid I*, are they taken? My People 'are gone after them, *repli'd he.* And thereupon 'coming cloſe to me, as it were to warm him-'ſelf; amidſt his embraces and kindneſſes he had 'his deſign upon me, and diſhonor'd his Brother. 'That Heaven was pleas'd to permit it, might 'haply be, that I ſhould be a future inſtrument to 'puniſh ſo enormous a Crime, that my honour 'might be re-eſtabliſh'd by my ſelf, and my inno-'cence publickly acknowledg'd.

'having done what he came for, he pretended 'to be much troubled about his Horſes; he got up 'from me, went and open'd the ſtreet door, and 'withdrew to his own Lodgings: Not a little ele-'vated at the Crime he had committed, and hug-'ging himſelf haply in the reflection of what was 'to prove the occaſion of his ruin. My Husband 'comes in preſently after, and having caſt him-'ſelf into Bed, turn'd to me, frozen as he was, 'and oblig'd me by careſſes, which I thought ex-'traordinary, to beg of him, that he would let 'me ſleep. He thought it very ſtrange; I won-'dred much he ſhould; and thereupon made no 'further doubt of my being betray'd. The very 'thought of it would not ſuffer me to cloſe my 'Eyes till it was day. I got up much earlier than 'I was us'd to do. I went to Maſs, and there 'met with *Don Lewis* dreſs'd as if he had been for 'ſome extraordinary Entertainment, with a coun-'tenance as chearful as mine was ſad and deject-'ed. He preſented me with holy Water; I re-'ceiv'd it with much indifference at his hands,

'which

'which he obſerving, and looking on me with a 'malicious ſmile; Good Lord, Madam, *ſaid he,* 'how cold you are? At theſe words, being the 'ſame I had ſaid to him, and enough to ſatisfie 'me who was the Author of my misfortune, I 'grew pale, and immediately bluſh'd, upon 'thought that I had grown pale. He might have 'obſerv'd in my Eyes, and by the diſorder into 'which thoſe words had put me, how highly I 'was offended at his inſolence. I went away 'without ſo much as looking on him. What di-'ſtractions I was in all Maſs-time, you may ea-'ſily imagine; as alſo how infinitely my Husband 'muſt needs be troubled, when he obſerv'd that 'all dinner time, and all day after, I minded not 'what was ſaid or done, and could not forbear 'ſighing and diſcovering the diſturbance of my 'mind, though I endeavoured all I could to ſmo-'ther it. I withdrew to my Chamber ſooner than 'I was us'd to do, pretending to be ſomewhat in-'diſpos'd. I bethought my ſelf of a hundred ſe-'veral ways to be reveng'd; but at laſt my fury 'ſuggeſted one to me which I fix'd upon. When 'bed-time was come, I went to bed at the ſame 'time with my Husband. I pretended to be aſleep, 'to oblige him to do the like; and finding him 'faſt enough, and confident all the Servants were 'no leſs, I got up, took his Dagger, and (beſot-'ted and blinded as I was by my paſſion) it prov'd 'nevertheleſs ſo ſure a guide to me, that through 'the ſame door, and by the ſame way that my 'enemy got into my bed, I got to the ſide of his. 'My fury, though violent, made me not do any 'thing precipitately; with the hand I had free I 'felt for his Heart, and when by the beating

'thereof

'thereof I had discover'd it, the fear of miss-
'sing my blow made not that hand to tremble
'which held the Dagger; but, with all the cir-
'cumspection imaginable, I thrust it twice into
'the Heart of the detestable *Don Lewis*, and so
'punish'd him with a gentler Death than he had
'deserv'd. And doubting those two might not do
'my work, I gave him five or six stabs more, and
'so return'd to my Chamber, with a tranquility:
'whence I infer'd my self, that I had never done
'any thing, from the doing whereof I should
'derive greater satisfaction. I return'd my
'Husband's Dagger all bloody, as it was, into
'the Sheath; I put on my Cloaths with as much
'haste and as little noise as I could; I took a-
'long with me what Jewels and Money I had:
'and, no less distracted by my Love than trou-
'bled at what I had done, I left a Husband who
'lov'd me beyond his own life, to cast my self
'upon the courtesie of a young man, who not
'long before had sent me word that he had not
'the least respect for me. The fearfulness incident
'to my Sex, was so strangely fortifi'd by the im-
'petuous Passions I was hurried withal; that,
'alone, and in the Night time, I walked from
'my own House to *Andrado*'s Lodgings, with as
'much confidence, as if I had done a good action,
'at noon day. I knock'd at the door, and was
'answered, that *Andrado* was not within, being
'engag'd at a Play at a Friends not far off. His
'Servants who knew me, and were not a little sur-
'priz'd to see me, entertain'd me with much re-
'spect, and got me a Fire in their Master's Cham-
'ber. It was not long e're he came in himself, and
'I believe it was the least of his thoughts to find

'me waiting for him in his Chamber. He no sooner 'cast his eye on me, but betraying his Astonish-'ment in the wildness of his looks: Madam *Eugenia*, (*saith he*,) what business hath brought you 'hither? What can you expect more from a per-'son, you would have Sacrific'd to the jealousie 'of a Brother in Law you are so desperately in love 'with? Ah *Andrado*! (*reply'd I*,) do you make that 'construction of an unavoidable Accident, which 'forc'd me to make submission to that Man 'whom of all the World I was most afraid of be-'ing oblig'd to? And should you pass so disadvan-'tageous a judgment on a Person that hath given 'you such extraordinary demostrations of her 'Affection? I expected something else than Re-'proaches at your hands. If I am guilty of any 'Crime, it is not against you that I have com-'mitted it, but against a Husband that should 'have been dear to me; proving ungrateful to 'him, because I would not be so to you, and 'forsaking him to come to a cruel Man whose 'entertainment of me is as unworthy as my 'kindnesses to him are great. When your death, 'which I thought really so, had put me into that 'despair, wherein a Woman, perpetually expecting 'the minute of being surpriz'd by her Husband, 'might be; and when thereupon *Don Lewis* came 'upon me in that deplorable Condition, what 'could I do less than trust my self to his genero-'sity and the love he had for me? he hath trea-'cherously made his advantages of the confidence, 'to the loss of my honour; but 'tis my satisfaction, 'that he hath bought his enjoyments with the 'price of his life, which I have now taken away 'from him; and that, my dear *Andrado*, is the

'occasion

'occasion of my coming hither. I must keep out 'of the hands of Justice, till such time as it be 'known, what Crime *Don Lewis* is guilty of, and 'what misfortune hath befallen me. I have Mo- 'ney and Jewels good store, upon which you may 'live handsomely in any part of *Spain*, whither 'you shall think fit to accompany my misfortune; 'while Time shall make all the World sensible, 'that I am much more to be pitied than blamed, 'and my future carriage satisfie you in particu- 'lar, that it was not without reason I did what I 'have done. Very likely, (*interrupted he,*) you 'have great Apologies to make for your self, and 'I shall supply the place of *Don Lewis*, till thou 'art weary of me, and then be kill'd, as he was, 'to make way for another. Ah Woman insatiably 'lustful! (*continued he:*) What could I expect 'more than this last wickedness of thine to be con- 'firm'd in the perswasion I had, that it was thy de- 'sign to Sacrifice me to thy Gallant? But thou must 'not think to escape with bare Reproaches; no, I 'will rather be the Executioner to punish thy Crime, 'than be thy Complice in it.

With those words he violently tore off my Cloaths, and, with a cruelty, which rais'd horrour even in his own Servants, gave me a hundred blows, naked as I was, and having satiated his rage, till that he was grown weary, he thrust me out into the Street, where, if you had not fortunately lighted upon me, I should either have been dead, or their hands who haply are searching after me.

Having given over speaking, she shew'd *Don Garcias* her arms all black and blew, as also her Breast, and what other parts of her Body Civility

permitted her to discover, which were in the same condition. Whereupon re-assuming her discourse: 'Thus have you heard, generous *Don Garcias*, '(*said she to him,*) the Deplorable History of the 'unfortunate *Eugenia*. Let me beg your advice; 'if so there be any for an inexpressible unhappy 'Woman, that hath been the occasion of so ma-'ny fatal Accidents. Ah, Madam, (*replies Don 'Garcias,*) were it but as easie for me to advise 'you what is to be done, as it will be to punish '*Andrado*, if you give me leave! Deny me not 'the honour to be the Revenger of your quarrel; 'and be not shie in employing upon any design, 'you would have to be undertaken, a person who 'is no less sensible of your misfortune, than of the 'Injury hath been done you.

Don Garcias said this to her, with an earnestness, which satisfi'd *Eugenia*, that the Compassion was not so great as the Love he seem'd to have for her. She made the most obliging acknowledgments of his kindnesses which her civility and gratitude could inspire her with: and further intreated him to take the pains to go once more to her House, to be more particularly inform'd of what was said concerning her departure, and the Death of *Don Lewis*.

He got thither, as they were carrying to Prison *Don Sancho*, his Servants, and those of *Don Lewis*, who had taken their Oaths that their Master had been in love with *Eugenia*. The Common door, which was found open, and *Don Sancho*'s Dagger still bloody, gave much suspicion of his being guilty of his Brothers death, whereof he was no less innocent than troubled at it. The sudden departure of his Wife, and her taking away her

Jewels

Jewels and Mony, put him into ſuch an amazement, as out of which he could not recover himſelf, and troubled him more than his Impriſonment, and the proceedings of Juſtice againſt him. *Don Garcias* was in much impatience to give *Eugenia* an account of theſe things: but it ſo hapned he could not do it ſo ſoon as he wiſh'd. Meeting in the ſtreet with a Friend who had ſome buſineſs with him, he kept him a good while in diſcourſe not far from his own Lodging: and, as unlucky fortune would have it, over againſt that of *Andrado*, whence he ſaw coming out a Servant, booted, carrying a Portmanteau. He follow'd him at a diſtance accompany'd by his Friend; and having obſerv'd his going to the Poſt-Houſe, he went in after him, and found him taking up three Horſes to be made ready within half an hour. *Don Garcias* ſuffer'd him to go his ways, and beſpoke the ſame number of Horſes to be ready at the ſame time. His Friend ask'd him what he meant to do with them? he promis'd to tell him if he would go along with him: whereto the other conſented, without troubling himſelf any further what his deſign might be. *Don Garcias* entreated him to go and put on his Boots, and expect him at the Poſt-houſe, while he took a turn to his Lodging.

They thereupon parted, and *Don Garcias* went to *Eugenia*, to acquaint her with what he knew of her Affairs, and to give his Landlady, a woman that might ſafely be truſted with a ſecret of that importance, order to get *Eugenia* Cloaths and all things neceſſary, that ſhe might be convey'd that very Night into a Convent, whereof the Abbeſs was her Kinſwoman, and very much her Friend. Having ſo done, he whiſper'd his Lacquey in the

ear, and bid him carry to that Friend's Lodging whom he a little before parted with, his Riding Suit and Boots: and having entreated his Landlady to be very careful of *Eugenia*, and to keep her from the ſight of all People. he went to his friend, and ſoon after along with him to the Poſt-Houſe, where they had not been long e're *Andrado* came alſo, *Don Garcias* ask'd him which way he travell'd? he made anſwer, to *Sevil*: Then one Poſt-boy will ſerve us both, (*ſays don Garcias to him*) *Andrado* was content, and haply look'd on *Don Garcias* and his Friend, no otherwiſe than as two ſimple Cullies, whoſe Money he thought ſo far due to him, as that he would not have given much to enſure it. They left *Vailladolid* all together, and rode on a good while not thinking of any thing but riding, there being indeed but little Converſation between People that ride Poſt. At laſt coming into a Champian far from any Houſes, *Don Garcias* thought it a place fit for his Deſign. He rid a little before, and turning about of a ſudden, he bid *Andrado* ſtand. *Andrado* ask'd him his meaning. 'My intentions are, (*replied Don Garacias,*) 'to fight with you, to revenge, if I can, the quar-'rel of *Eugenia*, whom you have injur'd beyond 'all hope of forgiveneſs, in treating her after 'the baſeſt and moſt unworthy manner, that 'could poſſibly fall into the imagination of a 'Perſon of Quality. I am not ſorry for what I 'have done, (*replies Andrado with much confidence, 'not ſeeming to be in the leaſt ſurpriz'd at the acci-'dent*;) but you may haply repent your for-'wardneſs to do what you are now engaged in. He was a Perſon that had Valour; he allighted at the ſame time with *Don Garcias*, there having

no

no more words pass'd between them; and they had their Swords ready to fall on; when *Don Garcias*'s Friend tells them, they should not fight without, and proffer'd to measure his Weapon with *Andrado*'s Man, who was a Fellow whom his countenance and proportion would not have betray'd for a Coward. *Andrado* protested, that tho' he had to his Second the greatest Gladiator in all *Spain*, he would not fight otherwise than singly one to one. His Man not much minding the Protestation of his Master, protested for his own part, that he would not fight with any Man upon terms at all. So that *Don Garcias*'s Friend was forc'd to be openly a Spectator, or God-Father to the Combatants, which is no new thing in *Spain*. The Duel lasted not long: Heaven was pleas'd to favour the just Cause *Don Garcias* was engag'd in so far, as that his Adversary, making at him with greater violence than Skill, run upon his Weapon, and fell at his feet with loss of Blood and Life. *Andrado*'s Man, and the Post-Boy, as fearful one as the other, cast themselves at *Don Garcias*'s feet, who intended them not any hurt. He commanded *Andrado*'s Man to open the Portmanteau, and to take out of it all his Master had taken from *Eugenia*. He immediately obey'd, and deliver'd *Don Garcias*, a Mantle, a Gown, and Coat, all very Rich, and a little Cabinet, whereof the weight discover'd it was not empty. The Fellow found the Key of it in his Master's Pocket, and gave it *Don Garcias*, who thereupon dismissing him, told him he might dispose of his Masters Body as he pleas'd, and threatned he would be the death of him, if ever he were seen at *Vailladolid*. He commanded the

Post-Boy not to come into the City 'till after Night, and promis'd him he should find at the Post-House the two Horses he and his Friend had taken up. I am apt to believe he was punctually obey'd by these two Persons: who thought themselves very much oblig'd to him, that he had not kill'd them as he had done *Andrado.* It was never heard what his Man did with his Body; and for his Cloaths, and what else he had, there is but too much probability, he became Master thereof. Nor was it ever known how the Post-Boy behav'd himself in the business.

Don Garcias and his Friend made all the speed they could to *Vailladolid.* They allighted at an Embassadours of the Emperour, where they had Friends: and continu'd there till after night. *Don Garcias* sent for his Man, who told him that *Eugenia* was much troubled she could not see him. The Horses were sent to the Post-House by an unknown Person, who having deliver'd them to one that belong'd to the Stable, immediately slunk away. There was no more talk in *Vailladolid* of the death of *Andrado* than as of a thing which it was uncertain whether it were so or not; or if any spoke of him, 'twas only as of a Gentleman kill'd by some secret Enemy, or by High-way-men. *Don Garcias* went to his Lodging, where he found *Eugenia* put into such cloaths as his Landlady had provided for her; such I believe as were taken up at the Brokers; for in *Spain* persons of very good Quality think it no Disparagement to take up Cloaths, and to Furnish their Houses that way, no more than other People of less account. He secretly return'd *Eugenia* her own Cloaths and Jewels, and gave her an account after what manner he

was reveng'd of *Andrado*. The Relation he made to her wrought in her a compaſſion for the unfortunate end of a perſon whom ſhe had dearly lov'd; and, the thought of her being the occaſion of ſo many Tragical Accidents, cauſing in her no leſs affliction than the remembrance of her own misfortunes, ſhe fell a weeping as bitterly as at any time before.

But what added not a little to her affliction, was, that Proclamation had been made that day all over *Vailladolid*, prohibiting all Perſons to entertain *Eugenia*, and that whoever brought tidings of her ſhould have two hundred Crowns. This made her reſolve to get into a Convent ſo ſoon as ſhe could. She paſs'd away that night in *Don Garcias*'s Chamber with as little tranquility as the precedent. The next Morning at break of day he went to the Superiour of the Convent, who was a Kinſwoman of *Eugenia*'s: Who, notwithſtanding the Proclamation, promis'd to receive her, and to keep her undiſcover'd as much as lay in her power. Having left her, he went and took up a Coach, and order'd it to wait for him at a place not much frequented near his Lodging, whither he conducted *Eugenia*, accompanied by his Landlady. The Coach brought them to a place they had appointed the Coach-man to ſtop at, where they allighted, that he might have no knowledge of the Convent, whether *Eugenia* was to retire. She was kindly entertain'd by her Kinſwoman; *Don Garcias*'s Landlady took leave of her, and went to inform her ſelf what poſture the affairs of *Don Sancho* were in. She underſtood it went hard with him, and that there was ſome talk of putting him to the Rack. *Don Garci-*

as

as gave an account of all passages to *Eugenia*, who was so troubled to see her Husband in danger to suffer for a Crime he had not Committed, that she took a resolution to cast her self into the hands of Justice. *Don Garcias* perswaded her to forbear a while, and advis'd her to write to the Judge, to acquaint him that she only could give an account of the Murther of *Don Lewis*: The Judge, by good fortune chanc'd to be of some Kin to her, came to speak with her, together with others that were to be his Assistants in the tryal of *Don Sancho*. *Eugenia* confess'd that she had kill'd *Don Lewis*: Gave them a particular Relation of the just motive she had to engage her self in an action that seem'd so violent in a Woman, omitted nothing of what had pass'd between *Don Lewis* and her self, what concern'd the love of *Andrado* only excepted. Her Confession was written down and a report thereof was made to his Catholick Majesty; who, taking into Consideration the greatness of *Don Lewis*'s Crime, the just resentment of *Eugenia*, her courage and procedure thereupon, the innocence of *Don Sancho* and his Servants, to set them at liberty; and, upon the intreaties of the whole Court mediating on her behalf, granted *Eugenia* her Pardon. Her Husband was not displeas'd at her for the death of his Brother, and, it may be, lov'd her the better for what she had done: He went to see her as soon as he got out of Prison, and us'd all the entreaties and perswasions he could to get her home again; but all prov'd ineffectual. She doubted not but that he had conceiv'd such a resentment for the death of *Don Lewis* as he ought to have done; that he had made some discoveries of

what

what had paſt between her and the *Portuguez*; and thence concluded, that the leaſt ſuſpicion a Woman gives in point of Honour may ſoon be heightned into a Jealouſie in the apprehenſions of a Husband, and will ſooner or later diſſolve the ſtricteſt ties of Conjugal Love.

While things ſtood thus, poor *Don Sancho* viſited her often; and, by the tendereſt demonſtrations of an exceſſive Love, endeavour'd to get her out of the Convent, to be once more the abſolute Miſtreſs of his Eſtate and himſelf. But ſhe on the other ſide continu'd conſtant to her reſolution. She got him to allow her a Penſion proportionable to her Quality, and the fortune ſhe brought; and, abating only her obſtinacy in denying to live with him, ſhe behav'd her ſelf ſo obligingly towards that kind Husband, that he had all the reaſon in the World to be ſatisfi'd with her.

But all ſhe did in the Convent to pleaſe and humour him, heightned the regret he conceiv'd that he could not get her thence. He at laſt took it ſo much to heart that it brought him into a Sickneſs, and that Sickneſs prov'd ſuch, as more than threatned the ſhortning of his days. He ſent to *Eugenia*, begging the ſatisfaction to ſee her once at his Houſe before he took his final leave of her. She could not deny that fatal kindneſs to a Husband that had been ſo dear to her, and whoſe affection towards her was then no leſs violent than it had ever been. She went to ſee him expire, and had almoſt, out of very grief, died with him, ſeeing him diſcover no leſs ſatisfaction that he had had but a ſight of her, than if ſhe had reſtor'd him the Life he was upon the point to quit: Nor did

this

this goodneſs of *Eugenia* go unrewarded; he left her his whole Eſtate, and conſequently, one of the moſt beautiful and richeſt Widows in *Spain*, after her ſo near being one of the moſt unfortunate Women in the World. The affliction ſhe conceiv'd at the Death of her Husband, was great, and not perſonated: She gave order for his Funeral Solemnities, poſſeſs'd her ſelf of his Eſtate, and return'd to her Convent, reſolv'd to ſpend the remainder of her Life there. Her Friends propos'd to her the beſt matches in all *Spain*: She preferr'd her own quiet before their Ambition, and troubled no leſs at their importunate Remonſtrances then perſecuted with the Addreſſes of no ſmall number of Pretenders, which her Beauty and Wealth drew daily to the outer Room of the Convent where ſhe was; She at laſt would not be ſeen, nor ſpeak with any but *Don Gracias*. This young Gentleman had done her ſo reſonable a ſervice, in an emergency ſo important, and with ſuch earneſtneſs, that ſhe could not ſee him, without bethinking her ſelf, that ſhe ought him ſomewhat beyond civilities and acknowledgements. She had obſerv'd by his Retinue and Equipage, that he was not Rich, and ſhe was generous enough to proffer him the aſſiſtances which a neceſſitous perſon may without ſhame receive from another that is more wealthy: But in that ſmall time ſhe had ſpent in his Lodging, and by the frequent diſcourſes he had with her, he had diſcovered a Noble Soul elevated above the common, and abſolutely diſengag'd from all manner of Intereſts, thoſe only of honour excepted. This rais'd a fear in her he might take it unkindly, if ſhe made him a Preſent not ſuitable to the

the greatneſs of her eſtate and mind; and ſhe was afraid, on the other ſide, he ſhould think her wanting in point of gratitude, if ſhe made not ſome diſcoveries of her liberality.

But if her thoughts were in this diſtraction for *Don Garcias*, his were in no leſs, as to what concern'd her. He was inſenſibly fallen in Love with her; but though the reſpect he had for her, and the lowneſs of his Fortunes ſhould not have deter'd him from making any ſuch propoſal; what preſumption would it have been in him to ſpeak of love to a Woman, whom only Love had expos'd to ſo great misfortune? And that while the ſadneſs of her countenance, and her frequent weeping, argu'd her Soul too full of grief to be capable of any other paſſion.

Among thoſe who viſited *Eugenia*, as her moſt humble Slaves, with deſign to become afterwards her Maſters, and thoſe not eaſie to pleaſe, among thoſe, I mean, who made their Addreſſes to her, and whom ſhe ſhook off with abſolute denial, one *Don Diego* was remarkable for his obſtinacy as having not any thing elſe in him worth notice. He was as arrant a Coxcomb, as it was poſſible a young Man could be; and, what is ſo conſequent to that, fantaſtick, and, what to that, inſufferably humourſome. Beſides all this, the imperfections of his body were ſuitable to thoſe of his mind; and as to the goods of fortune, he was as poor, as greedy of them: But deſcending out of one of the beſt Houſes in *Spain*: And being of near Kin to one of the principal Miniſters of State, which only made him ſo much the more inſolent, there was a certain compliance had for him where ever he came,

upon

upon the account of his Quality, though it had not the leaſt recommendation of any thing of worth.

This ſame *Don Diego*, ſuch as I have deſcribed him, thought he had found in *Eugenia*, all he could have wiſhed in a Wife, and imagin'd it no hard matter to obtain her, by the aſſiſtances of his Friends at Court, whoſe encouragements put him into great hopes of it. But *Eugenia* was not ſo eaſily perſwaded to a buſineſs of that importance, as they had flattered themſelves ſhe would have been, and the Court would not, to favour a private perſon, do a violence that ſhould be of ill example to the publick. *Eugenia*'s retiring into a Convent, her reſolution to continue there, her avoiding of all viſits, and the backwardneſs of thoſe who had encourag'd *Don Diego* in his applications to her, blaſted the hopes he had conceiv'd of obtaining her without trouble. He therefore reſolv'd to force the Convent, and to carry her away; an attempt the moſt highly Criminal in *Spain*, and ſuch as wherein only an extravagant Fool, ſuch as he was, would engage himſelf in. He found, for Money, People as mad as himſelf; he gave order for the laying of Horſes at ſeveral places between *Vailladolid* and a certain Sea-port, where a Veſſel was to expect him ready to ſet Sail. He forc'd the Convent; carried away *Eugenia*; and that unfortunate Lady was to become the prey of the moſt worthleſs Perſon in the World, if Heaven had not ſtrangely reliev'd her, when ſhe leaſt look'd for it. One ſingle perſon, who, upon the Cries of *Eugenia*, met the Raviſhers, forc'd them to a ſudden halt, and charg'd with ſo much Valour,

that

that, upon the first meeting, he wounded *Don Diego* and divers of his Complices, and kept them in action till the Citizens making head, and seconded by the Officers of publick Justice, had reduc'd *Don Diego* and his Party to those extremeties, that they must either be kill'd or taken.

Thus was *Eugenia* rescu'd; but before she would be conducted back to her Convent, she would needs know who that gallant Person was, who had so generously expos'd his Life to serve her. He was found, wounded in several places, and, through loss of abundance of blood, in a manner dead. *Eugenia* desir'd to see him, and had no sooner cast her eyes on his Countenance, but she knew him to be *Don Garcias*. Her compassion was great as her astonishment, and she made such passionate discoveries thereof as might have been interpreted to her disadvantage if there had not been otherwise a just ground of her affliction. She prevail'd so far, with much intreaty, as that they would not carry to Prison her generous Reliever: whom *Don Diego* expiring, and his Complices, acknowledg'd not to be of their Party, but the Person who had opposed their design. He was carried to the next House, which by good fortune happen'd to be that which had sometime been *Don Sancho's*, was now *Eugenia's*, and where she had left all her Houshold-stuff, and some Servants. He was recommended to the care of the best Surgeons of both Court and City. *Eugenia* return'd into the Convent, and the next day was forc'd to leave it, and come to her own House, upon the publishing of a Proclamation, that no Secular Persons should be entertain'd into Nunneries. The

next

next day *Don Diego* dyes, and his Friends had much ado to hinder a Tryal to paſs upon him, though Dead: But his Complices were puniſh'd according to their deſerts. *Eugenia* in the mean time was almoſt out of her ſelf to ſee ſo little hopes of *Don Garcias*'s recovery; ſhe implor'd the aſſiſtance of Heaven; She proffer'd the Surgeons to reward them beyond what they would have ask'd her; but their Art was at a loſs, and all their hope was in God and the Youthful conſtitution of the ſick perſon. *Eugenia* ſtirr'd not from his Bed-ſide, and her attendances on him Day and Night was ſo aſſiduous, that they might at laſt have reduc'd her to a neceſſity of having others beſides her ſelf. She often heard him pronounce her name in the tranſportations of his Fever, and among things incoherent, which his diſtracted imagination made him ſpeak, he was often heard talking of Love, and diſcourſing with himſelf, as one that were fighting or quarrelling. At laſt, Nature, fortify'd by remedies, overcame the violence of his diſeaſe; his Fever remitted; his wounds appeared in a better condition; and the Surgeons aſſur'd *Eugenia* of his recovery, provided no other accident happen'd to him. She made them very great preſents, and cauſed him to be pray'd for, in all the Churches of *Vailladolid*. Then it was that *Don Garcias* underſtood from *Eugenia*, that it was ſhe whom he had reſcu'd, and ſhe was told by him how it came to paſs, that he happen'd to relieve her ſo ſeaſonably, being upon his return into the City after he had been to ſee a Friend of his out of Town. She could not, even in his preſence, forbear acknowledging how highly ſhe thought her

her ſelf oblig'd to him; and he could as little ſmother the extraordinary ſatisfaction he conceiv'd to have done her ſo conſiderable a Service: but there was yet another thing of greater importance he had to acquaint her withal.

One day, ſhe being alone with him, and intreating him not to ſuffer her to be any longer ungrateful, but to make uſe of her in ſomething of conſequence, he took that opportunity to diſcover to her the true Sentiments he had for her. The very thought of what he was about to do, made him ſigh; he grew pale: and the diſturbance of his Mind was ſo viſible in his Countenance, that *Eugenia* was afraid he was in ſome great torment. She ask'd him what poſture his Wounds were in. 'Ah, Madam! (*reply'd he*) 'my Wounds are not my greateſt Affliction. 'What is it then that troubles you, (*ſaith ſhe to him much frightned?*) A Misfortune, (*ſays he,*) 'incapable of any remedy. It was indeed, (*re-*'*plies Eugenia*) a great misfortune to be ſo dange-'rouſly wounded for a Perſon you neither knew, 'nor deſerv'd you ſhould hazard your Life 'for her; but this is not beyond remedy, ſince 'your Surgeons doubt not but you will ſoon re-'cover it. And that is it I am to complain of, 'cries *Don Garcias*: Had I loſt my Life in your 'Service, (*continu'd he,*) I had brought it to a 'glorious period, whereas I muſt now live a-'gainſt my will, and be a long time the moſt 'unfortunate Man in the World. Being a Per-'ſon ſo excellently qualifi'd as you are, I think 'you are not ſo unfortunate as you would make 'your ſelf, (*replies Eugenia.*) How, Madam,

'(*said he,*) do you not account that Man unfor-
'tunate, who being ſatisfi'd of your worth, hav-
'ing a greater eſteem for you than any other what-
'ever, loving you beyond his own Life, muſt
'nevertheleſs come ſhort of deſerving you, though
'Fortune ſhould prove as indulgent to him as ſhe
'hath ever been malicious? You ſtrangely ſur-
'prize me, *ſaid ſhe* (*bluſhing*:) But the Obligations
'you have caſt upon me, give you a priviledge,
'which in the condition I am in, I ſhould not
'grant any other. I pray you above all things
'endeavour your own recovery and aſſure your
'ſelf, your misfortunes ſhall not continue long,
'when it ſhall come into the power of *Eugenia* to
'put a period thereto.

She ſtaid not to hear what Reply he would make, and by that means ſpared him abundance of Complements, which haply he would but poorly have acquitted himſelf of, becauſe he would have overſtrain'd himſelf to make them very good ones. She call'd thoſe Servants of hers who were to attend him, and went out of the Room juſt as the Surgeons were coming in to viſit him. The Satisfaction of the mind is the ſovereign remedy to recover a ſick body. *Don Garcias* deriv'd ſuch hopes of the advancement of his Love, from what *Eugenia* had ſaid to him, that his Soul, which before, as that of a Lover without hope, was overpreſs'd with ſadneſs, dilated it ſelf for the entertainment of joy, and that joy contributed more to his recovery than all the Remedies of Chirurgery. He came to perfect Health. He out of Civility went from *Eugenia*'s Houſe, but carried with him, and continu'd the pretentions he had to her affection.

She

She had promiſed to love him, provided he made no publick diſcoveries thereof, and it may be ſhe lov'd him no leſs than he lov'd her: But having ſo lately loſt a Husband, and been engag'd in adventures, which had made her the Table-Talk of all Companies in Court and City, ſhe thought it no prudence ſo ſoon to expoſe her ſelf to raſh Cenſures, by running upon a Marriage with too much precipitation. At laſt *Don Garcias*, by the exceſs of his merit and conſtancy, overcame all theſe difficulties. He was, as to his Perſon, ſo accompliſh'd, as might make a Rival run mad to think on't. He was a younger Brother of one of the beſt Houſes of *Arragon*, and though he had done no great things in the Wars, he might juſtly, from the long Services his Father had done *Spain*, derive ſome hopes of a Recompence from the Court, as advantageous as honourable. *Eugenia* could no longer hold out againſt ſo many excellent qualities, nor be longer oblig'd to him for all he had done and ſuffered upon her account. She was Married to him. Court and City approved her choice; and that ſhe might not have the leaſt occaſion to repent her of it, it happen'd, that, not long after their Marriage, the King of *Spain* beſtow'd on *Don Garcias* one of the Commanderies of St. *James*. Another thing which had already happen'd, was, that he had ſatisfi'd his dear *Eugenia* the very firſt night of their Marriage, that he was much another Bed-fellow than *Don Sancho*, and that ſhe had found in him, what ſhe would not have met with in the Portuguez *Andrado*. Children they had many, becauſe they took more than ordinary pains to get them; and the Hiſtory of their Loves

and Adventures is to this day related at *Vailladolid*, not only among those that knew them, but to strangers who occasionally travel that way. For my part, I travell'd not thither for it, but finding it Printed, made no doubt of the truth of it, and expect the same confidence in those who shall receive it from me.

SCAR-

SCARRON's NOVELS.

The Judge in his own Cauſe.

The Fourth Novel.

PRince *Mulei*, Son to the King of *Morocco*, having loſt the Company with whom he had ſpent the day in Hunting, was got alone, and that in the night-time, among certain Rocks on the Sea-ſide, not above an hours gentle walking from the City of *Fez*. The Sky was not over-caſt with the leaſt Cloud; The Sea glaz'd up in an undiſturb'd calm, and ſo might ſerve for a Mirror to the Moon and Stars, which ſeem'd to

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ſparkle no leſs there, than in their proper Element: in fine, it was one of the pleaſanteſt Nights of thoſe warmer Countries, which exceed the faireſt Days of our colder Regions. The Prince gallopping gently along the River ſide, diverted himſelf in conſidering the emulation between the Conſtellations above in the Firmament, and thoſe which ſeem'd to be on the ſurface of the Water, When the ſad accents of ſome doleful ſhrieking piercing his ears, rais'd in him a curioſity to go to the place whence he conceiv'd it might proceed. After a little riding, he found, among the Rocks, a Woman, who, as much as her ſtrength would permit, made her party good againſt a Man, who violently endeavour'd to bind her hands, while another Woman was employ'd to ſtop her mouth with a Linnen cloth.

The Arrival of the young Prince prevented the Actors of that violence to proceed any further therein, and gave her a little reſpit, whom they intended to treat ſo unworthily. *Mulei* ask'd her what might occaſion her crying out, and the others, what they would have done to her? But inſtead of any reply, the Man comes up to him with his Cimitar drawn, and would have dangerouſly wounded him, had he not, by the nimbleneſs of his Horſe, avoided the blow. How now, impious wretch, ſays *Mulei* to him, dar'ſt thou offer violence to the Prince of *Fez*? I knew thee very well to be my Prince, (*replies the Moor*:) nay it is becauſe thou art my Prince, and that it is in thy Power to puniſh me, that I muſt either have thy life, or loſe my own.

With thoſe words he made at *Mulei* with ſuch a deſperate fury, that the Prince, though much fam'd

fam'd for his Valour, was reduc'd to a necessity not so much of assaulting, as securing himself against so dangerous an enemy. The two Women in the mean time were very seriously engag'd, and she who a little before gave her self over for lost, kept the other from running away, as if she doubted not but her Champion would obtain the Victory. Despair sometimes heightens a Man's Courage; nay, sometimes drives it to those who have least of it. Though the Prince's valour was incomparably beyond that of his Adversary, and maintain'd by a more than ordinary skill and vigour, yet the punishment which the *Moor*'s crime deserv'd, made him hazard all, and gave him so much courage and force that the Victory was a great while in suspence between the Prince and him; but Heaven, which commonly protects those it raises above others, fortunately directed the Prince's Retinue, which he had lost the evening before, to pass so near the place, as to hear the noise of the Combatants, and the Cries of the Women. They made all the speed they could thither, and came in just as their Master having worsted his bold Adversary, had laid him on the ground, where he would not kill him, but reserve him for a more exemplary punishment. He thereupon order'd some of his People to bind him to a horse-tail, so as that he might not attempt ought against himself or any other. Two Gentlemen took up the two Women behind them, and so *Muley* and his Retinue got to *Fez*, just with the break of day. This young Prince govern'd absolutely in *Fez*, as if he had been already King of it. He order'd the Moor to be brought before him, his Name was *Amet*, and he was Son to one of the

wealthieſt Inhabitants of *Fez*. The two Women were not known by any, in regard the Moors, the moſt jealous of all Mankind, are extreamly careful in keeping their Wives and Slaves from the ſight of all others.

The Woman, whom the Prince had reliev'd, ſurpriz'd both him and all his Court with the tranſcendency of her Beauty, which was ſuch as had not been before in *Africk*, and alſo with a Majeſtick Air, which the wretched habit of a Slave could not hide from their eyes who admir'd her. The other was clad as thoſe Women of the Country are, whoſe Quality is ſomewhat above the ordinary rate, and might paſs for handſome, though much leſs than the former. But though ſhe might enter into competition with her as to Beauty, yet the paleneſs which through a certain Fear had ſetled in her Countenance depriv'd it of ſo much of its luſtre, as that of the former, receiv'd advantage from that lively redneſs which a modeſt bluſh had gently ſpread over it. The Moor appear'd before *Muley* with the countenance and deportment of a Criminal, having his eyes continually faſten'd on the ground. *Muley* commanded him to acknowledge his Crime, or expect to die in the greateſt Torments. 'I know 'well enough what is prepar'd for me, and what 'I have deſerv'd, *replies the undaunted Moor*, and 'as it will be of little advantage to me to confeſs 'any thing, ſo are there not any torments that 'ſhall make me do it. I cannot avoid death, ſince 'I would have given it thee, and I would have 'thee know, that the rage I am in, that I could 'not diſpatch thee, torments me beyond all that 'can be inflicted on me by the moſt inventive 'executioners.

'executioners. These Women, *Spaniards* by de-'scent, were my Slaves; one of them hath done as 'I wished her, and compli'd with her fortune, by 'marrying my Brother *Zaides*; the other would 'never change her Religion, nor make the least 'kind return to the love I had for her.

This was all could be gotten out of him. *Muley* order'd him to be put into a Dungeon loaden with chains; The Renegado Wife of *Zaides* was dispos'd into another Prison, and the beautiful Slave was conducted to a Moor's House, named *Zuelma*, a person of Quality, originally a *Spaniard* who had left *Spain*, because he could not find in his Conscience to embrace the Christian Religion. He was descended of the illustrious House, of *Zegris* heretofore so famous in *Granada*, and his Wife *Zoraida*, who was of the same House, had the Reputation to be the fairest, and withal, the wittiest Woman in *Fez*. She was immediately taken with the Beauty of the Christian Salve, and upon the first Conversation they had together, was no less with her ingenuity. Had this fair Christian been capable of consolation: She would have found it in the caresses of *Zoraida*; but as if she purposely avoided whatever might alleviate her grief, she endeavour'd as much as she could to be alone, that she might afflict her self the more, insomuch that, when she was in company with *Zoraida*, she did her self no small violence, to smother her sighs, and keep in her tears before her.

Prince *Muley* in the mean time was extreamely desirous to have an account of her adventures. He had discover'd so much to *Zuelma*, who being a Person he much confided in, he withal acknowledg'd

lodg'd, that he had some inclinations for that fair Christian, and that he had made a discovery thereof to her, had he not inferr'd, from her extraordinary affliction, that she might have an unknown Rival in *Spain*, who, though at a great distance, might prevent his being happy, even in the Country where he was an absolute Prince. *Zuleima* thereupon gave his Wife order to enquire of the Christian the particulars of her Life, and by what accident she came to be a Slave to *Amet*. *Zoraida* was as desirous to do it as the Prince, and found it no hard matter to induce the *Spanish* Slave to satisfie her; the other not knowing how to refuse any thing to a person, from whom she had receiv'd so many assurances of tenderness and friendship, she told *Zoraida*, that she would satisfie her curiosity when she pleas'd, but that, having only misfortunes to acquaint her with, she fear'd the account thereof would be very tedious to her. 'You will find 'it otherwise, (*replies Zoraida*,) by the attention 'I shall give you, and my concerns therein will 'satisfie you, notwithstanding you may safely entrust the 'secret thereof to a person who infinitely loves 'you.' Embracing her with these words, she intreated her not to put off any longer the satisfaction she desir'd of her. They were all alone, and the fair Slave, having wip'd off the tears which the memory of her misfortunes drew into her eyes, she thus began the relation thereof.

'My name is *Sophia*, (*said she*) I am a *Spaniard*, 'born at *Valentia*, and brought up with all the 'care and tenderness which Persons of Quality, 'such as were my Father and Mother, could ex-

'preſs towards a Daughter who was the firſt 'fruits of their Marriage, and ſoon appear'd 'worthy of their affection. I had a Brother, 'younger than my ſelf by an year, as lovely a 'Child as could be ſeen; he lov'd me as much 'as I lov'd him, and our mutual friendſhip grew 'up to ſuch a height, that when we were not 'together, there might be obſerv'd in our 'countenances, ſuch a ſadneſs and diſquiet as 'the moſt pleaſant divertiſements of Perſons of 'our Age were not able to diſperſe. Order was 'thereupon taken that we ſhould not be aſun-'der: We learn'd together whatever is com-'monly taught Children, well deſcended, of 'both Sexes, and ſo it happen'd, to the great 'aſtoniſhment of all, that I came to be as 'skilful and dextrous as he, in all the violent 'exerciſes of a Cavalier, and he as ingenious in 'what-ever is performed by young Gentlewo-'men. This extraordinary kind of Education 'took ſo much with a Gentleman, an intimate 'acquaintance of my Fathers, that he deſir'd 'his Children might be brought up with us. 'The buſineſs was propos'd to my Friends, who 'approved thereof, and the nearneſs of their 'Houſes promoted the Deſign of both Parties 'That Gentleman was not inferiour to my 'Father, either as to Quality or Wealth. He 'had alſo only a Son and a Daughter, much 'about my Brothers Age and mine, inſomuch 'that it was not doubted, but the two Houſes 'would be united one day by a double Marri-'age. *Don Carlos* and *Lucia* (ſo were the Brother 'and Siſter call'd) were equally amible: My 'Brother lov'd *Lucia* and ſhe him; *Don Carlos*

'lov'd

'lov'd me; I, him, as much. Our Parents knew
'it, and were so far from being displeased thereat,
'that had we not been too young, they would
'then have seen us married together.

'But the happy state of our innocent Loves
'was disturb'd by the Death of my lovely Bro-
'ther; a violent Fever snatch'd him from hence
'in eight Days, and this was the first of my
'Misfortunes. *Lucia* was so troubled thereat,
'that no Perswasions could keep her from em-
'bracing a Religious Life. I was sick to Death, and
'*Don Carlos* was so far given over, as that his
'Father began to fear he should see himself with-
'out Issue, so great a grief did he conceive at
'the loss of my Brother, whom he lov'd, the
'Danger I was in, and his Sisters Resolution. *Don*
'*Carlos*'s Father dy'd soon after, leaving his Son
'a vast Estate. Now was he in a condition to
'discover the Nobleness of his nature; the Gallan-
'tries he invented to please me prevail'd on my Va-
'nity, made his Love more publick, and added
'much to mine. *Don Carlos* often address'd himself
'to my Parents, desiring them to consumate his
'Happiness by bestowing their Daughter on him.
'He in the mean time continu'd his extraordinary
'expences, which my Father perceiving, and
'considering his Estate could not hold out long
'at that Rate, resolv'd we should be Married!
'He therefore put *Don Carlos* in hope, that
'he should e're long be his Son-in-Law, at which
'News he discover'd such an extraordinary Joy,
'as would have perswaded me that he lov'd me
'above his own Life, though I had not been so
'fully assur'd of it as I was. He appointed a Ball
'for me, and invited all the Gallantry of the

City

'City to it: But to his misfortune and mine, there 'happen'd to be at it a *Neapolitan* Count, whom 'some affairs of importance had brought into '*Spain*. He thought me handsom enough to fall 'in Love with, and having enquired what qua-'lity my Father was of, he went, and without any 'other Ceremony, demanded me of him in 'Marriage. My Father dazled at the Wealth 'and Quality of this Stranger, promis'd him 'what he desir'd, and that very day sent *Don Carlos* 'word, that he might forbear all further Ad-'dresses to his Daughter, forbad me to receive 'Visits, and commanded me to look on the *Italian* 'Count, as the Person I should be Married to, 'as soon as he were return'd from *Madrid*. I 'dissembled my Affliction before my Father; 'but as soon as I was got alone, *Don Carlos* 'presented himself to my Imagination, as the 'most Amiable Person in the World. I reflected 'on all could be quarrel'd at in the *Italian* Count; 'I conceiv'd an implacable Aversion against him, 'and I felt my self so possess'd with the love of '*Don Carlos*, that it was equally impossible for 'me to live without him, and to be happy with 'his Rival. My Recourse was to my Tears, but 'what Remedy were they in so great a Misfor-'tune.

'While I was in this Distraction, *Don Carlos* 'comes into my Chamber, without first de-'manding my Permision, as he was wont to do. 'He found me as it were dissolv'd into Tears, nor 'could he forbear his, though he seem'd willing 'to conceal what lay heavy on his Soul, till he 'had discovered the true sentiments of mine. He 'cast himself at my feet, and taking me by the

'hands,

'hands, which he bedew'd with his tears, I muſt 'then loſe you *Sophia*! and a ſtranger, whom you 'hardly know, ſhall be happier than I, becauſe 'he is ſome-what richer. He will be poſſeſs'd of 'you, *Sophia*! and you conſent thereto; you whom 'I have ſo infinitely lov'd; you, who would 'perſwade me that you lov'd me, and were 'promis'd me by a Father, but alas! an unjuſt 'Father, an intereſs'd Father, and one that hath 'baſely recoyl'd from his word! If you are, '(*continu'd he,*) a Jewel that may be ſet at any 'Price, 'tis only my fidelity that can purchaſe 'you, and it is upon the account of that, you 'ſhould be yet mine rather than any Mans; if 'you have not forgotten that you have promiſed 'me the like. But, (*cries he,*) do you imagine 'that a perſon who had the courage to raiſe his 'deſires to you, wants it to be reveng'd of one 'you prefer before him; or will you think it 'ſtrange, that a Wretch who hath loſt all, ſhould 'not undertake any thing? If you are content 'that I alone ſhould periſh, this unfortunate Rival 'ſhall live, ſince he is ſo happy as to pleaſe you, 'and you think him worthy your protection: but '*Don Carlos*, who is now become odious to you, 'and whom you have given over to his deſpair, 'will dye of a death cruel enough to ſatiate the 'hatred you have for him.

'*Don Carlos* (*repli'd I*) do you joyn forces with 'an unjuſt Father, and a perſon whom I never 'could fancy, to perſecute me, and impute to 'me, as a particular Crime, a misfortune, which 'is common to us both? You may rather bemoan 'than accuſe me, and bethink your ſelf of the 'means to preſerve me yours, than pierce my

'Soul

'Soul with undeserv'd reproaches. I could make 'more just ones to you; and force you to acknow-'ledge, that you never sufficiently lov'd me, 'since you never sufficiently knew me. But we 'have no time to lose in fruitless Remonstrances. 'Carry me where you please, I'le follow you, 'and therefore I give you leave to attempt any 'thing, and promise to second you in it, so that 'I may ever be yours.

'*Don Carlos* was so reviv'd at these Words, 'that he was as much transported with Joy, as 'he had been before with grief. He begg'd a 'thousand Pardons for his having charg'd me with 'the Injustice he thought done him, and having sa-'tisfy'd me, that unless I were remov'd thence, 'it was impossible. I should avoid complying 'with my Fathers Will, I referr'd my self wholly 'to his Disposal, and promis'd him that the 'second night after, I would be ready to go 'along with him. *Don Carlos* spent the next Day 'in setting his Affairs in order, made provision 'of Money, and a Bark, which was to set Sail, 'when ever he sent orders to that purpose. In 'the mean time I made up all my Jewels, and 'what Money, I had, and, being a Person so 'young as I was, so well dissembled my Design, 'that no body had the least Suspicion of it. I 'was not observ'd by any, so that I might safely 'take my way out at the Garden-door, where I 'found *Claudio*, a Page, whom *Don Carlos* had a 'kind of Fondness for, upon the Account of his 'skill in Singing, which was as excellent as his 'Voice, and that in his manner of Speaking, and 'all his Actions, he discover'd a greater Pitch of 'Ingenuity, Understanding, and Gentleness of

'Carriage,

'Carriage, than the condition of a Page is com-
'monly obſerv'd to have. He told me, that his
'Maſter had ſent him before, to conduct me to
'the Bark, and that he could not come himſelf,
'for ſome reaſons I ſhould know when I ſaw him.
'A Slave of *Don Carlos*, whom I alſo knew very
'well, ſoon after came to us. We got out of
'the City without any trouble, and were not
'gone far from it e're we perceiv'd a Veſſel in the
'Road, and ſoon after a Shallop that waited for
'us at the Water-ſide. They told me, that my
'dear *Don Carlos* would come very ſuddenly, and
'that in the mean time I ſhould go to the Veſſel.
'the Slave carry'd me into the Shallop, and
'ſeveral Men, whom I had obſerv'd on the ſhore
'and took for Mariners, forc'd *Claudio* alſo to
'get into the Shallop, who ſeem'd to make ſome
'reſiſtance, to avoid coming into it. This added
'to the trouble I was already in, for the abſence
'of *Don Carlos*. I ask'd the Slave where he was;
'he roundly anſwer'd, I was not to expect any
'*Don Carlos* there.

'In the mean time, I could hear *Claudia* cry-
'ing out as loud as he could, and burſting forth
'into Tears, ſaying to the Slave, Treacherous
'*Amet*! Is it thus thou keep'ſt thy promiſe with
'me, and by removing my Rival out of the way,
'leav'ſt me with my Lover? Imprudent *Claudio*!
'(*replies the Slave*) is a Man oblig'd to keep his
'word with a perfidious perſon, or could I expect
'that one that hath betray'd his own Maſter,
'ſhould not ſerve me the like trick, by giving
'notice to thoſe who have the over-ſight of the
'Coaſts, to make out after me, and deprive me
'of *Sophia*, whom I love beyond my own Life?

'Theſe

'Theſe words ſpoken to a Woman, whom I 'took all the while to be a Man, and whereof I 'could not underſtand the meaning, caus'd me ſo 'great an Affliction, that I fell down in a manner 'dead in the arms of the perfidious Moor, who 'had not ſtirr'd from me. I continu'd a good 'while in the ſwound, which when I had reco-'vered, I found my ſelf in one of the Cabbins of 'the Veſſel, which was now got a good way to 'Sea. Imagine to your ſelf what deſpair I muſt needs 'be in, finding my ſelf without my *Don Carlos*, 'and among the profeſſed enemies of my Reli-'gion, for I ſoon perceiv'd that I was in the 'power of the Moors; that the Slave *Amet* had 'abſolute power over them, and that his Brother '*Zaides* was Maſter of the Veſſel. The inſolent 'Villain no ſooner ſaw me in a condition to hear 'what he might ſay, but in few words he told 'me, that he had a long time had an affection for 'me, and that his Paſſion forc'd him to carry me 'thus away by violence, and to bring me to *Fez*, 'where it ſhould be my own fault, if I were not 'as happy as I might be in *Spain*, as it ſhould be 'his, if I there had any occaſion to regret the loſs 'of *Don Carlos*. I made a ſhift to cloſe with 'him, notwithſtanding the weakneſs I was in by 'reaſon of my former ſwounding, and by a vi-'gorous attempt, which he thought not of, and 'which, as I told you before, I had learnt when I 'was a Child; I drew out his Cymitar, and had 'puniſhed him for his perfidiouſneſs, if his Bro-'ther *Zaides* had not ſeaſonably, laid hold on my 'Arm, and ſo ſaved his life. It was no hard mat-'ter to diſarm me, for having miſs'd my blow, 'I forbore making any further vain attempts,

'againſt ſo great a number of Enemies. *Amet*, 'who had been frightned at my reſolution, or-'der'd all to withdraw out of the Room where he 'had diſpos'd me, and left me in an affliction not 'eaſily to be imagin'd, after the cruel change 'which had happened in my fortunes. I ſpent the 'whole night in bemoaning my ſelf, nor did the 'next day bring any remiſſion of my grief. Time, 'which many times alleviates ſuch troubles, could 'do nothing on mine, inſomuch that the ſecond 'day after our ſetting out to Sea, I was in a great-'er diſtraction, than I had been that unlucky night, 'when, with my liberty, I loſt the hope of ever 'ſeeing *Don Carlos* again, and ever having a mi-'nute of enjoyment while I liv'd. *Amet* had 'found me ſo terrible, when ever he preſumed to 'appear before me, that he came no more into my 'ſight. At certain times, ſomewhat was brought 'me to eat, but I ſo obſtinately refus'd it, that the 'barbarous Moor began to fear he had brought me 'away to no purpoſe.

In the interim, the Veſſel had paſs'd the 'Streight, and was not far from the Coaſt of *Fez*, 'when *Claudio* comes into my Cabbin. As ſoon 'as I perceiv'd him, unhappy miſcreant, who haſt 'thus betray'd me (*ſaid I to him,*) what had I 'done to thee, that thou ſhould'ſt make me the 'moſt wretched Perſon in the World, and deprive 'me of *Don Carlos?* You were too much belov'd 'of him (*replies he,*) and ſince I loved him as well 'as you did, I have committed no great crime, 'in endeavouring to remove a Rival, as far as I 'could from him: But if I have betray'd you, '*Amet* hath alſo betray'd me, and I ſhould haply 'be no leſs troubled than you are, did I not find

'ſome

'ſome comfort in this conſideration, that I am not 'miſerable alone. Prethee, let me underſtand this 'Riddle, *(ſaid I to him)* and know who thou art, 'and, conſequently, whether I have, in thee a 'Friend, or an Enemy.

'Know then, *Sophia*, ſaid he to me, that I am 'of the ſame Sex as your ſelf, and, as well as 'you, I have alſo been in love with *Don Carlos*; 'but if we have ſuffered by the ſame flame, it 'hath not been with the ſame ſucceſs. *Don Carlos* 'hath ever lov'd you, and hath ever believ'd that 'you lov'd him, whereas, on the contrary, he 'never lov'd me, nor could ever imagine that I 'ſhould love him, as having not known me to 'be what I truly was. I am of *Valentia*, as you 'are, and my Quality and Fortunes are ſuch, 'that if *Don Carlos* had married me, he needed 'not to have fear'd the reproaches made to thoſe 'who under-ally themſelves. But the affection 'he had for you wholly took him up, and it ſeems 'he had eyes only for you. Not but that mine 'did what they could, to ſave my mouth the 'labour of making a ſhameful diſcovery of my 'weakneſs. I went to all places where I thought 'to meet him; I plac'd my ſelf where he might 'ſee me, and I did all things for him; which he 'ſhould have done for me, had he lov'd me, as I 'lov'd him. I had the diſpoſal of my ſelf and 'Eſtate, as having been left an Orphan while I 'was yet very young; and there were often 'propos'd to me Matches equal to my condition, 'but the hope I ſtill cheriſh'd, that I might at 'length engage *Don Carlos*, to love me, hindred 'me from complying with any. Inſtead of being 'diſcouraged by the unhappy fate of my Love,

'as any other would, who as I had ſufficient 'perfections not to be ſlighted, I was the rather 'excited to the Love of *Don Carlos*, by the 'difficulty I found to inſinuate my ſelf into his 'affections. In fine, to avoid the ſelf reproach, 'that I ſhould neglect any thing which might 'promote my deſign I caus'd my hair to be cut, 'and having diſguis'd my ſelf in Mans Cloaths, I 'got my ſelf preſented to *Don Carlos* by an old 'menial Servant of my own, who went under 'the name of my Father, a poor Gentleman of 'the Mountains of *Toledo*. My Countenance 'and Meen your Lover lik'd ſo well, that he was 'ſoon induced to take me into his ſervice. He 'knew me not again, though he had ſeen me ſo 'many times, and he was as ſoon ſatisfy'd with 'my ingenuity as taken with my voice, and my 'Skill in ſinging, and playing on all thoſe 'inſtruments, on which perſons of quality may 'without diſparagement, divert themſelves. He 'ſoon found in me thoſe endowments which are 'not commonly ſeen in Pages, and I gave him 'ſo many demonſtrations of my fidelity and 'diſcretion, that he treated me rather as a Con-'fident, than a domeſtick ſervant. You know 'beſt of any, whether I am to be credited in 'what I ſay. You have a hundred times com-'mended me to *Don Carlos*, even in my preſence, 'and done many good Offices, but what vex'd 'me to the heart, was that I receiv'd them from 'a Rival, and while they made me more accept-'able to *Don Carlos*, they render'd you the more 'hateful to the unhappy *Claudia*, (for ſo I am 'called) In the mean time, the treaty of your 'Marriage went forward, my hopes backward;

'that

'that was concluded, theſe were loſt. The *Italian* 'Count who about that time, fell in love with you, 'and whoſe Titles and Eſtate as much dazled your 'Father's Eyes, as his warp'd countenance and his 'imperfections gave you occaſion to ſlight him, 'procur'd me at leaſt the pleaſure, to ſee you a 'little travers'd in your loves, and my ſoul began 'to flatter it ſelf with thoſe fond hopes, which the 'unfortunate are over-apt to derive from viciſſi-'tude. In fine, your Father preferr'd the ſtranger, 'whom you fancy'd not, before *Don Carlos* whom 'you did. So I ſaw her, who caus'd my unhappi-'neſs, in her turn, unhappy her ſelf, and a Rival 'whom I hated, more unfortunate than my ſelf, 'ſince I loſt nothing in a Man, who had never 'been mine, whereas you loſt *Don Carlos* who was 'wholly yours, and yet that loſs, how great ſoever 'it might be, was haply to you a leſſer misfor-'tune than to have, for your perpetual Tyrant, a 'Man, whom you could not love.

'But my proſperity, or, to ſay better, my 'hope, prov'd not long-liv'd. I underſtood 'from *Don Carlos*, that you were reſolv'd to 'follow him, and I was employ'd to ſet things in 'order to the deſign he had to carry you to '*Barcelona*, and thence to croſs over into ſome 'part of *France* or *Italy*. All the force I had had 'till then to endure my croſs fortune left me 'upon this ſo ſharp an aſſault, it being a reſolution 'I was the more ſurpriz'd with, the leſs I had 'apprehended any ſuch misfortune. The trouble 'I conceiv'd thereat caſt me into a ſickneſs, and 'that confin'd me to my bed. One day, as I 'was bemoaning my ſad deſtiny, and that my 'preſumption of not being over-heard by any

'made me break forth into as loud expoſtulations,
'as if I had ſpoken to ſome Confident, who knew
'the ſecret of my Loves. I perceiv'd ſtanding
'before me the Moor, *Amet*, who had heard me;
'having recover'd the trouble his unexpected pre-
'ſence had put me into, he addreſs'd himſelf to me
'in theſe words.

'I know thee very well, *Claudia*, and that
'even before thou hadſt diſguis'd thy Sex, to be-
'come a Page to *Don Carlos*; and that I never diſ-
'cover'd this my knowledge of thee, proceeded
'hence, that I had a deſign as well as thou hadſt.
'I have heard what deſperate reſolutions thou
'art ready to take; thou wilt diſcover thy ſelf
'to thy Maſter, to be a young Maid, and deeply
'in love with him, and yet hopeſt not any from
'him, and then thou wilt kill thy ſelf in his
'preſence, ſo to deſerve the regrets of him,
'whoſe love thou couldeſt not gain. Wretched
'Laſs! what will be the effect of thy own ſelf-
'murther; but to give *Sophia* a further aſſurance
'of her *Don Carlos*? I have a better advice for thee,
'if thou art able to take it. Deprive thy Rival
'of her Servant; it may eaſily be done, if thou
'credit me, and though it requires much reſo-
'lution, yet no more than thou haſt already
'expreſs'd, in putting on Man's habit; and
'hazarding thy honour, to ſatisfie thy Love.
'Hear me then attentively, *continu'd the Moor*,
'I will acquaint thee with a ſecret, which I never
'diſcover'd to any, and if thou likeſt not what
'I ſhall propoſe to thee, it will be at thy own
'choice, whether thou follow it or not. I am
'of *Fez*, a Perſon of Quality in my Country;
'my misfortune made me Slave to *Don Carlos*,

'and

'and *Sophia*'s beauty, hers. I have told thee much
'in few words. Thou think'ſt thy miſery reme-
'dileſs, becauſe that thy Lover carries away his
'Miſtriſs, and is bound for *Barcelona*. 'Tis both
'thy happineſs and mine, if thou canſt make thy
'advantage of the opportunity. I have treated
'about my ranſome, and paid it. A Galeot
'of *Africk* waits for me in the Road, not far
'from the place where *Don Carlos* hath one ready
'for the execution of his deſign. He hath put
'it off for one day; let us prevent him with as
'much diligence as ſubtilty. Go and tell *Sophia*
'from thy Maſter, that ſhe ſhould make ready
'to come away this night, at the time thou
'ſhalt come for her; conduct her to my Veſſel,
'I will carry her into *Affrick*, and thou ſhalt
'continue alone at *Valentia*, to enjoy thy Lover,
'who haply would have lov'd thee as ſoon as
'*Sophia*, had he but known that thou hadſt lov'd
'him.

'At theſe laſt words of *Claudia*, I was ſo over-
'come with grief, that with a deep ſigh, I fell
'into another ſwound, without any ſigns of life.
'The out-cries of *Claudia*, who haply then began
'to repent her that ſhe had made me ſo unfortu-
'nate, yet was nevertheleſs ſuch as brought *Amet*
'and his Brother into the Room where I was.
'They apply'd all the Remedies they could, 'till
'at laſt I recover'd, and might hear *Claudia* ſtill
'reproaching the Moor with his Perfidiouſneſs:
'Infidel Dog! *ſaid ſhe to him*, why haſt thou ad-
'vis'd me to reduce this beauty to the deplorable
'Condition thou ſee'ſt her in, if thou hadſt no
'mind to leave me with the perſon I lov'd? And
'why haſt thou caus'd me to commit againſt a

'perſon ſo dear to me, a treachery which proves as 'hurtful to me as to him? How dar'ſt thou ſay 'thou art of noble Birth in thy Country, when thou 'art the moſt perfidious and baſeſt of all Men? 'Hold thy peace ſimple Maid, *replies Amet*, re-'proach me not with a crime, wherein thou art my 'Complice. I have already told thee that he 'who could betray a Maſter as thou haſt done, 'very well deſerv'd to be betray'd, and that take-'ing thee along with me, I only ſecure my own 'Life, and haply *Sophia*'s, ſince ſhe might have 'dy'd of pure grief, upon the knowledge of thy 'ſtaying behind with *Don Carlos*.

'At theſe words, the noiſe made by the Mar-'riners, who were ready to enter into the Port of '*Salley*, and the ſhooting off of ſome Guns, 'which were anſwered by the Artillery of the 'Port, interrupted the reproaches reciprocally 'made to one the other, by *Amet* and *Claudia*, 'and for a while eas'd me of the ſight of thoſe two 'odious perſons. We got a ſhore; *Claudia* and 'I had veils put over our faces, and we were 'lodg'd with the perfidious *Amet*, at a Moor's, 'ene of his Kindred. The next day, we were 'diſpos'd into a Cloſe Chariot, and conducted to '*Fez*, where, if *Amet* were receiv'd by his Father 'with much joy, I came in, the moſt afflicted 'and moſt deſperate perſon in the World. For '*Claudia*, ſhe ſoon provided for her ſelf, re-'nouncing Chriſtianity, and Marrying *Zaides*, 'brother to the treacherous *Amet*. The wicked 'Woman us'd all the artifices imaginable to 'induce me to change my Religion, and to 'Marry *Amet*: As ſhe had done *Zaides*, and ſo ſhe 'became the moſt cruel of my Tyrants, even

'while

'while, after they had in vain try'd to draw 'me in by kindneſs, fair promiſes, and treatments, '*Amet* and all his people exercis'd on me all the 'barbariſm they could. My Conſtancy was ſuffi-'ciently exercis'd, againſt ſo many Enemies, and 'I was more able to endure my troubles than I 'could have wiſh'd my ſelf, when I began to ima-'gine that *Claudia* repented her, that ſhe had been 'ſo wicked. Before others ſhe ſeem'd to perſecute 'me with greater animoſity than any, but private-'ly ſhe did me ſome good offices, which made 'me look on her as a perſon who might have 'been virtuous, had her education been accord-'ingly.

'For one day, while all the reſt of the Women 'were gone to the publick Baths, as you *Mahu-'metans* are wont to do, ſhe came to me, and 'finding me very ſad, ſhe ſpoke to me to this 'Purpoſe, Faireſt *Sophia!* I have heretofore 'thought I had ſome reaſon to hate you, but 'now that hatred is at an end, ſince I have loſt 'the hope of ever enjoying him, who lov'd not 'me enough, becauſe he lov'd you too much. 'It grieves me to the Soul, that I have occaſion'd 'your misfortune, and forſaken my God for 'fear of Men. The leaſt of theſe ſtings were 'enough to make me undertake things beyond 'my Sex. I can no longer live at this diſtance 'from *Spain*, and all the Chriſtian Part of the 'World, with theſe Infidels, among whom I know 'it is impoſſible I ſhould ever work out my Salvati-'on either here or hereafter. You may aſſure your 'ſelf of my repentance by the ſecret I ſhall ac-'quaint you with, which putting my life at your 'diſpoſal, you may revenge your ſelf of all the

'miſchiefs

'miſchiefs I have been forc'd to do you. I have 'corrupted fifty Chriſtian Slaves, moſt *Spaniards*, 'and all perſons fit to undertake ſome great en-'terpriſe. With the Money I have ſecretly given 'them, they have ſecur'd a Bark ready to waft 'us over into *Spain*, if it pleaſe God to favour ſo 'good a deſign. All you have to do is to joyn for-'tunes with me, and ſo eſcape if I do, or, periſhing 'with me, get out of the hands of your cruel Ene-'mies, and put a period to ſo unfortunate a life as 'yours is. Reſolve therefore, *Sophia*, and while we 'cannot be ſuſpected guilty of any deſign, let us, 'without loſs of any time, conſider of the moſt 'important action of your life and mine.

'I caſt my ſelf at *Claudia*'s feet, and meaſuring 'her by my ſelf, I never queſtion'd her ſincerity. 'I was at a little loſs to give her ſufficient thanks, 'and aſſure her of the great reſentments I had 'of the favour which I conceiv'd ſhe would do me. 'We appointed a day for our eſcape, towards a 'place on the Sea-ſide, where ſhe told me that 'our Bark lay, under certain Rocks. The day, 'which I thought would prove ſo happy, came; 'we very happily got out of the Houſe and Ci-'ty. I admir'd the goodneſs of Heaven in the 'eaſineſs we found in compaſſing our deſign, 'and I inceſſantly bleſs'd God for it. But the 'end of my misfortunes was not ſo near as I 'thought it. *Claudia* did all this by order from 'the Perfidious *Amet*; nay, exceeding him in 'Perfidiouſneſs. The end of her bringing me to 'ſuch a ſolitary place, and that in the night 'time, was only to leave me to the violence 'of the Moor, who durſt not have attempted 'ought againſt my Chaſtity in his Father's Houſe,

'who,

'who, though a *Mahumetan*, was yet a morally 'honeſt Man, I innocently follow'd her, who led 'me to deſtruction, and I thought I ſhould never be 'ſufficiently thankful to her, for the liberty I was 'in hope e're long to obtain by her means. I could 'not be weary of giving her thanks, nor yet of 'going a good pace, in rough ways encompaſs'd 'with Rocks, where ſhe told me that her people 'expected her; when hearing a certain noiſe be-'hind me, and turning my head, I perceiv'd '*Amet* with his Cymitar drawn. You infamous 'Slaves (*ſaid he*) is it thus you run away from 'your Maſter? I had not the leiſure to anſwer 'him. *Claudia* held my hands faſt behind, and *A-'met* letting fall his Cymitar, came up to the Re-'negado, and both of them together did what 'they could to bind my hands with Cords, which 'they had provided for that purpoſe. Having a 'greater ſtrength and activity than Women com-'monly have, I a good while reſiſted the attempts 'of thoſe two wicked perſons: But at length I 'grew weak, and my only recourſe was to my 'Cries, which might draw ſome Paſſenger into 'that ſolitary place, where I rather hoped not for 'any relief, when Prince *Mulei* came in to my 'reſcue. You have heard how he ſav'd my ho-'nour, nay I may ſay my life, ſince I had aſſured-'ly died of grief, if the deteſtable *Amet* had had 'his deſires on me.

Thus did *Sophia* conclude the relation of her adventures, and the amiable *Zoraida* encourag'd her to expect from the generoſity of the Prince, that ſome courſe would be taken for her return into *Spain*; whereupon ſhe acquainted her Husband with all ſhe had heard from *Sophia*, whereof he

he afterwards gave Prince *Mulei* an account. Though all that had been related to him of the fortunes of the fair Chriſtian, flatter'd not the paſſion he had for her, yet was he glad, being a perſon nobly inclin'd to vertue, to receive ſome knowledge thereof, and find that her affection was engag'd in her own Country, that ſo he might not attempt a cenſurable action out of a vain hope of finding it eaſily compaſs'd. He had an eſteem for the virtue of *Sophia*, and was inclin'd, by his own, to endeavour a remiſſion of her misfortune. He ſent her word by *Zoraida* that he would give order for her return into *Spain*, when ſhe pleas'd, and, having once taken that reſolution, he forbore to viſit her, out of a diſtruſt of his own vertue, and the beauty of that amiable Perſon. She was not a little troubled to find out a ſecure way for her return, 'twas ſomewhat a tedious voyage, into *Spain*, whoſe Merchants traded not to *Fez*; and though ſhe might have met with a Chriſtian veſſel, yet being fair and young, as ſhe was, ſhe might find, among thoſe of her own Religion, what ſhe had been afraid to meet with among the Moors. Honeſty is not often found aboard a ſhip; ſincerity is as little obſerv'd there as in War, and wherever beauty and innocence are at the weakeſt, the inſolence of the wicked will not fail to take its advantage to thruſt them to the wall. *Zoraida* advis'd *Sophia* to put on Mans Cloaths, ſince her advantagious Stature, beyond that of other Women much further'd her diſguiſe. She told her it was the advice of Prince *Mulei*, who knew not any perſon at *Fez* to whom he might ſafely truſt her, and ſhe told her

her withal, that he had had the goodneſs to provide for the ſafety of her Sex, by aſſigning her a Companion of the ſame, of her own Faith, and diſguis'd as her ſelf, and that ſo ſhe might avoid the Diſquiet it would be to her, to ſee her ſelf alone, aboard a Veſſel, among Souldiers and Mariners.

Prince *Mulei* had bought of a Pyrate a Prize which he had taken at Sea; 'twas a Veſſel belonging to the Governour of *Oran*, which had aboard her the whole Family of a *Spaniſh* Gentleman, whom the Governour, upon ſome diſguſt, ſent over a Priſoner into *Spain*. *Mulei* had heard that the ſaid Gentleman was one of the beſt Huntſmen in the World, and Hunting being an Exerciſe the Prince was moſt of any inclin'd to, he would needs have him to be his Slave, and to make the more ſure of him, would not have him ſeparated from his Wife, his Son, and Daughter. In the ſpace of two years that he lived at *Fez*, in the Prince's Service, he taught him how he might take any thing with a Gun, whether it were on the Earth, or in the Air, and ſhew'd him ſeveral other Games unknown to the Moors. By theſe ways, he had ſo inſinuated himſelf into the Prince's Favour, and was become ſo neceſſary in his Divertiſements, that he would not hear of any Ranſom for him, but endeavour'd by all the obligations he could lay on him, to make him forget his own Countrey. But the regret he conceiv'd, that he ſhould not once more ſee it, put him into a Melancholy, which ſoon after ended in his Death, to which it was not long e're his Wife follow'd him. *Mulei* felt ſuch a certain remorſe, that he had not ſet him at Liberty, together with his

his Relations, ſince they had by their Services deſerv'd it, and ſo reſolv'd to repair towards their Children, the injury he thought he had done the Parents. The Daughter was named *Dorotea*, much about the ſame Age with *Sophia*, handſom and witty. Her Brother was not above fifteen years of Age, and his Name *Sancho*. *Mulei* pitch'd on them to accompany *Sophia*, and took that opportunity to ſend them together into *Spain*. The buſineſs was kept very ſecret; Mens Cloaths, according to the *Spaniſh* mode, were made for the two Gentlewomen and little *Sancho*. *Mulei* ſhew'd his Magnificence in the great quantity of Jewels he beſtow'd on *Sophia*. He alſo beſtow'd very noble Preſents on *Dorotea*, which added to thoſe her Father had receiv'd from the Prince's Liberality, made her a very conſiderable Fortune.

About this time, *Charles* the Fifth was engag'd in a War in *Africk*, and had beſieg'd the City of *Tunis*. He had ſent an Ambaſſador to *Mulei*, to treat about the ranſom of certain *Spaniards*, perſons of Quality, who had been caſt away on the Coaſt of *Morocco*. To this Ambaſſador did *Mulei* recommend *Sophia*, under the Name of *Don Fernand*, a Gentleman of Quality, who deſir'd not to be known by his own Name; and *Dorotea* and her Brother were to be his Retinue, one as a Gentleman waiting on him, the other as a Page. *Sophia* and *Zoraida* could not part without regret, and many tears were ſhed on both ſides. *Zoraida* beſtow'd on the fair Chriſtian a Neck-lace of Pearl, ſo rich, that ſhe would not have receiv'd it, if the obliging Moor, and her Husband *Zulema*, who had as great a kindneſs for *Sophia*,

'*Sophia* as his Wife, had not aſſur'd her, that ſhe 'could not diſoblige them in any thing ſo much, as 'the refuſal of that pledge of their friendſhip. '*Zoraida* made *Sophia* promiſe that ſhe ſhould 'hear from her, by the way of *Tangiers*, *Oran*, or 'ſome other places which the Emperour was poſ-'ſeſs'd of in *Africk*.

'The Chriſtian Ambaſſadour took Shipping at '*Salley*, having along with him *Sophia*, whom we 'muſt henceforth call *Don Fernand*. He came to 'the Emperours Army, while it was yet before '*Tunis*. Our diſguis'd *Spaniſh* Lady was preſented 'to him as a Gentleman of *Andaluſia*, who had 'ſome time been a Slave to the Prince of *Fez*; ſhe 'had no great reaſon to be ſo fond of her life, as 'to be afraid of engaging in the War, and being 'now to act the part of Cavalier, ſhe could not, in 'honour, avoid the performance of duty, as other 'gallant perſons did, whereof the Emperour's 'Army was full. She thereupon liſted her ſelf 'among the Voluntiers, miſs'd no deſign that 'was undertaken, and ſignaliz'd her ſelf upon all 'occaſions, ſo as the Emperour came to hear 'much of the counterfeit *Don Fernand*. Nay, ſuch 'was her good fortune, that ſhe happen'd to be 'near him, when in the heat of an engagement, 'wherein the diſadvantage was on the Chriſtian 'ſide, he fell into an ambuſcado of Moors, was 'forſaken by his party, and encompaſs'd by the 'Infidels, and in all probability he had been kill'd 'there, his Horſe having already receiv'd that 'fate under him; if our Amazon had not mounted 'him on hers, and ſeconding his Valour with 'unexpreſſible efforts, given the Chriſtians time to 'ſee their errour, and to come in to the relief of

that

that valiant Emperour. So ſignal an action was not unrecompenſed; the Emperour beſtow'd on the unknown *Don Fernand* a Commandery of Saint *James*, of a vaſt Revenue, and the Regiment of Horſe of a certain *Spaniſh* Lord, who had been kill'd in the laſt Engagement. He alſo beſtow'd on him the equipage of a perſon of Quality and from thenceforward, there was not a Perſon in the whole Army more highly eſteem'd or more conſiderable than this Valiant *Virago*. All the actions of Man were ſo natural to her; her Countenance was ſo fair, and made her ſeem ſo young; her Valour was ſo admirable conſidering her youth; and her Prudence and Conduct ſo remarkable, that there was not any perſon of Quality or Command in the Army, but courted her Friendſhip. It is not therefore much to be admir'd, if all pleading for her, but eſpecially her noble and heroick Actions, ſhe came in a ſhort time to be her Maſters greateſt Favourite.

About this time, there came over ſome Recruits from *Spain*, in thoſe Veſſels which brought over Money and Ammunition for the Army. The Emperour would needs ſee them himſelf in their Arms, accompany'd by the chiefeſt Commanders, among whom was our Amazon. Looking very earneſtly on theſe Recruits, ſhe imagin'd that ſhe had ſeen *Don Carlos*, nor was ſhe miſtaken. She could not be at reſt all that day; ſhe ſent to find him out among the new Levies, but he could not be found, in regard he had chang'd his name. She ſlept not all night, got up with the Sun, to find out, her ſelf, that dear Lover which had coſt her ſo many tears. She found him, and was not known by him, ſhe being grown ſomewhat taller,

taller, and the ſultry heat of *Africk* having a little chang'd the complexion of her Countenance. She pretended to take him for another of her acquaintance, and ask'd him what news from *Sevil*, and how ſuch a perſon did, naming the firſt came into her mind. *Don Carlos* told her ſhe had miſtaken him, that he had never been at *Sevil*, and that he was of *Valentia*. 'You are extreamly like a 'perſon I lov'd very well, (*ſays Sophia, I would 'ſay, Don Fernand*) and for that reſemblance, I 'will be your Friend, if you find in your ſelf no 'averſion to become mine. The ſame reaſon, '(*replies Don Carlos,*) which obliges you to proffer 'me your friendſhip, had already enſur'd mine to 'you, if it be worth your acceptance. You are 'ſomewhat like a perſon I have a long time been 'in love with; you have her Countenance and 'Voice, but you are not of the ſame Sex, and 'certainly, added he with a deep ſigh, you are 'not of her Humour. *Sophia* could not forbear bluſhing at thoſe words of *Don Carlos*, which he took no notice of haply, by reaſon his eyes, which began to be moiſtned with tears, could not well perceive the alterations of *Sophia*'s countenance. She was troubled, and not able at the preſent to diſſemble it, ſhe deſired *Don Carlos* to come to her Tent, where ſhe would expect him, and ſo left him, after he had deſcrib'd his Quarter, and told him that he was known in the Army by the Name of *Don Fernand*, one of the

At the hearing of that, *Don Carlos* was afraid he had not render'd him the reſpect due to his Quality. He had already heard what eſteem he was in with the Emperour, and that he was as much in favour with him as any

about the Court. He ſoon found out his Quarter and Tent, which any one could direct him to, and he was as well receiv'd by him, as a ſimple Cavalier could expect to be, by one of the chiefeſt Field-Officers. He again imagin'd he diſcover'd *Sophia*'s countenance, in that of *Don Fernand*; was more aſtoniſhed at it, than he had been before, and that much more at the ſound of his Voice, which entred into his very Soul, and there renew'd the remembrance of that perſon, for whom, of all the world, he had had the greateſt affection.

In the mean time, *Sophia*, undiſcover'd by her Lover, entertains him at dinner, which done, ſhe commands all the Servants to with-draw, and having given order that none ſhould viſit her, was told a ſecond time, by that Gentleman, that he was of *Valentia*, and afterwards very patiently heard him relate what ſhe knew as well as himſelf of their common adventures, to the day that he intended to have carried her away. 'Could you 'imagine, Sir, (*ſaid Don Carlos* to her,) that a 'Gentlewoman of ſuch Quality, who had re-'ceiv'd ſo many aſſurances of my Love, and had 'given me as many of hers, ſhould be wanting 'in point of fidelity and honour; ſhould have 'the ſubtilty to ſmother ſuch great failings, and 'be ſo blinded in her choice, as to prefer, before 'me, a young Page I had, who carried her away 'from me, the day before I ſhould have done it. 'But are you fully convinc'd it is ſo, (*ſays Sophia* 'to him.) All things are in the diſpoſal of 'Chance, which ſometimes is in an humour to 'confound our ratiocinations, by ſuch effects, as 'we leaſt expect. 'Tis poſſible, your Miſtreſs 'may have been forc'd to that ſeparation from you

'and

'and it may be, is rather unfortunate, than charge-
'able with any miſcarriage. O that it were the
'pleaſure of the Gods *replies Don Carlos*, I could
'make the leaſt queſtion of it, I ſhould comfortably
'endure all the loſſes and misfortunes it hath
'caus'd me, nay, I ſhould not think my ſelf un-
'fortunate, could I but imagine that ſhe were
'ſtill faithful to me; but ſhe is only ſuch to the
'perfidious *Claudio*, and never pretended love
'to the wretched *Don Carlos*, but to ruine him.
'Methinks, it may be inferr'd from what you ſay,
'(*replies Sophia*,) that you never had any great af-
'fection for her, when your charge againſt her is
'without your hearing what ſhe may have to al-
'ledge for her ſelf, and that you repreſent her, not
'only as an unconſtant, but alſo as a wicked per-
'ſon. And could any one have been a more wicked
'than ſhe hath prov'd, (*cries Don Carlos*,) when,
'to elude the ſuſpicion of having been carried a-
'way by the Page, ſhe left in her Chamber the
'very night ſhe vaniſh'd from her Fathers, a Let-
'ter, writ with the greateſt malice imaginable,
'which hath reduc'd me to more ſenſible miſeries,
'than that it ſhould ever get out of my memory.
'When you have heard it, you will haply be able
'to judge what Sycophancy ſo young a Thing could
'be guilty of.

THE LETTER.

SIR,

YOU ſhould not have forbidden me to love Don Carlos, *after you had once laid your Commands on me to do it. A Me-*

rit ſo great as his muſt needs have rais'd in me an Affection for him proportionable thereto, and when the mind of a young Perſon is prepoſſeſs'd with ſuch a paſſion, it is ſo fill'd, that there is no place for intereſt. Know then, that I go hence with him, whom you were pleas'd I ſhould affect, even from my Infancy, and without whom it were as impoſſible for me to live, as it would be, not to dye a thouſand times a day, with a Stranger, whom I cannot any way fancy, even though he were much richer than he is. Our offence, if it be any, deſerves your pardon; which if you grant us, we will return to receive it, with greater ſpeed, than we are now forc'd to, to avoid the unjuſt violence you would do us.

SOPHIA.

'You may eaſily imagine (*continu'd* Don Carlos,) 'the extream grief which *Sophia*'s Parents con-'ceiv'd at the reading of this Letter. They were in 'hopes I might be ſtill with their Daughter, either 'in *Valentia*, or not far from it. They diſcover'd 'not their loſs to any but the Vice-Roy, who was 'their Kinſman, and it was hardly light the next 'morning, when ſome Officers coming into my 'Room found me aſleep. I was, as well I might, 'very much ſtartled at ſuch a viſit, and when, af-'ter they had ask'd me where *Sophia* was, I alſo

'made

'made the ſame queſtion to them, my Adverſaries 'were incens'd, and violently dragg'd me to Pri- 'ſon. I was examin'd, and could make no plea 'for my ſelf againſt *Sophia*'s Letter. It was clear, 'that I had a deſign to have carried her away; but 'it appeared withal, that my Page had vaniſh'd at 'the ſame time with her. *Sophia*'s Parents ſent 'People to find her out, and my Friends, on the 'other ſide, made diligent ſearch where the Page 'might diſpoſe of her. This was the only means 'to clear me; but we never could hear any thing 'of theſe Fugitive Lovers, whereupon my Enemies 'charg'd me with the Death of them both. At 'laſt, injuſtice, back'd with power, carri'd it 'againſt oppreſs'd innocence. Notice was given 'me that I ſhould ſoon receive my Sentence, and 'that it would be that of Death. I hoped not that 'Heaven would do any miracles on my account, 'and ſo I thought it my beſt way to endeavour 'the recovery of my liberty by an Act of deſpair. 'I joyn'd my ſelf to certain Bandits, who were 'Priſoners as well as my ſelf, and all Perſons of 'reſolution. We forc'd the Priſon-doors, and, 'aſſiſted by our Friends, got into the Mountains 'about *Valentia*, e're the Vice-Roy had any notice 'of our eſcape. We continu'd a long time Ma- 'ſters of the Field. *Sophia*'s inconſtancy, the pro- 'ſecution of her Friends, the injuſtice I thought 'done me by the Vice-Roy, and in fine, the loſs of 'my eſtate, put me into ſuch deſpair, that I haz- 'zarded my Life in all the Engagements wherein my 'Camerades and my ſelf met with any reſiſtance; 'and by that means I got into ſuch reputation with 'them, that they made me their Chief. I behav'd 'my ſelf in that charge ſo ſucceſsfully, that our

'Party became dreadful to the Kingdoms of *Ar-*
'*ragon* and *Valentia*, and we grew ſo inſolent,
'as to impoſe a Contribution on thoſe Countries.
'I here make a dangerous diſcovery to you, but
'the honour you do me, and my own inclination,
'do ſo far enſlave me to you, that I am willing
'to put my life into your hands, by acquainting
'you with the greateſt ſecrets of it. At laſt, I
'grew weary of that lewd courſe of life; I got
'away from my Comerades, when they leaſt ſuſ-
'pected I ſhould, and took my way to *Barcelona*,
'where I was entertain'd only as a private Gen-
'tleman, in the Recruits ready to be tranſported
'into *Africk*, which have ſince joyn'd with the
'Army. I have no great reaſon to be in love with
'my life, and having been guilty of ſuch a miſ-
'expence thereof, I cannot employ it better than
'againſt the Enemies of my Religion, and to ſerve
'you, ſince the goodneſs you are pleas'd to expreſs
'towards me, hath given me the only joy, my
'ſoul hath been capable of, ever ſince the moſt
'ungrateful Woman in the World hath made me
'the moſt unhappy of all Men.

Sophia, undiſcover'd, took the part of *Sophia* unjuſtly accuſed, and omitted nothing that might induce her Lover, to forbear judging his Miſtreſs ſo rigorouſly, till he were more fully ſatisfi'd of her offence. She told the unfortunate Cavalier, that ſhe concern'd her ſelf very much in his misfortunes; that ſhe wiſh'd it in her power to alleviate them, and to give greater expreſſions thereof than words; that ſhe deſir'd him to except of a relation to her, and when occaſion ſerv'd, ſhe would employ all the credit ſhe had with the Emperour, and the intereſt of all her Friends, to reſcue him from the pro-

proſecution of *Sophia*'s, and the Vice-Roy of *Valentia*.

Don Carlos would not admit of any thing urg'd by the counterfeit *Don Fernand*, in the vindication of *Sophia*, but accepted of the entertainment he proffer'd him. That very day, that conſtant Miſtreſs ſpoke to the Commander, under whom *Don Carlos* was, that being a Kinſman of hers, he might be under her command. Thus is our unfortunate Lover receiv'd into the ſervice of his Miſtreſs, whom he thought, either dead, or had forſaken him. He finds himſelf as ſoon as entertain'd very highly in his favour whom he thought his Maſter, and wonders how he comes, ſo ſuddenly to be ſo much lov'd. He is immediately made his Treaſurer, Secretary, and Confident. The reſt of the Servants reſpect him little leſs than *Don Fernand* himſelf, and no doubt he might be happy, in the love of a Maſter that ſeems ſo amiable to him, and whom a ſecret inſtinct forces him to love, if loſt *Sophia*, if unconſtant *Sophia*, did not perpetually preſent her ſelf to his imagination, and gave him a ſadneſs, which the Careſſes of ſo dear a Maſter, and his better'd fortune were not able to ſmother. Though *Sophia* had a tenderneſs for him, yet was ſhe not diſpleas'd to ſee him troubled, not doubting but ſhe was the cauſe of his affliction. She often diſcours'd with him concerning *Sophia*, and ſometimes with ſo much earneſtneſs, nay, indignation and bitterneſs, vindicated her whom *Don Carlos* charg'd with no leſs a crime than a forfeiture of faith and honour, that at laſt he imagin'd, that *Don Fernand*, who would be ſtill harping on the ſame ſtring, had ſometime been a Servant to *Sophia* and haply was ſtill.

The War in *Africk* came to the period mention'd in the Hiſtory thereof. The Emperour carried it on afterwards in *Germany*, *Italy*, *Flanders*, and other places. Our Female Warrior, under the name of *Don Fernand*, added to the reputation ſhe had before of a valiant and experienc'd Commander, by many Gallant encounters, wherein ſhe ſhew'd no leſs valour than conduct, though the latter of thoſe qualities be ſeldom found in a Perſon ſo young, as her Sex made her appear. The Emperour was oblig'd to go into *Flanders*, and to that end, to deſire the King of *France* to give him paſſage through his Countries. The great Monarch who then reign'd, would needs, in generoſity and confidence, ſurpaſs a mortal enemy, who had ever ſurpaſs'd him in good fortune, whereof he had not at all times made good uſe. *Charles* the Fifth was receiv'd into *Paris*, as if he had been King of *France*. The fair *Don Fernand* was one of the ſmall number of Perſons of quality, who accompani'd him; and if his Maſter had made a longer ſtay in that gallant Court, the beautiful *Spaniſh* Lady, taken for a Man, had rais'd love in many of the *French* Ladies, and jealouſie in ſome of the moſt accompliſh'd Courtiers.

In the mean time, the Vice-Roy of *Valentia* dies in *Spain*. *Don Fernand*, encourag'd by the affection his Maſter bore him, and the ſervices he had done, preſum'd to demand that important charge, and obtain'd it, without much envy. He ſoon acquainted *Don Carlos* with the good ſucceſs, and put him in hopes, that, as ſoon as he had taken poſſeſſion of the Government of *Valenita*, he would accommodate the difference between him and the Relations of *Sophia*; procure his pardon from

from the Emperour, for having been chief Commander among the Bandits, and endeavour to put him into poſſeſſion of his Eſtate.

Don Carlos might have deriv'd ſome comfort from all theſe noble promiſes, had not the misfortune of his Love made him abſolutely diſconſolate. The Emperour came into *Spain*, and went ſtreight to *Madrid*, and *Don Fernand* went to take poſſeſſion of his Government. The next day after his arrival at *Valentia*, *Sophia*'s Relations preſented a Petition againſt *Don Carlos*, who was Steward and Secretary to the Vice-Roy. The Vice-Roy promis'd them juſtice; and *Don Carlos*, that he would protect his innocence. A new Indictment was put in againſt him; the Witneſſes were examin'd a ſecond time, and in fine, *Sophia*'s Relations, exaſperated at the loſs of her, and out of a deſire of revenge, which they conceiv'd juſt, ſolicited the buſineſs ſo earneſtly, that, in five or ſix days it was ready for judgment. They deſir'd that the perſon indicted might be ſent to priſon; the Vice-Roy gave them his word, that he ſhould not ſtir out of his Houſe, and ſet down a day to paſs judgment on him.

The Eve of that fatal day, which held the whole City of *Valentia* in ſuſpence, *Don Carlos* deſir'd a private audience of the Vice-Roy, which was granted him. Caſting himſelf at his feet, 'May it 'pleaſe your Highneſs, (*ſaid he to him*) to morrow 'is the time, that you are to ſatisfie all the World 'of my innocency, Though the Witneſſes I have 'produc'd abſolutely clear me of the Crime laid 'to my charge, yet I now come to aſſure your 'Highneſs with as much ſincerity, as if I were in 'the preſence of God, that I had not only no

'hand

'hand in the carrying away of *Sophia*, but withal, 'that, the day before ſhe was carried away, I did 'not ſo much as ſee her, nor ever heard of her 'ſince. True it is, that I ſhould have carried her 'away, but a misfortune, to me yet unknown, re-'mov'd her hence, either to my ruine, or her 'own.

'No more, no more, *Don Carlos* (*ſays the 'Vice-Roy to him,*) go thy ways, and take thy reſt 'ſecurely; I am thy Maſter and Friend, and better 'inform'd of thy innocence than thou doſt ima-'gine; nay, though I might doubt of it, yet ſhould 'I not be oblig'd to be too exact to ſatisfie my 'ſelf, ſince thou art in my Houſe, and of my Houſe, 'and that thou cameſt not hither with me, but 'upon the promiſe I made to protect thee. *Don Carlos* rendred his thanks to ſo obliging a Maſter with all the eloquence he was Maſter of. He went to bed, and the impatience he was in to ſee him-ſelf clear'd, would not ſuffer him to ſleep. He got up at the break of day, and having dreſs'd himſelf ſomewhat above his ordinary garb, waited at the riſing of his Maſter. But hold a little, I am mi-ſtaken, he went not into his Chamber till all his Cloaths were on; for from the time that *Sophia* had diſguis'd her Sex, only *Dorotea*, the confident of her diſguiſe, lay in her Chamber; and did all thoſe ſervices, which done by another might have diſcover'd what ſhe would have kept conceal'd. *Don Carlos* therefore entred into the Vice-Roys Chamber, as ſoon as *Dorotea* had open'd it for all viſitants; and the Vice-Roy no ſooner ſaw him, but he reproach'd him with his early riſing, being a Perſon accus'd who would have himſelf thought innocent, and told him, that a Perſon who could not

not ſleep betray'd ſomething that lay heavy on his Conſcience. *Don Carlos* a little troubled, made him anſwer, that it was not ſo much the fear of being found guilty, as the hope of defying the further proſecutions of his Enemies, by the juſtice he expected from his Highneſs, that had hindred him from ſleeping. 'But you are very neatly dreſs'd, and 'gallant, (*ſays the Vice-Roy to him,*) and I find you 'very calm, conſidering your life is in ſo great a 'hazard. I am now at a loſs what to think of 'the Crime wherewith you ſtand charg'd. As often as we fall into diſcourſe concerning *Sophia*, 'you ſpeak of her with leſs earneſtneſs and more 'indifference than I do; and yet I am not charg'd, 'as you are, to have ever been lov'd by her, and 'to have murther'd her, and poſſibly young *Claudia* too, on whom you would caſt the charge of 'her conveyance away. You affirm'd that you have 'lov'd her, (*continu'd the Vice-Roy,*) and yet you 'live after you had loſt her, and you have omitted 'nothing that could be done in order to your diſcharge and quiet; you, who ſhould rather be 'weary of your life, and hate whatever might tend 'to the preſervation of it. Ah! unconſtant *Don* 'Carlos, it muſt needs be that ſome other Love hath 'induc'd you to forget the inclinations you had for 'loſt *Sophia*, if ſo be you ever truly lov'd her, 'when ſhe was wholly yours, and durſt do any thing 'for your ſake.

Don Carlos, half dead at theſe words of the Vice-Roy's, would have made ſome reply thereto, but he would by no means permit him. 'Come, come, hold your peace, (*ſaid he to him, 'with a ſevere countenance,*) and reſerve your 'eloquence for your Judges; for my part, I ſhall 'not

'not be ſurpriz'd therewith, nor, on the account 'of one of my menial Servants, raiſe in the Em- 'perour an ill opinion of my integrity. And there- 'fore in the mean time, (*added the Vice-Roy, 'turning to the Captain of the Guard,*) let him be 'ſecur'd; he, who broke Priſon, may much rather 'his promiſe, when he finds there are no other 'hopes of impunity, than what may be had by an 'eſcape.

Immediately *Don Carlos*'s Sword was taken from him, which rais'd a great compaſſion in all thoſe who ſaw him encompaſs'd by the Guards, caſt down and diſcourag'd, and having much ado to keep in his Tears. While the poor Gentleman was repenting himſelf, that he had not been ſuf- ficiently diſtruſtful of the unconſtant humour of Grandees; the Judges, before whom he was to be tried, entred the room, and took their places, after the Vice-Roy had taken his. The *Italian* Count, who had continu'd all this time at *Valentia*, and the Father and Mother of *Sophia* appear'd, and produc'd their Witneſſes againſt the Priſoner, who was now at ſuch a loſs, that he hardly had the courage to plead for himſelf. They ſhew'd him the Letters which he had ſometimes written to *Sophia*; the Neighbours were brought in, and the Domeſtick of *Sophia*'s Houſe, and at laſt there was produc'd againſt him the Letters ſhe had left in her Chamber, the day he had deſign'd to carry her away. The Priſoner brought in his Dome- ſticks, who depos'd, that they had ſeen their Ma- ſter in Bed; but he might have got up after he had made them believe he was aſleep. For his own part, he ſwore very liberally, that he had not carried away *Sophia*, and repreſented it to the

Judges,

Judges, that it was the moſt improbable thing in the World, that he ſhould carry her away, ſoon after to be ſeparated from her: But a further charge againſt him was, that he had murther'd her, and alſo the Page, the confident of his Loves. There remain'd only to paſs the Sentence, and no doubt it would have been that of Death, when the Vice-Roy order'd him to approach, and ſpoke to him in theſe words.

'Unfortunate *Don Carlos!* Thou may'ſt well 'conclude, after all the demonſtrations of af-'fection thou haſt received from me, that, if I 'could have but ſuſpected thee guilty of the 'Crime laid to thy charge I ſhould not have 'brought thee to *Valentia.* There's no way for 'me but to condemn thee, unleſs I would begin 'the exerciſe of my charge by an Injuſtice, and 'thou may'ſt Judge how much I am troubled at thy 'misfortune, by the tears I ſhed for thee. 'Twere 'poſſible thy Adverſaries might be ſatisfi'd, were 'they of a Lower Quality, or leſs reſolv'd upon 'thy deſtruction. In a word, if *Sophia* appears 'not her ſelf to vindicate thee, prepare thy ſelf 'for Death.

Don Carlos, at this, deſpairing of all ſafety, caſt himſelf at the Vice-Roy's feet, and ſaid to him. 'Your Highneſs may be pleas'd to remember, 'that, in *Africk*, even from the firſt time I had 'the honour to be entertain'd into your ſervice, 'and whenever your Highneſs engag'd me in the 'tedious relation of my misfortunes; I ever re-'lated them in the ſame manner, and you might 'preſume, that, in thoſe Countries, and all other 'places, I ſhould not have affirm'd to a Maſter, 'who ſo highly honour'd me with his affection, 'what

'what I ſhould here deny before a Judge. I ever 'told your Highneſs the naked Truth, as ſincerely 'as to my God, and I tell you ſtill, that I lov'd, 'that I ador'd *Sophia.* How! ſay that thou 'ador'ſt her, ungrateful Man? (*ſays the Vice-Roy 'to him ſurpriſing all the Aſſembly by his Action.*) 'Yes, I do adore her, replies (*Don Carlos, very 'much aſtoniſh'd at what the Vice-Roy had ſpo-'ken.*) I promis'd to Married her, (*continu'd he,*) 'and we agreed together, that I ſhould carry her 'away to *Barcelona.* But if I did effectually 'convey her hence, if I know where ſhe is, let 'me be put to the moſt cruel Death can be ima-'gin'd, I cannot avoid it; but I ſhall dye in-'nocently, unleſs it may be ſaid I have deſerv'd 'Death, for loving, even beyond my own Life 'an unconſtant and perfidious Creature. But 'what is become of this perfidious Creature and 'thy Page, (*cries the Vice-Roy, with a furious 'Countenance?*) Are they gone up into Heaven? 'Are they ſunk down under the Earth? The Page 'was a Gallant, (*replies Don Carlos,*) ſhe was 'handſome; he was a Man, ſhe was a Woman, 'Ah Traitor! (*ſaid the Vice-Roy to him,*) how haſt 'thou now diſcover'd thy baſe ſuſpicions, and the 'little eſteem thou hadſt for the unfortunate '*Sophia*! Curſed be the Woman that ſuffers her 'ſelf to be cajoll'd by the promiſes of Men, and 'comes afterwards to be ſlighted for her cre-'dulity! Neither was *Sophia* a Woman of ordi-'nary virtue, wicked Man! Nor thy Page *Claudio* 'a Man. *Sophia* was conſtant to thee; and thy 'Page was a diſtracted Woman in Love with thee, 'and robb'd thee of *Sophia*, whom ſhe betray'd 'as a Rival. I am *Sophia*, unworthy, ungrateful

'Lover

'Lover! I am *Sophia*, who have ſuffered unimagi-
'nable miſeries, for a Man, that deſerv'd not to
'be lov'd, and one who thought me guilty of the
'greateſt infamy I could fall into.

Sophia could ſay no more, her Father, who knew her, took her into his arms. Her Mother fell into a ſwound, on the one ſide; and *Don Carlos* on the other. *Sophia* diſ-engag'd her ſelf from her Father, to go to the relief of the two Perſons who had ſwounded, but ſoon recover'd themſelves, while ſhe was in ſuſpence to whether of the two ſhe ſhould run. Her Mother wept over her, ſhe did the like over her Mother. She embrac'd, with all the tenderneſs imaginable, her dear *Don Carlos*, who had almoſt fallen into another ſwound. But with much ado he kept upon his feet, and not preſuming yet to kiſs *Sophia*'s lips, as he could have wiſh'd, he reveng'd himſelf on her hands, which he kiſs'd a thouſand times one after another. *Sophia* was hardly able to return all the embraces ſhe receiv'd, and all the compliments that were made to her. The *Italian* Count, making his among the reſt, would have entertain'd her with the pretentions he had to her, as having been promis'd him by her Father and Mother. *Don Carlos*, who heard him; quitted one of *Sophia*'s hands, which he was then greedily kiſſing, and drawing his Sword, which had been deliver'd to him, ſet himſelf into ſuch a poſture, as put the whole aſſembly into a fright and ſwearing after the rate of millions, made it appear, that no humane force ſhould deprive him of *Sophia*, if ſhe her ſelf forbad him not to think of her. But ſhe declar'd, that ſhe would never have any other Husband than her dear *Don Carlos*, and intreated her Father

Father and Mother to conſent thereto, or reſolve to ſee her ſhut up in a Monaſtery for the remainder of her Life. Her Parents gave her liberty to make her own choice, and the *Italian* Count took Poſt that very day, for *Italy*, or ſome other place where he had a mind to go.

Sophia diſmiſs'd not the Aſſembly, till ſhe had given them a relation of her adventures, which were admir'd by all. A Perſon was diſpatch'd away expreſs to carry the news of this miracle to the Emperour, who continu'd to *Don Carlos*, after he had Married *Sophia*, the Vice-Royalty and Government of *Valentia*; and all the kindneſſes which that *Virago* had deſerv'd under the name of *Don Fernand*, and beſtow'd on that happy Lover a Principality, which his Poſterity enjoys to this day. The ſolemnities of the Nuptials were extraordinary, diſcharg'd by the City of *Valentia*; and *Dorotea*, who put on Man's Cloaths at the ſame time as *Sophia*, was alſo, at the ſame time, Married to a Cavalier, a near Kinſman to *Don Carlos*.

SCAR-

SCARRON's NOVELS.

The Rival-Brothers.

The Fifth Novel.

Dorothea and *Feliciana* were the two moſt Beautiful and moſt amiable Ladies of any about the famous City of *Sevil*; but though they had not been ſuch, their Quality and Great Fortunes were ſo conſiderable as might well engage all thoſe, who were deſirous to be advantagiouſly match'd, to make their Addreſſes

to them. It is not then to be doubted, but that, of Sutors, there was a pretty Catalogue, yet had not *Don Manuel*, their Father, declar'd himſelf in favour of any Man's pretenſions: and *Dorothea*, who, being the elder, ſhould by the courſe of the Cards, be married firſt, had, as well as her ſiſter, been ſo reſerv'd in her demeanour and actions, that the moſt preſumptuous of her humble Servants were in ſome doubt, whether their ſervices were kindly or unkindly received. Theſe two Beauties never went publickly to Maſs, but they were attended by a number of the greateſt Gallants about the City, wherein the Miracle was, that ſo many different pretenſions ſhould agree ſo well, and that in a ſuperſtitious Country young Gentlemen ſhould be guilty of any devotion, beſides that they have for their Miſtreſſes. Before they could get off their Gloves to take a little Holy-water, other hands, ſome fair, ſome otherwiſe, beſtow'd on them more than they needed. Their fair eyes were no ſooner off their Prayer-books, but they were the centre of I know not how many immodeſt looks: and every ſtep, as they went out of the Church, they had ſalutations to return.

But if they were thus importun'd with Courtſhip in Churches, and Publick places, where People conceive themſelves oblig'd to obſerve ſome reſerv'dneſs, they wanted it not at home. For, their Father's Houſe being in the midſt of a ſpacious Plain, there paſs'd not a day without ſome of thoſe divertiſements, whereby Lovers would inſinuate themſelves into the favour of their Miſtreſſes. And theſe our young Ladies took the more kindly, in that they made that reſtraint, which the tyrannical cuſtom of the Country impoſes on their Sex,

the

the more ſupportable to them. In the day time, Cavalcades, Tilting, and ſuch exerciſes were their entertainment, every night ſeveral ſorts of Muſick. One day above the reſt, there came an unknown Perſon who did ſuch things as aſtoniſh'd all the beholders, and had been particularly obſerv'd by the two fair Siſters, to be one ſo neatly made, as if Nature had intended him for a pattern. Several Gentlemen of *Sevil*, who had known him in *Flanders*, where he had the command of a Regiment of Horſe, invited him to make one at their ſport of Tilting, which he did, habited as a Souldier.

Not long after, there happened to be at *Sevil*, the Ceremony of the Conſecration of a Biſhop. The ſtranger we ſpoke of before, who went under the name of *Don Sancho de Sylva*, came into that Church where it was to be performed, with ſeveral others the greateſt Gallants about the City, and the two fair Siſters, *Dorothea* and *Feliciana de Monſalvo* were alſo there among divers Ladies, all diſguis'd according to the mode of *Sevil*, with Mantles of a thick ſtuff, and Hats with plumes of Feathers in them. It was *Don Sancho*'s fortune to ſtand between the two Siſters, and another Lady, with whom he would have enter'd into ſome diſcourſe, but ſhe civilly intreated him, to forbear ſpeaking to her, and to reſign the place he was in, to a perſon ſhe expected, to meet her there. *Don Sancho* compli'd with her deſires, and thereupon turning about, he makes towards *Dorothea de Monſalvo*, who ſtood nearer him than her Siſter, and had obſerv'd what Complements had paſs'd between him and the other Lady. 'I was in 'hopes Madam, *ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to her,*

'that, being a ſtranger in this place, the Lady to
'whom I would have ſpoken, would have vouch-
'ſafed me her Converſation; but ſhe hath puniſh'd
'the confidence I had to think that mine was not
'to be ſlighted. I acknowledge my overſight, and
'I ſhall be more diſtruſtful of my ſelf another
'time. And therefore be you pleaſed, Madam,
'to expreſs leſs rigour towards a Stranger, whom
'you have ſeen treated with ſo much diſreſpect,
'and, for the honour of the *Sevillian* Ladies, to
'give him occaſion to make ſome acknowledg-
'ment of their kindneſs. You rather give me
'occaſion to treat you with as much contempt as
'the other Lady did, *replies Dorothea*, ſince your
'applications to me are the effects of her refuſal
'of them: but that you may not have too great
'cauſe to complain of the Ladies of this Country,
'I am content to diſcourſe only with you, as
'long as this Ceremony ſhall laſt, and thence,
'beſides the kindneſs you may conceive done to
'your ſelf, you may infer, that I have not appoint-
'ed any one to meet me here. Being ſo excel-
'lent a perſon as I imagine you to be, *ſays Don*
'*Sancho*, I cannot forbear wondering at it, but
'muſt withal conclude, that you are much to be
'fear'd, or that the Gallants of this City are ve-
'ry timorous, or rather that he, whoſe place I have
'taken up, may be abſent. And do you think,
'Sir, *ſays Dorothea to him*, that I am ſo ignorant
'in the matter of loving, that, in the abſence of
'a Gallant, I could not forbear going to an Aſ-
'ſembly, where I ſhould not fail meeting with
'ſome other? Take heed another time how you
'paſs ſo raſh a cenſure of a perſon you know
'not. You would find, Madam, *replies Don San-*

'*cho*,

'*cho*, that what you call my Cenſure is more to 'your advantage than you think, if you permit me 'to ſerve you anſwerably to the inclinations I have 'for you. Our firſt motions are violent, and there-'fore not always to be follow'd, *ſays Dorothea to* '*him*; beſides there is a great difficulty in what 'you propoſe to me. Not any ſo great, *replies* '*Don Sancho*, but I ſhall be able to overcome, 'when the reward of it is to become your Ser-'vant. 'Tis not a deſign to be compaſſed in few 'days, *ſays Dorothea*; I find you a perſon will be 'eaſily tranſported, in that you ſeem to have for-'gotten, that you only take *Sevil* in your way 'to ſome other place, and perhaps are yet to learn, 'that I ſhould not take it kindly any man lov'd 'me, *en paſſant*, that is, by the way. Be you but 'pleaſed, Madam, *ſaid he*, to grant me what I 'deſire, and I promiſe you not to go any further 'than *Sevil* while I live. There is a great deal of 'Spirit and Gallantry in what you ſay, *replies Do-*'*rothea*, and thence I wonder much, that a per-'ſon who is able to ſay ſuch things, hath not al-'ready made choice of a Lady, on whom he might 'beſtow his gallantries. Proceeds it hence that he 'thinks them not worth his trouble? No, but ra-'ther out of a diſtruſt of his own ſtrength, *ſays* '*Don Sancho*. Anſwer me preciſely to what I 'ask you, *ſays Dorothea*; and confidently tell me, 'which of our Ladies is Miſtreſs of thoſe Charms 'that might force your ſtay at *Sevil*. I have al-'ready told you, that it is in your power to do it 'if you pleaſe, *replies Don Sancho*. You never 'ſaw me, *ſays Dorothea*; it muſt needs be ſome 'one that you have ſeen, therefore name ſome 'other. Since you preſs ſo much upon me, *ſays*

'*Don Sancho to her*, I muſt acknowledge, Ma-
'dam, that if the Lady *Dorothea Monſalvo* were
'as ingenious as you are, I ſhould account that
'Man happy, whoſe merit ſhe might value, and
'whoſe ſervices ſhe might allow of. There are in
'*Sevil* many Ladies as handſome as ſhe is, nay
'many exceed her, *ſays Dorothea*, both in Beauty
'and Wit, but ſince you are pleas'd to pitch upon
'her, pray tell me ſeriouſly, did you never hear it
'reported, that ſhe favour'd any one of her Gal-
'lants particularly above all the reſt? Finding my
'ſelf at a great diſtance from deſerving her, *ſays*
'*Don Sancho*, I never made it my buſineſs to en-
'quire. And why do you think you might not de-
'ſerve her as well as another, *ſays Dorothea*? I
'took you to be a perſon of greater courage than
'to betray ſo great a diſtruſt of your ſelf. Had you
'ſtudi'd Ladies as much as I imagin'd you might
'have done, you would have found them mighty
'humourſom and fantaſtick, and that many times
'the firſt onſet of a new comer makes a greater
'progreſs in their affections, than ſeveral years
'of ſervices rendred by thoſe Gallants, who are
'never out of their ſight. From the character you
'give thoſe Ladies, Madam, *ſays Don Sancho*, I
'may infer you would be loth to be included in
'the number, and ſo you take an ingenious way
'to rid your hands of me, by encouraging me to
'love ſome other Lady, and I clearly ſee, you
'would have but little regard for the ſervices of a
'freſh Gallant, to the prejudice of one to whom
'you had been long before engag'd, though 'twere
'out of no other reaſon than that you would not
'be thought humorous or fantaſtick. Take heed
'how you entertain any ſuch thing in your ima-

'gination, *replies Dorothea*, but rather perſwade 'your ſelf, that I am not ſo eaſily induc'd to re- 'ceive a witty Complement for an aſſurance of a 'growing inclination toward me, from a perſon 'who never ſaw me. If there wants only that to 'make way for the amorous inclination I have for 'you, *replies Don Sancho*, conceal not your ſelf 'any longer, from a perſon, who, though a ſtranger 'to you, is already infinitely taken with your wit. 'It's poſſible you might not be ſo much with my 'Countenance, *ſays the Lady*. Ah Madam, *ſays 'Don Sancho*, it's impoſſible you ſhould be other- 'wiſe than very beautiful, when you ſo ingeni- 'ouſly acknowledge that you are not; and now I 'am fully ſatisfi'd you would be rid of me, either 'becauſe you think me troubleſome, or that your 'heart is already taken up. 'Twere therefore 'unjuſt, the goodneſs oblig'd you to bear with me 'thus far, ſhould be any longer preſs'd upon, only 'be pleas'd to aſſure your ſelf, that what I have 'ſaid was not meerly to paſs away the time with 'you, but to make a ſincere proffer of that of my 'whole Life to ſerve you. To ſatisfie you, Sir, *re- 'plies Dorothea*, that I would not have that 'thought loſt which I have ſpent in diſcourſing 'with you, I ſhall be glad, e'er we part, to know 'who you are. I can do no leſs than obey you, 'replies he; know then, Madam, whom I think 'ſo amiable, though I have not ſeen, that I am 'known by the name of *Sylva*; that my Father 'is Governour of *Quitto* in *Peru*; and that by order 'from him I am come to *Sevil*; and that I have 'ſpent moſt part of my Life in *Flanders*, where 'I have, by my ſervices, attain'd to the higheſt 'Commands in the Army, and gotten a Com-

'mandery of Saint *James*. This is a ſhort account 'of what I now am; what I would be while I 'live, it lies on you, Madam, to give me leave, in 'ſome leſs publick place than this is, to aſſure you. 'That ſhall be as ſoon as I may conveniently do 'it, *replies Dorothea*; in the mean time, trouble not 'your ſelf to get any further knowledge of me, 'unleſs you will run the hazzard of never know-'ing me for your friend: only take this for your 'preſent ſatisfaction, that I am a perſon of quality, 'and that my face is ſuch as will not frighten any 'body.

Don Sancho was ſatisfy'd, and having, with a low Congee, taken his leave of her, he thruſt himſelf in among a great number of fine Gallants, who were very ſeriouſly diſcourſing together: There are a ſort of ſevere Ladies, who may be more particularly known by the Character I ſhall here give of them, to wit, ſuch as extremely concern themſelves in the conduct and demeanour of others, and are very ſecure as to their own; who imagine themſelves the only fit Judges of what is well or ill done, though there may be good wagers laid of their virtue, as a thing whereof there is no great certainty, and think that upon the diſcovery of a little brutiſh rudeneſs, they may pretend to ſupererogation in point of Honour, though the miſcarriages of their greener years gave more ſcandal, than their wrinkles will ever good example. Theſe Ladies, I ſay, who are very ſhort-ſighted in the ordinary occurrences of humane Life, will take occaſion to quarrel at the Author, and affirm, that *Madam Dorothea* was guilty of a great want of reſerv'dneſs, and indiſcretion, not only in being ſo over-free to favour a perſon whom

whom ſhe only knew by ſight, but alſo in permitting him to ſpeak to her of Love, and that if a young Gentlewoman, over whom they had any power, had done as much, ſhe ſhould make no long abode in this World. But let theſe yet-to-be-taught Ladies learn from me, that every Country hath its particular Cuſtoms, and that if in *France*, *England*, and ſome other parts, Married Women and Maids, who are truſted to go any where upon the ſecurity of their own good behaviour, are offended, or at leaſt ſhould be ſo, at any the leaſt expreſſion of Love; in *Spain* where they are kept in as Nuns, they take it not amiſs that any one ſhould tell them they love them, though the perſon that ſhould tell them ſo, had not any thing for which he might expect a return of his Love. Nay, they do much more, they are the Ladies commonly that make the firſt overtures, and are firſt taken, in aſmuch as they are the laſt ſeen, by their Gallants, whom they have the advantage to ſee daily, in Churches, and other publick places, and ſometimes from their Balconies and Chamber-windows.

Dorothea acquainted her Siſter *Feliciana* with the diſcourſe had paſs'd between her and *Don Sancho*, and made no difficulty to tell her, that ſhe was more taken with the Stranger, than with all the Gallants of *Sevil*, and her Siſter approv'd the deſign ſhe had upon her Liberty. Thereupon the two fair Siſters had a great deal of ſerious diſcourſe together, concerning the advantagious priviledges which the Men have above the Women, who were ſeldom Married without the conſent of their Friends, which many times happen'd contrary to their liking, whereas the Men were at liberty to

make

make choice, where they beſt fancied. 'For my 'part, *ſays Dorothea to her Siſter*, I am confi-'dent, Love ſhall never be able to make me do 'any thing contrary to my duty; but I am on the 'other ſide fully reſolv'd never to be Married to 'a Man, who ſhall not alone be poſſeſs'd of what-'ever I could wiſh in ſeveral others, and I had 'rather ſpend my Life in a Monaſtry, than in the 'company of a Husband I could not affect. *Feliciana* told her Siſter, that ſhe had taken the ſame reſolution, and they confirm'd one the other therein, with all the fine arguments, which their ingenuity could furniſh them with, upon that occaſion. *Dorothea* found it ſome difficulty to make good the promiſe ſhe had made *Don Sancho*, of diſcovering her ſelf to him, and acquainted her Siſter how much ſhe was troubled thereat; but *Feliciana*, who was very fortunate in finding out expedients, put her Siſter in mind, that a certain Lady, a Kinſwoman of theirs, and one of their moſt intimate Friends (for all of ones Kindred are not ſuch) would do her all the ſervice lay in her power, in a buſineſs wherein her quiet was ſo much concern'd. 'You know, *ſays this beſt 'natur'd Siſter in the World*, that *Marina*, who 'hath liv'd with us ſo many Years, is now Married 'to a Surgeon, who hath taken of our Kinſwoman 'a little Houſe adjoyning to her own, and that 'there is a common Entry between both. The 'place where they ſtand is a remote ſtreet not 'much frequented, and though it ſhould be ob-'ſerv'd, that we viſited our Kinſwoman oftner 'than we had been wont, there would be no no-'tice taken of *Don Sancho*'s going into a Sur-'geons, beſides that the buſineſs may be ſo con-'triv'd,

'triv'd, that he may come thither only in the 'night, and diſguis'd.

While *Dorothea*, with the aſſiſtance of her Siſter, was contriving how to compaſs this amorous interview; while ſhe was diſpoſing her Kinſwoman to ſerve her, and preparing Inſtructions for *Marina*, *Don Sancho*'s thoughts were wholly taken up with the unknown Lady. One while he is in ſuſpence whether the promiſe ſhe had made him, that he ſhould hear from her, were not an abuſe; another he imagin'd, that there was ſomewhat in her laſt words which diſcover'd a certain kindneſs towards him. He ſaw her every day, though he knew her not, in the Churches or ſome other publick places, receiving the adorations of her Gallants, who were all his intimate acquaintances, and the greateſt friends he had in *Sevil*. He was one Morning putting on his Cloaths, his thoughts full of his unknown Miſtreſs, when a meſſage was brought, that there was a Woman deſir'd to ſpeak with him. Being conducted to his Chamber, he received from her this

LETTER.

THat you heard not ſooner from me, Attribute not to any remiſſion of that kindneſs I expreſs'd to you at our firſt meeting, but purely to want of convenience. If you ſtill perſiſt in a deſire to be better known to me, receive directions from the Bearer, where you are to meet her in the Evening, and ſhe will conduct you to the place, where I ſhall be ready to receive you.

It

It may be eaſily imagin'd how gladly he entertain'd this meſſage, his tranſportation was ſuch, that he could not forbear embracing that happy Ambaſſadreſs, and he preſented her with a Gold Chain, which, after ſome ceremony, ſhe receiv'd from him. She appointed him to meet her at a certain place in the dusk of the Evening, leaving him the moſt ſatisfi'd, but withal the moſt impatient Man in the World. At laſt night came; he went to the place where the morning Ambaſſadreſs expected him, trick'd up and perfum'd as if he had ſpent the whole day about it. He was conducted by her to a little obſcure Houſe, which look'd ſomewhat ſuſpiciouſly, and thence into a noble large room, where he found three Ladies, all veil'd. He diſcover'd his unknown Miſtreſs by her Stature, and immediately broke forth into Complaints, that ſhe would not vouchſafe to unveil her ſelf. She ſtaid not for any further intreaties, whereupon ſhe and her Siſter uncovering their faces *Don Sancho* knew them to be the fair Siſters, *Dorothea* and *Feliciana de Monſalvo*. 'You are now convinc'd, *ſays the Elder to him,* '*taking off her Veil,* that I told you but truth, 'when I aſſur'd you, that a Stranger might ſome-'times obtain that in a minute, which thoſe Gal-'lants whom a Lady ſees every day ſhould not 'deſerve in many years: But I would have you 'withal conſider with your ſelf, that you will be 'the moſt ungrateful of all Men, if you do not 'highly eſteem the favour I ſhew you, or paſs any 'cenſure of it to my diſadvantage, though I told 'you ſuch things might be the effect of a fan-'taſtick humour. I ſhall ever value what I re-'ceive from you, as if it were ſent me from Hea-

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'ven, *ſays the paſſionate Don Sancho,* and you 'ſhall find, by the care I ſhall take to preſerve 'the kindneſs you do me, that if I ever loſe it, 'it will not be my negligence, but my misfor-'tunes.

This ſharp onſet was as eagerly purſu'd on both ſides, to the mutual ſatisfaction of the two Lovers; which the Miſtreſs of the Houſe and *Feliciana* perceiving, took occaſion to ſtand at a conſiderable diſtance from them, and ſo they had all the convenience they could have wiſh'd, to counter-charge one the other with amorous Complements, and heighten the flames they had already rais'd in each other; nay, though the Love there was between them, might be accounted, conſidering the little time of their acquaintance, very great, yet would they appoint another day, to make ſome additionals thereto, if any might be admitted. *Dorothea* promis'd *Don Sancho* that ſhe would endeavour to ſee him as often as ſhe could: he return'd her his moſt humble thanks, with all the Rhetorick he was Maſter of.

Upon this Ceſſation of Diſcourſe, the two other Ladies came up to them, and they fell into it afreſh, and continu'd the kind engagement, ſo long, that *Marina* thought it time to mind them of their departure. *Dorothea* was troubled at that alarm, and *Don Sancho* grew pale and ſilent; but there was a neceſſity of parting. The tranſported Cavalier took occaſion the next day, to write a Letter to his Miſtreſs, and ſent it by the common Ambaſſadreſs *Marina,* and ſhe return'd him ſuch an Anſwer thereto, as he could have wiſh'd. I ſhall forbear inſerting their amorous Epiſtles here, becauſe there never came any of them to my hands,

hands, and I am loth to foiſt in any of my own dreſſing, out of a fear they might not prove as good as theirs. They had many interviews afterwards at the ſame place, and they ſpent the time, as they had done at the firſt, and ſo by a continued progreſs, their Loves came up to that fervency, that, abating their not ſhedding their blood, as *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* are recorded to have done, they were not behind them, as to a violent tenderneſs one for another; 'Tis commonly ſaid, that Love, Fire, and Money cannot be long conceal'd. *Dorothea*, who was in a manner tranſported with continual thoughts of her lovely Stranger, could not ſpeak of him with any moderation, nay, ſhe commended him ſo highly beyond all the Gentlemen of *Sevil*, that ſome Ladies, who would have carried on their deſigns, ſecretly as ſhe did, hearing her inceſſantly ſpeaking of *Don Sancho*, and preferring him ſo as to caſt a certain contempt on thoſe they fancied, took notice of it, and were offended. *Feliciana* had often privately advis'd her, to ſpeak of him with more caution and reſerv'dneſs; nay many times, in Company, when ſhe ſaw her tranſported with the pleaſure ſhe took in diſcourſing of her Gallant, had trod on her foot ſo hard as to make her cry out, and find ſomewhat elſe to talk of.

Theſe diſcoveries were at laſt ſo obſerv'd, that a certain Cavalier, a Suitor of *Dorothea*'s, had notice given him thereof, by a Lady he was intimately acquainted with. He was the more eaſily induc'd to believe, that *Dorothea* had a more than ordinary kindneſs for *Don Sancho*, when he conſider'd, that ever ſince the coming of that Stranger to the City, thoſe who accounted themſelves the Slave,

Slave, thought himſelf the moſt heavily chain'd, had not received the leaſt favourable look from her. This Rival of *Don Sancho*'s was a perſon of great wealth, deſcended of a noble Houſe, and much in favour with *Don Manuel*, who yet was the more backward to preſs his Daughter to marry him, in regard that when ever he ſpoke to her of it, her anſwer was, that ſhe wanted two or three years of being ripe for that ſtate.

This ſame young Gentleman (now his name comes into my head, *Don Diego*) before he engag'd himſelf in an action which might be charg'd with imprudence, thought it requiſite to be fully aſſur'd of a thing, which yet he did only ſuſpect. He had a very ſpruce fellow that waited on him in his Chamber, one of thoſe inſolent attendants who think it is for their Maſters credit that they wear as good Linnen as themſelves, or at leaſt wear theirs; and all, that they may be the more gracious in the Eyes of the waiting Women. This Servants name was *Guzaman*; he pretended much to ingenuity, out of a conceit that it had been deriv'd to him from that Country-man of his, whoſe adventures are ſo famous; but having among other Endowments, a ſmattering in Poetry, he employ'd his Talent in compoſing ſuch Romances as in other Countries are known by the name of Ballads. He ſung them playing on his Gitthar, but ſo wretchedly, that his wry mouths and the ſtretching out of his tongue, ſpoil'd the diſcord, at leaſt to thoſe that look'd on him. He had alſo the graceful knack of dancing a Sarabrand, and never went without his Caſtagnets. He had once ſome intentions to turn Comedian, but ſomewhat in his humour was not lik'd, for he was very much addi-

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cted to Vapouring and Hectorſhip; and to give you a true Character of him, there was ſome ſuſpicion of his nocturnal Atchievments; as being one who would bid People ſtand with as much confidence as a Conſtable, but with this greater civility, that he would diſmiſs their perſons, and ſecure only what he found about them.

All theſe excellent Talents, heightn'd by a little Eloquence, which reach'd only ſo far as he had read, and what he heard from his Maſter, made all the Waiting-Women, even thoſe who pretended to ſomewhat of Beauty, look on him as the blank (if I may make that Compariſon) of their amorous deſires. *Don Diego* gave him inſtructions to go and Court *Iſabella*, a young Maid who waited on the two Beautiful Siſters. He went, and inſinuated himſelf ſo far into *Iſabella*'s favour, that ſhe thought her ſelf the happieſt Creature in the World to be lov'd by *Guzman*, nay, the kindneſs they had one for another grew to ſuch a degree, that he became very earneſt in the continuance of what he had begun only to obey his Maſter. *Iſabella* had ſo well feather'd her Neſt in her ſervice, that ſhe might well be accounted a good Fortune, for the proudeſt attendant of any in *Spain*. Her Miſtreſſes treated her very kindly, and were very liberal to her, beſides ſomewhat ſhe had to expect from her Father, who was an honeſt Tradeſman. In fine, *Guzman* thought it his beſt courſe to make ſure of her, by propoſing a match; ſhe was as willing as he was, and took him at his word; they made one another mutual promiſes of Marriage, and ever after liv'd together as if the Ceremonies had paſs'd between them.

Things

Things ſtanding thus, *Iſabella* began to conceive an extream indignation againſt *Marina*, the Surgeons Wife, at whoſe houſe *Don Sancho* and *Dorothea* had their private meetings, and it troubled her much, that though ſhe had liv'd with her Miſtreſs before her, ſhe ſhould ſtill be her Confident in a buſineſs of that nature, wherein the liberality of a favour'd Lover is very conſiderable. She had heard of the Gold Chain which *Don Sancho* had beſtow'd on *Marina*, as alſo of ſeveral other Preſents he had made her, and imagin'd ſhe might have receiv'd many more, which ſhe knew nothing of. This rais'd a deadly hatred in her againſt *Marina*, which makes me think, that the pretty Gentlewoman was not a little troubled. It is not therefore to be wondred, if, upon the firſt Interrogatories which *Guzman* made to her, and particularly this, whether it were true that *Dorothea* was in love with any one, ſhe ſhould diſcover the ſecrets of her Miſtreſs, to a perſon, whom ſhe look'd on as part of her ſelf. She acquainted him with all ſhe knew of the deſigns of our young Lovers, *Don Sancho*'s liberality to *Marina*, whom he inrich'd by his continual preſents, till at laſt ſhe broke forth into down-right railing at her, as one that made thoſe advantages, which ſhould rather have been receiv'd by a Servant that liv'd in the Houſe. *Guzman* intreated her to give him notice of the next meeting they were to have there. She did ſo, and he fail'd not to give his Maſter an account of it, as alſo of all had been told him by the perfidious *Iſabella*.

Upon this intelligence *Don Diego* put himſelf into the habit of a Beggar, and laid himſelf down in the Street not far from *Marina*'s door, into

which he ſaw his Rival enter; and not long after came a Coach, out of which alighted *Dorothea*, and her Siſter, and went into the ſame Houſe, leaving *Don Diego* in a great rage, to ſee what he could not then remedy. He went home, and reſolv'd to rid himſelf of ſo formidable a Rival. Having hir'd ſome of thoſe, whoſe profeſſion it is to murther any that are ſet upon, (a ſort of people may be as eaſily procur'd in *Spain*, as Porters in other places) he expected *Don Sancho* ſeveral Nights together, and at laſt meeting with him, he ſet upon him, ſeconded by two of thoſe mercenary Hectors, as well arm'd as himſelf. *Don Sancho*, on the other ſide, was reaſonably well provided for them, as having about him, beſides Sword and Poniard, a Caſe of Piſtols charg'd. He defended himſelf at firſt as a Lion, and found that his Enemies had this advantage of him, that they deſi'd any thing he could do with his Sword. *Don Diego* preſs'd upon him more than the others, who, being hir'd Men, behav'd themſelves accordingly. He retreated ſtill all he could, to remove the noiſe of the engagement farther from the Houſe where his *Dorothea* was; but at laſt fearing to endanger himſelf too far, and finding *Don Diego* ſtill violently purſuing him, he diſcharg'd one of his Piſtols, upon which he fell down half dead, and call'd as loud as he could for a Confeſſor, and the two Hectors immediately vaniſh'd. *Don Sancho* got to his own Lodging, and the Neighbours came out into the Street and found *Don Diego*, whom they knew, ready to depart this life, and charging *Don Sancho* with his death. He had ſoon notice of it by his Friends, who told him, that though he might clear himſelf upon the judicial proceedings which might

might be brought againſt him, yet *Don Diego's* Friends would be ſure to revenge his Death, and find out ſome way or other to kill him. He retir'd into a Monaſtery, whence he gave his Miſtreſs an account how his Affairs ſtood, and ſet all things in order to his departure from *Sevil*, as ſoon as he might do it ſafely. A ſtrict ſearch was made for *Don Sancho*, but he could not be found. The heat of it being over, and all perſwaded that he had made an eſcape, *Dorothea* and her Siſter, under pretence of ſome Devotion, were conducted by their Kinſwoman, at whoſe houſe they had met, to the Monaſtery, where *Don Sancho* was, and there, by the means of one of the Religious Men, the two Lovers had an enterview in a private Chappel. After ſome Diſcourſe, they made mutual promiſes one to the other of a conſtant fidelity, and parted with ſo much regret, and ſuch melting expreſſions, that her Siſter, her Kinſwoman, and the Religious Man, which were witneſſes thereof, not only wept then, but could never ſince think of it without tears.

Having deliver'd certain Letters to his Fathers Factor, to be ſent to him to the *Indies*, he left *Sevil*, in a Diſguiſe. In thoſe Letters he acquainted him with the accident, which had occaſion'd his departure from *Sevil*, and that he intended for *Naples*. He got well thither, and was nobly entertain'd by the Vice-Roy, who, among the many favours he did him, honour'd him with a near relation to his perſon. But the main ſatisfaction was wanting, that of hearing from his dear *Dorothea*, ſo that within a year he grew weary of the kindneſs of his entertainment, and wiſh'd for ſome opportunity to leave *Naples*. He expected not long; for

the Vice-Roy being to ſend out a ſmall Squadron of ſix Gallies againſt the *Turk*, *Don Sancho*'s courage would not let ſlip ſo fair an occaſion to exerciſe it ſelf. He was receiv'd to the great ſatisfaction of the Commander, who was glad to have a perſon of his worth and quality aboard him. This Squadron of *Naples* met with eight *Turkiſh* Gallies almoſt in ſight of *Meſſina*, and engag'd them. After a long fight, the Chriſtian Gallies took three of the Enemies, and ſunk two. The Admiral of the *Chriſtian* Gallies was engag'd againſt that of the *Turks*, which being better Arm'd and Mann'd than any of the reſt, had accordingly made the greater reſiſtance. In the mean time, the wind began to riſe, and the Sea to grow rough, ſo that both *Chriſtians* and *Turks* thought it concern'd them more to ſecure themſelves againſt the Tempeſt, than any further to proſecute the Engagement. They jointly loos'd the Grapling-Irons, whereby the two Gallies were faſtned together, and the *Turkiſh* Admiral parted from the *Chriſtian*; juſt as *Don Sancho* had caſt himſelf into it, not follow'd by any body. Finding himſelf all alone amongſt his Enemies, he thought death to be preferr'd before ſlavery, and what ever might be the conſequence of it, caſt himſelf into the Sea, hoping to recover the Chriſtian Gallies by ſwimming. But the weather prov'd ſuch, that he could not be perceiv'd, though the Chriſtian General who had been witneſs of *Don Sancho*'s action, and was extreamly enrag'd at his loſs, which he thought unavoidable, caus'd the Gally to tack about towards the place where he had caſt himſelf overboard. In the mean time *Don Sancho* made his way through the waves, and having ſwam a good

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way towards the ſhore, aſſiſted by the wind and tide, he fortunately lighted on a plank of one of the Turkiſh Gallies, and with the help of it got to Land on the Coaſt of *Sicily*. Having return'd God his humble thanks for ſo great a deliverance, he made towards a little hamlet inhabited by ſome poor Fiſher-men, who gave him the beſt entertainment they could. The extraordinary actions he had done in the engagement, what he had ſuffer'd in the Sea, and the cold he endur'd, and his walking afterwards in his wet Cloaths, brought him into a violent Fever, which forc'd him to keep his Bed for many days; yet at laſt, without any trouble of Phyſicians, he recover'd his former health. During his Sickneſs, he made a reſolution to continue the World in the perſwaſion of his death; as well that he might be in leſs fear of his Enemies, the Relations of *Don Diego*, as make a further trial of the fidelity of his *Dorothea*.

During the time of his aboad in *Flanders*, he had contracted an intimate Friendſhip with a *Sicilian* Marqueſs, of the Houſe of *Montalto*, whoſe Name was *Fabiano*. He ſent one of the Fiſhermen to *Meſſina*, where he liv'd, to enquire whether he were then in the Country; and anſwer being brought him, that he was there, he went thither, habited as a Fiſherman, and in the night, goes to the Marqueſs's Houſe, who, with all others to whom he was known, bewail'd his death. The Marqueſs was over joy'd to meet with a Friend, whom he had given over for loſt. *Don Sancho* gave him an account how miraculouſly he had eſcaped, as alſo of his adventures at *Sevil*, and particularly the violent paſſion he had for the Lady *Dorothea de Monſalvo*. The *Sicilian* Marqueſs proffer'd to

go along with him into *Spain*, and to bring away *Dorothea*, if ſhe would conſent, into *Sicily*. *Don Sancho* was extreamly well pleaſed with the propoſal, yet would not receive from his Friend ſo dangerous demonſtrations of his Friendſhip, telling him that he would be infinitely glad of his Company into *Spain*, but for what might be the conſequence of it he would remit all to Fortune.

Don Sancho had a Servant, of whoſe fidelity he had had many years experience. This fellow, whoſe name was *Sanchez*, took his Maſters loſs ſo heavily, that when the *Chriſtian* Gallies, which had been in the former Engagement againſt the *Turks*, put in at *Meſſina*, to refreſh themſelves, he came aſhore and got into a Monaſtery, with a reſolution to ſpend the remainder of his days there. The Marqueſs *Fabiano* having heard of the relation he ſometimes had to *Don Sancho*, ſent to the Superiour of the Monaſtery, (who indeed had entertain'd him upon the recommendation of that *Sicilian* Lord) deſiring he might be diſmiſs'd, which was eaſily granted, in regard he had not yet put on the habit of the Religion. *Sanchez* not knowing what might be the occaſion of his diſmiſſion, made ſome difficulty to come out; but when he was brought into the preſence of his dear Maſter, his Soul was too narrow for his joy, for, having caſt himſelf at his feet, there was a neceſſity of ſome aſſiſtance to help him up again.

Some days after, he was ſent by *Don Sancho* into *Spain*, to make preparations for his coming thither, and particularly to give him an account of *Dorothea*, who, in the mean time, was perſwaded, with all others, that *Don Sancho* was dead. Nay, the report of his Death ſoon flew into the *Indies*.

Don

Don Sancho's Father di'd out of grief, not long after he had receiv'd that ſad news, and left another Son he had four hundred thouſand Crowns, conditionally, that his Brother ſhould have the one moiety of that Summ, in caſe the news of his Death ſhould prove falſe. This Brother of *Don Sancho*'s was called *Don Juhan de Peralto.* He took Shipping for *Spain*, with this vaſt Summ of Money; beſides abundance of rare *Indian* Commodities, ſuitable to the magnificence of a perſon, who had been Governour of a conſiderable place in thoſe parts, and arrived ſafely at *Sevil*, about a year after the accident, which had happened to *Don Sancho.* Going under a name much different from his Brother, it was eaſie for him to conceal the relation he had to him, beſides the particular concernment he had to keep it ſecret, by reaſon of the long ſtay his occaſions might oblige him to make in a City, where his Brother had ſo many Enemies. He chanc'd to have a ſight of *Dorothea*, and fell in love with her, as his Brother had done, but with this difference, that ſhe made him no return of his love. That afflicted Beauty could fancy nothing after the loſs of her dear *Don Sancho:* whatever was done by *Don Juhan de Paralto*, inſtead of pleaſing, was the greateſt trouble in the World to her, nay ſhe daily refus'd the beſt Matches about *Sevil*, which were earneſtly propos'd to her by her Father *Don Manuel.*

Much about that time *Sanchez* comes to *Sevil*, and, according to the inſtructions he had receiv'd from his Maſter, ſecretly made the beſt enquiry he could, how the Lady *Dorothea* had behav'd her ſelf, ſince their departure thence. He was ſoon inform'd by common report, that a young

Gentleman, of very great wealth, lately come from the *Indies*, was fallen in love with her, and made the moſt magnificent diſcoveries of his affection that a paſſionate Suitor could imagine. He writ to his Maſter, repreſenting things much worſe than they were, and his Maſter imagin'd them yet worſe than his Man had repreſented him. He communicated the whole buſineſs to the Marqueſs, expreſſing ſo great a diſtraction at the account he receiv'd of his Miſtreſs, that he was in ſome ſuſpence whether he ſhould ſee her any more. His Friend comforted him the beſt he could, telling him, that it was not impoſſible but his man might be mis-inform'd, and that the affairs of his love might be in a much better poſture than he expected. The Reaſons urg'd by the Marqueſs, together with his own reflections on the mutual promiſes of fidelity that had paſs'd between them, eſpecially the endearing expreſſions at their parting, diſpell'd thoſe Clouds of ſuſpicion, and repreſented his *Dorothea* as faithful and conſtant to him as ſhe had engag'd to be. They thereupon reſolv'd for *Spain*, and embark'd themſelves at *Meſſina* in ſome *Spaniſh* Gallies, and in a ſhort time happily arrived at Saint *Lucar*'s, whence they took poſt for *Sevil*. They came into the City after night, and alighted at the Houſe which *Sanchez* had taken for them. They ſtirr'd not out all the next day, but as ſoon as it was night, *Don Sancho* and the Marqueſs went their Rounds about the place where *Don Manuel* liv'd. They heard ſome people ſetting their Inſtruments in tune, under *Dorothea*'s windows, and ſoon after very excellent Muſick, and that having ceas'd, a ſingle Voice joyn'd to a Theorbo, made heavy complaints of the cruelty of

of a Tygreſs diſguis'd into an Angel. *Don Sancho* felt ſome temptations within himſelf to ſpoil all the harmony of the Serenade, and to ſend away the Muſicians with fleas in their ears: But the Marqueſs prevail'd with him to forbear, repreſenting to him that he could have done no more if his Miſtreſs had appear'd in the Balcony, to aſſure his Rival, that ſhe was not diſpleaſs'd with his Courtſhips; or the words of the Air, which had been ſung, were acknowledgments of kindneſſes receiv'd, rather than complaints of a dis-ſatisfi'd Lover. The Author of the Serenade, and his Company, went away, in all probability, not over-ſatisfi'd with what they had done, as having not ſo much as the ſtirring of a dog, to aſſure them that any body regarded their Muſick: And *Don Sancho* and the Marqueſs, finding the coaſt clear, return'd to their quarters, where they had a long debate what conſtruction they ſhould make of the pretenſions of this new Sutor. *Don Sancho* was inclin'd to a perſwaſion, that his *Dorothea* might have ſome ſecret kindneſs for him, though, for ſome reaſons which hindred her from making any ſhew of it at that time, ſhe ſeem'd to take no notice of his Courtſhip, eſpecially when he conſider'd, that ſhe might, with all others, be aſſur'd of his Death. On the contrary, the Marqueſs entreated him to ſuſpend his belief of her being engag'd to any other, till he had made ſome fuller diſcoveries thereof.

Don Sancho ſubmitted to the remonſtrances of his Friend, and that the rather, when it came into his mind, that the greateſt expreſſions of Courtſhip made by one, whoſe perſon is not affected, are ſo much the more importunate. And indeed ſo were

thoſe

thoſe of the *Indian* Cavalier, to the fair *Dorothea*, who was ſo far from giving him any encouragement by her acceptance, that he could not but perceive they were more and more troubleſome to her. Her Father *Don Manuel* was extremely deſirous to ſee her diſpoſed in Marriage, and ſhe doubted not, but that if the *Indian* Cavalier, *Don Juhan de Peralto*, being a perſon ſo well deſcended, and ſo wealthy, ſhould proffer himſelf for a Son-in-law, he would be preferr'd before all others, and ſhe more earneſtly preſs'd by her Father to accept of him than ſhe had been.

The next day after the Serenade, whereof the Marqueſs *Fabiano* and *Don Sancho* had had their part, *Dorothea* took occaſion to confer notes with her Siſter, concerning *Don Juhan*, and his Courtſhip, and told her, that ſhe could not brook the gallantries of that conceited *Indian*, and thought it the ſtrangeſt thing in the World, he ſhould make ſuch publick demonſtrations of his love to her, before he had made any overtures thereof to her Father. "'Tis ſuch a kind of procedure, *ſays Feliciana to her*, as I ſhould never approve of, and if 'your caſe were mine I ſhould give him ſuch an 'entertainment, upon the firſt opportunity that 'preſented it ſelf, as might immediately daſh all 'the hope, he had conceiv'd of ever pleaſing you. 'For my own part, *continued ſhe*, I could never 'fancy his perſon; he has not that delicacy, and 'inſinuation of carriage, which is acquirable on-'ly at Court, and the vaſt expences he is at here 'in *Sevil*, argue not ſo much the nobleneſs of his 'diſpoſition, as the extravagant and ſalvage hu-'mour of that yet unciviliz'd part of the World 'whence he came. It is obſerv'd, that thoſe parts

'of

'of the World which ſupply us with Gold and Silver, 'are moſt barren as to the other productions of 'nature; ſo thoſe people that inhabit them, think 'they need no other recommendation, than what 'they derive from the entrails of certain almoſt 'inacceſſible Mountains, created only for the pu-'niſhment of Slaves and Malefactors. All your 'Servant's actions ſmell ſo ſtrongly of the *Indian*, 'that he muſt be allow'd ſome years, to refine the 'barbariſm of the Climate he hath liv'd in ſo long, 'before he can be reduc'd to the civility of this, 'wherein we have had our education. If ever you 'grant him the favour to ſpeak to you, adviſe him 'to ſtudy the courting of a Lady after another 'manner than he hath been taught among the *To-'pinambous*, and then you may promiſe to hear 'what he ſhall have to ſay for himſelf.

This was partly the Character ſhe gave *Don Juhan de Peralto*, which ſhe deliver'd with ſuch bitterneſs and deriſion, that *Dorothea* could do no leſs than wonder at it. It ſeems the ſcornful young Lady had clearly forgotten, that upon his firſt appearance at *Sevil*, ſhe had confeſs'd to her Siſter, that ſhe lik'd him well enough, and when ever ſhe had occaſion to ſpeak of him, ſhe was as liberal of her Commendations, as ſhe was now of her reproaches. *Dorothea* obſerving her Siſter ſo much chang'd, or at leaſt ſeeming to be, as to the ſentiments ſhe ſometimes had for the *Indian* Cavalier, immediately imagin'd, that her inclination towards him might be the greater, the more earneſt ſhe ſeem'd to have it thought, that ſhe had not any. To be more fully aſſur'd of it, ſhe told *Feliciana*, that ſhe was not diſpleas'd with the gallantries of *Don Juhan*, out of any averſion ſhe had

had for his Perſon, nay, on the contrary, obſerving in his countenance ſomewhat of the air of *Don Sancho*'s, ſhe might prefer him before any other Cavilier about *Sevil*; beſides ſhe doubted not, but that, having all the advantages of Birth and Fortune, he would eaſily get her Father's conſent. 'But to what end, *continu'd ſhe*, ſhould I fancy to 'my ſelf theſe imaginary pleaſures? I have loſt '*Don Sancho*, and ſince it was not my fortune to 'be his Wife, I am reſolv'd never to be any other 'Man's, and therefore, to avoid all future ad-'dreſſes, my only courſe will be to ſpend the 'reſt of my days in ſome Monaſtery. Ah Siſter, '*ſays Feliciana*, though you were not fully re-'ſolv'd upon ſo ſtrange a deſign, yet could you 'not give me a ſtranger affliction than by telling 'me of it. That I am ſo reſolv'd, Siſter, you may 'be aſſur'd, *replies Dorothea*; but for your part, 'you have the leſs reaſon to be troubled at it, in 'regard it will be to your advantage, for by that 'means, you will be the moſt conſiderable fortune 'about *Sevil*. Upon this account it was, that I 'had a deſire to ſee *Don Juhan*, that I might per-'ſwade him, to addreſs that Courtſhip to you, which 'he vainly beſtows on me, after I have convinc'd 'him of the impoſſibility there is, that we ſhould 'ever be Married together. What may be the 'conſequences of his applications to you, Time 'only can diſcover; Love is full of viciſſitudes, 'and there is not ſo great a diſtance between af-'fection and averſion, but that one of them may 'tread on the heels of the other. Nay, to deal 'ſiſterly, that is, freely with you, I am not a little 'troubled, to find you expreſs ſo much of the lat-'ter, towards a perſon, who is ſo far from de-

'ſerving

'ſerving it, that he might juſtly expect ſomewhat 'of kindneſs from you, both as a Stranger, and 'one that hath not run the hazard of diſplea-'ſing you, by any preſumptuous demonſtration 'of his love. Think what you pleaſe of my judg-'ment in this caſe, but this it is, that I do not ſee 'any perſon about *Sevil*, with whom you might 'be more advantageouſly match'd than with him. 'I muſt confeſs, I look on him, rather with a cer-'tain indifference than averſion, *ſays Feliciana*, 'and when I told you, that I could not fancy him, 'it was more out of complaiſance to you, than 'any real prejudice I had againſt him. Nay if it be 'ſo, Siſter, *replies Dorothea*, you are rather to 'acknowledge, that you deal not ingenuouſly 'with me, and that when you expreſs'd the little 'eſteem you had for *Don Juhan*, it was clearly out 'of your mind, that you had ſometime very highly 'commended him to me; or I am to conclude, 'that what you have ſaid ſince, betrai'd not ſo much 'your own diſlike of him, as your fear of his being 'too well lik'd by me.

Feliciana bluſh'd at theſe laſt words of her Si-ſter, and was vex'd to the heart. Her thoughts were in ſuch a diſtraction, that ſhe ſpoke abun-dance of things, which rather betrai'd her guilt, then contributed ought to her vindication; ſo that at laſt ſhe was forc'd to confeſs, that ſhe had a more than ordinary kindneſs for *Don Juhan*. *Doro-thea* encourag'd her to continue it, and promis'd to aſſiſt her all ſhe could in the proſecution of her love. Having thus brought her to acknowledge what ſhe before but ſuſpected, ſhe took compaſſi-on of her, and forbore all further reproaches.

That very day, *Iſabella*, who had diſcarded her beloved

beloved *Guzman*, ever ſince the unhappy accident that had happen'd to *Don Sancho*, receiv'd orders from her Miſtreſs *Dorothea*, to go to *Don Juhan de Peralto*, deliver him the Key of one of the garden doors of *Don Manuel*, and to tell him, that ſhe and her Siſter would expect him there, with a charge, that he ſhould not fail to be at the place appointed, at mid-night, before which time, it was likely their Father would be a-bed. *Iſabella*, who had been already corrupted by *Don Juhan*, and done all lay in her power, to bring him into her Miſtreſſes favour, but to no purpoſe, was extremely ſurpris'd to ſee her humour ſo chang'd, and not a little glad, to be the Meſſenger of ſuch good news to a perſon, of whom, though ſhe had not brought him any before, ſhe had yet receiv'd many great preſents. No doubt then but ſhe made all the haſte ſhe could to the lodgings of the amorous Cavalier, who had receiv'd ſo little encouragement before, that he could hardly have believ'd his own good fortune, had it not been for the convincing aſſurance of the Key, which ſhe deliver'd him. That Key open'd a place it was never intended it ſhould, I mean the breaſt of the amorous Gallant, who preſented his faithful Sollicitreſs with a perfum'd purſe lin'd with a hundred good yellow pieces, which glorious ſight rais'd in her as much ſatisfaction as ſhe had brought him.

Were there a conſtant current of good fortune, that is, no viciſſitude in humane affairs, and that what ever were fortunately begun might, without any rub or diſaſter, be brought to its period of happineſs, there ſhould be much leſs work for thoſe who write Romances and Novels, and ſo the World would be depriv'd of a great deal of that pleaſure

pleaſure which is deriv'd from endeavours of that kind. But their delight wholly conſiſting in a certain conflict, and interfering of unexpected accidents, 'tis likely there will be a conſtant ſupply of ſuch things, as long as mortals ſhall walk on this Mole-hill, as on a Cheſs-board, perpetually contriving how to croſs the deſigns of one another.

Whoever ſhall ſeriouſly conſider this grave advertiſement, will not think it ſtrange, that, the very ſame night, *Don Juhan* was to come into *Don Manuel*'s Garden, to meet with the two Siſters, *Don Sancho*, accompany'd by his friend, the Marqueſs, ſhould be walking their rounds about *Dorothea*'s Lodgings, to be more fully ſatisfi'd of the deſigns of his Rival. It was no otherwiſe, and it will ever be a maxim, That one Man's misfortune makes another Man's ſport. About eleven that night, the Marqueſs and he being gotten into that ſtreet, where *Dorothea* liv'd, four Men well arm'd came up and poſted themſelves cloſe by them. The jealous *Don Sancho* preſently imagin'd it was his Rival, whereupon coming nearer them, he told them that the Poſt they had taken up, was very convenient for him, in order to the compaſſing of a deſign he was then engag'd in, and ſo deſir'd them to quit it. 'We ſhould do it, Sir, *reply'd* 'one of them, without much intreaty, if the ſame 'Poſt, you are ſo deſirous of, were not abſolutely 'neceſſary for the carrying on of a deſign that 'we alſo have, and will be ſo ſoon diſpatch'd, 'that it will not much retard the execution of 'yours.

Don Sancho was as much enrag'd at this, as if it had been the moſt uncivil anſwer that could have been

been given upon ſuch an occaſion: To draw therefore, and to charge perſons, whom he thought ſo diſobliging, was the ſame thing with him. That unexpected aſſault of *Don Sancho*'s, ſurpris'd and put them into diſorder, and the Marqueſs behaving himſelf no leſs gallantly than his Friend had done, they defended themſelves ſo poorly, that they were in a trice beaten out of the ſtreet. *Don Sancho* receiv'd a ſlight wound in his Arm, and run him who had given it him ſo heartily through the body, that it was a good while e're he could get out his Sword again, and doubted not but he had diſpatch'd him. The Marqueſs in the mean time was in purſuit of the others, who ran away as faſt as they could, as ſoon as they ſaw their Comerade laid on the ground.

Having rid themſelves of thoſe Spies, *Don Sancho* look'd about him, and perceiv'd at one end of the ſtreet ſome People with a Light, coming up towards them, upon the noiſe of their engagement. He was afraid it might be the Magiſtrate with his Officers, and it was no other. He made all the haſte he could into the ſtreet, where they began to fight, and thence into another, in the midſt thereof he met full butt with an old Gentleman, who had a Lantern with him, and had drawn his Sword upon the noiſe which *Don Sancho* made by running towards him. The old Gentleman was *Don Manuel*, who had been at a Neighbour's Houſe at play, as he was wont to do every day, and was then going to his own, by the Garden-door, which was not far from the place where he met *Don Sancho*. He call'd out to the amorous Cavalier, Who goes there? 'A Man, *replies Don* 'Sancho, whom it concerns to make all the haſte 'he

he can away, and therefore desires you would not hinder him. It may be, *says Don Manuel*, there is some accident happen'd, which obliges you to seek out for Sanctuary; fear nothing, my House, which is here hard by, may serve your turn. 'Tis very true, *replies Don Sancho*, I am somewhat at a loss how to avoid the pursuit of the Magistrate, who it may be now is making a search for me; but since you are so generous as to proffer me, though a Stranger to you, a reception upon so dangerous a score as this, I accept of your kindness, and entrust you with my safety, with this promise, never to forget the favour you do me, and to press it no farther, than till such time as those who look after me are pass'd by.

They were by this time come to the Garden door; *Don Manuel* open'd it with a Key he had about him, and having brought in *Don Sancho*, he dispos'd him into a close Arbour, while he went into the House to take order for his more secret retirement, so as that none might know of his being there. *Don Sancho* had not been long in the Arbour, when he perceives coming towards him a Woman, who approaching spoke softly to him, O Sir, are you come, my Mistress *Dorothea* stays for you. From that word *Don Sancho* imagin'd that he might be in the house of his Mistress, and that the old Gentleman, who had brought him in thither, was her Father. He presently suspected that *Dorothea* had appointed his Rival to meet her there, and follow'd *Isabella* more tormented with jealousie than troubled about the pursuit of the Magistrate.

In the mean time *Don Juhan* came, according

to his appointment, preciſely at the hour aſſign'd him, opened the Garden-door with the Key he had receiv'd from *Iſabella*, and went into the ſame Arbour, out of which *Don Sancho* was but newly gone. He had not been there long, e'er he perceives a Man coming ſtreight towards him; he put himſelf into a poſture of defence, for fear he might be aſſaulted, and was not a little ſurpris'd, when he found that Man to be *Don Manuel*, who bid him follow him, aſſuring him he ſhould be ſo diſpos'd of, as that he need not fear being diſcover'd. *Don Juhan* concluded from *Don Manuel*'s words, that he might poſſibly have receiv'd into his Garden ſome Gentleman purſu'd by the Officers of Juſtice. He could do no leſs than follow him, giving him thanks all along as they went for the favour he ſhew'd him: but it may be withal conjectur'd, that he was not ſo much troubled, at the hazard he was running into, as the obſtruction whereby his amorous deſign was diſappointed. *Don Manuel* brought him into his own Chamber, and, having left him there, went out, and ordered a Bed to be made for himſelf, in another Room.

We will leave him lock'd up where he is, extreamly troubled, yet not daring to make the leaſt diſcovery of it, and ſee, what is become of his Brother *Don Sancho de Sylva*. *Iſabella* brought him into a Ground-room, which look'd into the Garden, where the two Siſters *Dorothea* and *Feliciana* expected *Don Juhan de Peralto*; one, as a Lover, whom ſhe was very deſirous to pleaſe; the other, to aſſure him that ſhe could not have any kindneſs for him, and to perſwade him he would do better to make his applications to her Siſter.

Sister. *Don Sancho* enters the Room where the two fair Sisters were; they were frightned at his appearance. *Dorothea* stood like a statue, as if she had not been able to stir from the place; but her Sister fearing she could not continue long in that posture, dispos'd her into a Chair, lest she might have fallen down all along. *Don Sancho* after he had fix'd his Eyes on them, stuck to the place he was in: *Isabella* was ready to sink into the ground for fear, and imagin'd it might be the Ghost of *Don Sancho*, that appear'd to them, to revenge the injury his Mistress did him. *Feliciana*, though much startled to see him risen from the dead, was yet more troubled at what had happened to her Sister, who being come to her self, *Don Sancho* took her by the hand, and made this discourse to her.

'Ungrateful *Dorothea!* If the Report which 'hath been spread of my death did not in some 'measure excuse your inconstancy, the affliction 'I conceive thereat would not allow me Life 'enough to make you the deserv'd reproaches of 'it. I was willing the World should be perswa-'ded that I was dead, that I might be forgotten 'by my Enemies, not by you, who had engag'd 'your self not to love any other besides me. But 'how have you broken that promise! I see there 'needs only but a common Report of some un-'fortunate accident, to make a Woman forget all 'engagements of Fidelity, even to that person, 'whom, of all the World, she only pretended to 'fancy. I might easily be reveng'd, and make 'so great noise by my complaints and expostula-'tions, as should awake your Father, and give 'him directions how to find out the favour'd

'Gallant, whom you have diſpos'd into ſome 'ſecret place about his Houſe: but beſotted 'Man that I am! I feel in my ſelf ſtill a certain 'fear to diſpleaſe you, and am more troubled at 'the neceſſity you give me, not to love you any 'longer, than at the diſcovery I have made of 'your being in love with another. Make much 'of your dear Lover, O as falſe as fair Woman! 'make much of him I ſay, and fear no more di-'ſturbances in your enjoyments, for you ſhall e'er 'long be rid of a Man, who might, while you 'liv'd, have reproach'd your proving treacherous 'to him, even while he hazarded his Life to wait 'on you.

With theſe words *Don Sancho* would have quitted the Room: but *Dorothea* ſtays him, and was going to vindicate her ſelf, when *Iſabella* comes running in to tell her, that her Maſter, *Don Manuel*, was coming after her. *Don Sancho* had onely time enough to get behind the door, and while the Old Man was chiding his Daughters that they had not been abed, and had his back toward the Chamber-door, made a ſhift to get out, and going back the ſame way into the Garden, went into the ſame Arbour where he had been before, and where preparing himſelf for what ever might happen, he expected a favourable opportunity to make his eſcape thence.

There are, no doubt, thoſe, who think Love the pleaſanteſt thing in the World. But far is it from their imagination, that a Lover's conſtant Courtſhips and Adorations may at laſt be requited with contempt, ſcorns, frowns, and eluſions, which require an extraordinary meaſure of patience and good nature to endure them. Little do they apprehend,

prehend, that a young Spark, after many years continu'd addreſſes, even when he thinks himſelf as it were, within a bars length of felicity, may, by ſome unexpected obſtructions and diſappointments, be tumbled into eternal diſgrace, and all this occaſion'd, not ſo much by any backwardneſs of his Miſtreſs, as his own unhappy miſapprehenſions.

Theſe were the reflections of the unfortunate *Don Sancho*, while *Don Manuel* had gone into his Daughter's Chamber to fetch a Light, to bring in the Officers who were imperiouſly knocking at the Garden-door, upon the information they had receiv'd, that *Don Manuel* had entertain'd into his Houſe one of thoſe who had been fighting in the ſtreet. *Don Manuel* made no difficulty to let them in, to ſearch his Houſe, out of an aſſurance they would be ſo civil as not to look into his own Chamber, and that the Gentleman whom they expected to find, was ſafely lock'd in there. *Don Sancho* perceiving out of the Arbour, that it was impoſſible for him to eſcape the ſearch of ſo many Officers as were ſcatter'd up and down the Garden, comes out to *Don Manuel*, and whiſpers him in the ear, that a perſon of Honour would be more tender of his promiſe than to abandon one whom he had taken into his protection. *Don Manuel*, who was much ſurpris'd to find him there, entreated the chief Officer to leave *Don Sancho* in his cuſtody, till the next morning; which requeſt was ſoon granted him, as well out of a reſpect to his Quality, as for that the party, whom *Don Sancho* imagin'd he had kill'd, was not very dangerouſly wounded.

The Officers, having receiv'd ſomewhat to-

wards a morning's draught, took their leave, and departed; and *Don Manuel*, having diſcover'd by the ſame diſcourſe which had paſs'd between him and *Don Sancho*, when he firſt met him, that he muſt needs be the Perſon whom he had receiv'd into his Garden, doubted not, but that the other was ſome Gallant, brought into the Houſe, either by *Iſabella*, or his Daughters. To be more fully ſatisfy'd of it, he conducted *Don Sancho de Sylva* into a Room by himſelf, and deſir'd him to ſtay there till he return'd again. He went to that place where he had left *Don Juhan de Peralto*, to whom he told a feign'd Story, that his Man was come into the Houſe along with the Officers, and waited below to ſpeak with him. *Don Juhan* knew that his Man lay very ſick at that time, and not in a condition to come to him, though he had known where he was, which he did not. He was therefore ſomewhat troubled at what *Don Manuel* had ſaid to him, and ſo he had no other anſwer to make him, than that his Man ſhould go and ſtay for him at his Lodging.

By this Diſcourſe and ſome others, *Don Manuel* found him to be that young Gentleman lately come from the *Indies*, who was ſo much talk'd of about *Sevil*, and, being ſufficiently inform'd as to his Quality and Eſtate, reſolv'd he ſhould not go out of the Houſe e're he had married that Daughter of his, to whom he had ever ſo little addreſs'd himſelf. He ſpent ſome further time in diſcourſe with him, to be more fully ſatisfy'd as to ſome doubts, which then burthen'd his mind. *Iſabella* ſtood all the while at the door, and over-heard them, and gave an account of all to her Miſtreſſes. *Don Manuel* had a glimpſe of her, and imagin'd

ſhe

ſhe was come with ſome Meſſage to *Don Juban*, from one of his Daughters. He left him, to run after her, juſt as the Wax-light, which was in the room, being at an end, went out of it ſelf. While the Old Man is groping to find out *Iſabella*, ſhe acquaints *Dorothea* and *Feliciana*, that *Don Sancho* was in their Father's Chamber, and that ſhe had ſeen them talking together. The two Siſters ran thither upon her word, *Dorothea* being not afraid to find her dear *Don Sancho* with her Father, reſolv'd, as ſhe was, to acknowledge, that ſhe lov'd him, and that ſhe had been lov'd by him, and withal to tell him, upon what motives ſhe had appointed *Don Juban* to come thither that night. She therefore goes into the Room, which was without any light, and having met with *Don Juban* juſt as he was coming out, ſhe took him for *Don Sancho*, and having him faſt by the arm, ſhe thus expoſtulated with him. 'Why doſt thou avoid 'me, Tygre-hearted *Don Sancho*! and why 'would'ſt thou not hear what anſwer I ſhould 'make to the undeſerv'd reproaches thou haſt 'made me! I muſt confeſs, thou could'ſt not 'bethink thy ſelf of any too great for me, if I 'were as guilty as thou haſt ſome grounds to 'imagine; but thou art not to learn, that there 'are ſome falſe things, which have many times 'more likelihood of truth than truth it ſelf, and 'that this latter is ever diſcover'd by time. Al-'low me but ſo much, as may ſhew thee that 'which will recover thee out of the confuſion, 'in which thy own misfortune, and mine, and 'haply that of divers others, hath involv'd us 'both. Aſſiſt me to vindicate my ſelf, and run 'not the hazard of being unjuſt, by an over-

'haſtineſs to condemn me, before thou haſt found 'me really guilty. 'Tis poſſible thou may'ſt have 'heard, that a certain Gentleman loves me; but 'haſt thou heard that I made any return to his 'love? Thou may'ſt have met him here; for it 'is true, that his coming hither was by my ap-'pointment; but when thou ſhalt underſtand 'what deſign I had in it, I am confident thou 'wilt have a cruel remorſe, that thou ſhould'ſt 'injure me, while I give the greateſt aſſurance of 'fidelity I could. O that this importunate and 'troubleſome Servant of mine were here before 'thee! thou ſhouldeſt find by the treatment I gave 'him, whether he ever had any ground to affirm, 'that I lov'd him, nay, whether he could ever ſo 'much as tell me that he lov'd me, or that I ever 'vouchſaf'd even the reading of any Letter that 'came from him. But that misfortune of mine, 'which always procur'd me the ſight of him, 'when it ſhould prejudice me, will not permit 'me to ſee him, when he might help to undeceive 'thee.

Don Juhan had the patience to ſuffer *Dorothea* to ſpeak, without offering to interrupt her, that he might learn ſomewhat more than ſhe had yet diſcover'd to him. But perceiving ſhe had given over, and expected ſome return from him, he was going to give her a ſharp anſwer, when *Don Sancho*, who was looking for the way into the Garden, and heard *Dorothea* ſpeaking to *Don Juhan*, comes up cloſe to her, making the leaſt noiſe he could, yet not ſo as but that he was perceiv'd by *Don Juhan* and the two Siſters. They had not the time to ſpeak one to another, e'er *Don Manuel* comes into the Room with a Light, which ſome of his

Servants

Servants carried before him. The two Rival-Brothers look'd one on the other, and were obſerv'd to be in a poſture ready to fall one upon the other, as having their hands on the hilts of their Swords. *Don Manuel* ſteps in between them, and commanded his Daughter to make choice of one of them for her Husband, that he might fight with the other. *Don Juhan* told him, that for his part he was ready to quit all manner of pretenſions, if he might have any, and ſubmitted himſelf to the Cavalier he ſaw before him. *Don Sancho* ſaid the ſame thing with this addition, that ſince *Don Juhan* had been brought into *Don Manuel*'s Houſe by one of his Daughters, it was probable they had a mutual affection one for the other, and that for his part he would rather dye a thouſand times, than enter into the State of Matrimony with the leaſt ſcruple. *Dorothea* caſt her ſelf at her Father's feet, beſeeching him to give her audience, and he ſhould know how all things ſtood. She related to him all that paſt between her and *Don Sancho de Sylva*, before he had, in her quarrel kill'd *Don Diego*. She acquainted him that *Don Juhan de Peralto* fell afterwards in love with her; as alſo with the deſign ſhe had engag'd her ſelf in, to undeceive him, and to adviſe him to demand her Siſter in Marriage, and at laſt concluded her diſcourſe with this proteſtation, that if ſhe could not ſatisfie *Don Sancho* of her innocency, and the continuance of her affection to him, ſhe would that very day enter into a Monaſtery, whence no perſwaſions in the world ſhould ever get her out again.

Don Sancho was ſoon ſatisfy'd with the account *Dorothea* had given of her fidelity towards him, and

and immediately demanded her in marriage of *Don Manuel.* By ſome paſſages of her diſcourſe concerning *Don Juhan,* particularly by the time of his firſt appearance at *Sevil,* the place whence he came in the *Indies,* and the Relations he had there, the two Rival-Brothers came to know one the other. *Don Juhan* finding alſo by ſome Circumſtances of *Dorothea*'s Diſcourſe, the affection which her Siſter *Feliciana* had for him, humbly addreſs'd himſelf to her, aſſuring her that if ſhe ſtill perſiſted in the ſame Sentiments, he ſhould think himſelf the happieſt Man in the World. He thereupon demanded her in Marriage of *Don Manuel,* who receiv'd them both for his Sons-in-law, with a ſatisfaction that cannot well be expreſs'd.

As ſoon as it was day, *Don Sancho* ſent for the Marqueſs *Fabiano,* who came to participate of his Friend's joy, after he had ſpent the night in diſtracted thoughts what ſhould have become of him. The whole buſineſs was kept ſecret, 'till *Don Manuel* and the Marqueſs had diſpos'd a Couſin of *Don Diego,* to whom his Eſtate, upon the others Death, had faln, to forget his Kinſman's misfortune, and accommodate himſelf with *Don Sancho.* During this Negotiation, the Marqueſs fell in love with a Siſter of that Gentleman's, and demanded her of him in Marriage. He gladly entertain'd a propoſal ſo advantageous to his Siſter, and thereupon was content to accept of any thing they could offer on the behalf of *Don Sancho.* The three Marriages were ſolemnized the ſame day, with ſo great content of all parties, as was not only remarkable at that time, but continu'd many years after.

SCAR-

SCARRON's NOVELS.

The Invisible Mistress.

The Sixth Novel.

DON *Carlos* of *Arragon* was a young Gentleman of an illustrious Family, well known in *Spain* under that Name; his person such, that a curious Eye might have observ'd somewhat in him transcending all descriptions of the most Elaborate Romances, yet not comparable to the noble accomplishments of his

character we have to give of him, is, that, at certain Shows, wherewith the Vice-Roy of *Naples* entertain'd the populace, upon occasion of the Nuptial Solemnities of *Philip*, the second, third, or fourth, of *Spain*, (I cannot now well call to mind) he did things beyond their belief, who only receiv'd them by relation. The next day after a famous Tilting, at which he had behav'd himself with such Gallantry, as rais'd no less astonishment in the beholders, than indignation and shame in those who ventur'd at a trial of their address in the same exercise, the Ladies obtain'd a permission of the Vice-Roy, to go about the City disguis'd, and mask'd after the *French* mode, for the convenience of such Strangers as those magnificencies had brought thither from all parts of the Kingdom. That day, *Don Carlos* put on the richest Cloaths he had, and went, among many others, who, as so many Cockatrices, intended to murther all the Ladies they look'd on, to a Church, where most of the Gallantry were to meet. Where be it observ'd by the way, that *Christian* Churches may be prophan'd, as well in those Countries which profess most obedience to the Holy See, as in others, and in stead of being us'd as the Temples of God, become a Rendezvous for those who have not the opportunities so well to meet else-where. The only remedy I can at present think of to prevent this Scandal, is, that there be a new Officer created in every Parish, whose charge it shall be, to mark what persons come to those Sacred places upon Love-appointments, and if they will not depart the place by fair means, to drive them thence with as little regard, as they would do those snarling Creatures, which many times stick not to quarrel

rel there, to the great distraction of People's devotion.

But some busie-body will haply be so impertinent as to ask, why I should trouble my head with these abuses, as if I were some Master of a Parish, or Lay-Elder, that had a Maid who should exercise his Dog at home? I would have the Fool that is scandaliz'd at it, know, that in this lower part of the World, all Men are fools, as well as lyars, some more, some less, and perhaps I who now speak a greater fool than any, though it might abate somewhat of my folly, that I am so free to acknowledge it, and withal that this Book of mine, and all others of this kind, being but so many Collections of fooleries, I hope, every fool in his quality and degree, will some-where or other light upon a little description of himself, if he be not too much besotted with self-conceit.

But let the Reader take it as he will. Let me go on with my Story. *Don Carlos*, I told you, was gotten into a Church, with divers other Gentlemen, *Italians* and *Spaniards*, who were strutting up and down in their Feathers, like so many Peacocks, and making reverences to more persons than they were known to, (a vanity practis'd sometimes in Churches as well as *Hide-Parks*) when three Ladies, all close mask'd, singled him out from among the rest, and having led him a little aside, one of them address'd her self to him either in these words, or others to the same effect.

'Signior *Don Carlos*, *said she to him*, I have a 'business to impart to you, whereof perhaps you 'little thought either before or at your devotions, 'which is, that there is in this City a Lady to 'whom you are extremely oblig'd. She was pre-

'sent

'sent at the Tilting, and all those other exercises, 'wherein you have lately been engag'd, and al-'ways wish'd you might come off with honour, 'as you have done. She is not so vain to think 'your success wholly the effect of her wishes, but 'leaves it to your self to consider, what degree of 'kindness you will allow her good wishes, and 'what a Ladies concerning her self so particularly 'in your good fortune may signifie; if it were 'express'd in other terms.

The young Gallant was a little surpriz'd at the strangeness of the Adventure; but having recover'd himself, he made this Reply. 'The greatest ad-'vantage I can make to my self of what you tell 'me, Madam, is, that I receive it from you, who 'seem to be a Lady of Quality, and I am to assure 'you, that could I have imagin'd any Lady had 'had such tender wishes for me, I should have 'endeavour'd to do more than I have done to de-'serve her approbation. And therefore, I am to 'account the obligation she hath put on me the 'greater, in that it proceeds from a person, to 'whom I have not the honour to be known.

The disguis'd Lady told him, that he had not omitted any thing which might render him, even in the judgment of persons less prejudic'd by kind-ness than that Lady, one of the most accomplish'd Men in the world. But another thing she had ta-ken particular notice of, was, that it might be presum'd, by his Liveries of black and white, his affection was not any where engag'd. 'I never 'understood, Madam, *replies Don Carlos*, what 'colours signifi'd in such a case; but this I know, 'that it is not so much out of any insensibility, or 'indifference I have towards your fairer Sex, that

'I have

'have not made my addresses to any one of it, as 'an apprehension of my own want of merit.

There pass'd abundance of other ingenious Complements between them, for their discourse continu'd a long time: but I shall forbear the communication of them, not only because they never came to my knowledge, and that I am loth to make others, out of a fear it might be to the disadvantage of *Don Carlos* and the unknown Lady, who were infinitely more witty than I am, as I have been since inform'd by an honest Gentleman of *Naples*, who was intimately acquainted with them both. The result was this, that the mask'd Lady declar'd her self thus far to *Don Carlos*, that she her self was the person who had that inclination for him. He desir'd to see her; she desir'd him to excuse her for the present, telling him she would endeavour to satisfie him some other time, and to assure him that she was not afraid to give him a meeting, at which there should be none but themselves, she would give him a Pledge. With that she discover'd to the gentile *Spaniard*, the fairest hand he had ever seen, and presented him with a Ring, which he made no difficulty to receive, but with such distracted reflections on the oddness of the accident, that he had almost forgotten to make her a congey, when she took leave of him.

The other Gentlemen, who had, at a distance, observ'd what had pass'd between *Don Carlos* and the Lady, though not over-heard their Discourse, seeing they were parted, came up to him, very desirous to know what might occasion so long a converse in so publick a place. He freely told them what had happen'd, and shew'd them the Ring,

Ring, wherein was a Diamond of very great price. Whereupon every one pass'd his judgment on the Adventure, and the result of the whole debate was, that *Don Carlos* found himself seiz'd by as violent a passion for the unknown Lady, as if he had seen her face, such an inevitable influence hath Wit over those that have any. Eight tedious days, and those attended by ten times more tedious nights, pass'd away e'er he heard any further account of the Lady; which that he was extremely troubled at, I should easily have believ'd, though I had never been told so much.

During that time, his divertisement was to go every day to an acquaintance of his, a Captain of Foot, at whose House several persons of quality met to spend some few hours and pieces at play. One night, that *Don Carlos* was not in an humour to venture any thing, but was going home much sooner than he was wont, he was call'd by his name, from a ground-room belonging to a House, which seem'd to be some persons of great quality. He comes up close to the window, which had a Grate before it, and presently found by her voice, that she was his Invisible Mistress, who presently said to him; 'Come as near as you can to the 'Window, *Don Carlos*, I have been here a good 'while expecting you, that we may decide a diffe-'rence there is between us. I have some appre-'hension of your impatience, and must permit 'you to expostulate, though you have not so great 'reason to complain, as you imagine to your self. 'What Construction, Madam, *replies Don Carlos*, 'can I make of all these bravadoes of yours, when 'in the mean time you dare not trust me with the 'sight of your face, nay, after my so long expe-'ctation,

'ation, think it a signal favour to me, to make 'your appearance at a grated window, and that in 'the night. Nom ore of your censures, *Don Carlos*, 'says she to him, be satisfi'd, that I think it not 'yet time we should be fully known one to an-'other, and imagine it not want of any confi-'dence in me, that I have been so backward to 'meet you, but impute it to a curiosity I had to 'know you, before I suffer'd you to see me. I 'need not tell you, that in appointed combats 'there should be an equality of arms; if your 'heart should not be as free and dis-ingag'd as 'mine, the advantage would be of your side; and 'thence it came, that I was desirous to be in-'form'd concerning you. And what account have 'you receiv'd of me, *says Don Carlos*? The World, 'Madam, is full of flattery and calumny, it con-'cerns you to examine well the credit of your in-'formation. But may you communicate what 'you have found out by an enquiry which hath 'been so long a making as it is since I had the ho-'nour first to meet you? I have as much as I am 'satisfy'd with, *replies the disguis'd Lady*, and it 'is only this, that we are free enough to become 'one anothers. No, *Madam*, *says Don Carlos*, there 'is a great inequality in the case; for you see me, 'and know who I am, nay you acknowledge your 'self, that you have particularly enquir'd of me, 'whereas I never saw you, nor know who you 'are, nor where to be inform'd. What judgment 'do you conceive I should make of this shiness, 'and the earnest care you take to keep your self 'from my knowledge? These mysterious pro-'ceedings are seldom us'd by those, whose de-'signs are just and generous, and it is no hard

'matter to deceive a person who mistrusts no trea-
'chery; but he is not so easily deceived twice. If
'you think to make use of me, to raise a jealousie
'in some other, give me leave to tell you before-
'hand, that you will not find me for your purpose,
'and that I am not to be drawn into any other
'Plot than that of being your most humble and
'most faithful Servant.

The Invisible Lady suffer'd him to go on in his discourse, out of an expectation, that, among the many things he said, he might let fall somewhat, which might contribute to the further discovery she was desirous to make of him. But at last finding nothing to fasten on but his distrust of her, she made him this Reply; 'Well, *Don Carlos*, have
'you been sufficiently censorious, or am I yet to
'tell you, that your assurance of my sincerity,
'must be the issue of your own belief of it, and
'that your hastiness will rather retard than hasten
'the accomplishment of your desires. Assure your
'self therefore, without any further reflections on
'the grounds you have to suspect me, that I am
'very real and sincere, and that you shall find
'me no less in all that shall happen between us,
'and I expect you should be the like to me. That
'were but just, *replies Don Carlos*, but it were
'requisite I should see you, and know who you
'are. It shall not be long e'er you do, *replies the*
'*Lady*, and therefore, in the mean time, receive
'this Antidote against impatience, that only by
'the trial I shall make of your constancy, you may
'attain what you pretend to from me, who now
'assure you, (to the end your courtship may not
'be without some encouragement and hope of
'requital) that I am equal to you as to Quality;

'that

'that I have an Estate plentiful enought to main-
'tain you, in as much Splendour as the greatest
'Prince in the Kingdom; that I am young; that
'I may challenge somewhat of Beauty; and for
'matter of wit, you are better stor'd your self, than
'to be doubtful whether I have any or not.

With these words she shut to the window, leaving *Don Carlos* with his mouth open, ready to make her some Answer, so surpriz'd at the smartness of her expressions, so passionately in love with a person he had never seen, and so distracted at the strangeness of the procedure, that, not able to stir from the place, he stood still for a good quarter of an hour, making several reflections on so extraordinary an adventure. He knew there were many Princesses and Ladies of great Quality then at *Naples*; but he knew withal, that there were many subtle Curtezans, eagerly bent to trapan Strangers, great Cajollers of such as were ignorant of their impostures, and so much the more dangerous, by how much they were the more beautiful.

Having recover'd his astonishment, he went very disconsolately to his lodging, but resolv'd to prosecute the design wherein he was engag'd, with all the caution he could, out of a fear it might prove a cheat upon him. I shall not tell you exactly whether he supp'd, or not, nor yet whether, in case he went to bed supperless, he slept, or not, and yet there might be much probability of the latter. These considerable Circumstances of a *Hero*'s Life, I seldom trouble my self or my Reader with, though it be very much practis'd by the Authors of much greater Romances, than the World is ever like to have from me. For those Gentlemen

give such a punctual account of all their *Hero*'s do, and regulate their employments according to the several parts of the day, appointing them to do such a thing first, and then some other, as if they were shut up in some place of spiritual Retreat. For example, they must rise betimes in the morning, and having met with some-body, though they had never seen the party before, entertain him or he, with the History of their Adventures, 'till they be call'd into dinner: dine very lightly, and, as soon as they have din'd, retire into some Arbour, to proceed in the continuation of it, or spend the afternoon in reading some Romance; when-ever they drink, take as many go-downs as there are letters in their Mistress's names, in commemoration of them; and if the Clock strikes, make so many ejaculations for the good success of their Loves. If the weather be inviting to go abroad, they are led into some Grove, where they are to acquaint the Trees and Stones with their misfortunes, 'till their Supper-time calls them home, at which having, instead of eating, spent the time in sighs and reveries, go and build Castles in the Air upon some Turret, that looks toward the Sea, while some Squire or Servant discovers that his Master is such a one, the Son of such a King, and that there is not a better natur'd Prince in the World; and though he be then one of the handsomest men in the world, that he was quite another person, before Love had disfigur'd him. And thus they make those whom they would represent for exemplars of all the great and Heroick Vertues, in many things no better than so many *Extravagant Shepherds*, and *Don Quixots*.

But to return to my Story. *Don Carlos* came the night

night following to the ſame poſt, where he found his Inviſible Miſtreſs ready to entertain him. She ask'd him whether he had not been much troubled at the former converſe they had together, and whether it were not true, that he had entertain'd ſome diſtruſt of what ſhe had told him. *Don Carlos*, without anſwering her queſtion, entreated her to ſatisfie him, what danger or inconvenience there might be, in diſcovering her ſelf, ſince things were upon even terms on both ſides, and that they propos'd to themſelves no other ends in their gallantries, than ſuch as might be approv'd by all. 'In 'that lies the whole danger of it, *ſays the inviſible* '*Lady*, as you ſhall find in time; be you there-'fore aſſur'd, that I am real, and, in the relation 'I gave you of my ſelf, I have been ſo modeſt, 'that, without injury to truth, I might have told 'you much more. Their diſcourſe laſted a long time. They made ſome advance in the mutual love they had rais'd in one another, and at laſt parted, after a reciprocal promiſe to meet there every night, at the time they had agreed on.

The next day, there was to be an extraordinary Ball at the Vice-Roys Palace. *Don Carlos* was in hopes to make a diſcovery there of the perſon, who would be inviſible to him in all other places. In the mean time he made enquiry, whoſe Houſe that was, where he had receiv'd ſuch favourable audiences. He was told by the Neighbours, that there liv'd in it an ancient Lady, the Relict of a certain *Spaniſh* Captain, that ſhe liv'd very private, and had neither Daughters nor Nieces. He knock'd at the door, and deſir'd to ſee the old Lady; anſwer was brought him, that ſince the death of her Husband, ſhe admitted no viſits from any perſon whatſoever;

soever; which added not a little to the disturbance of his thoughts.

Don Carlos went at Night to the Vice-Roys, where you may imagine there was a noble Assembly of Gallants. He very exactly observ'd all the Ladies, to find out her whom he so much desir'd to know. He fell into discourse with those he met; but without any satisfaction. At last he singl'd out the Daughter of a certain Marquess, where his Title lay I know not, nor care much, especially now we are come to an age wherein people are too forward to assume Titles of Honour to themselves. The Lady was young and beautiful enough, and her voice came somewhat near hers whom he look'd for: But after much observation, he found such a distance between her intellectuals and those of his invisible Deity, that it repented him he had in so short a time made such a progress in his Courtship to that Beauty, as whence he might presume that she had a more than ceremonious kindness for him. They danc'd together several times, and the Ball being done, little to the satisfaction of *Don Carlos*, he took leave of his Captive, whom he left highly conceited of her self, that she alone, in so noble an Assembly, had receiv'd the gallantries of a Cavalier, who was no less esteem'd by all the Women, than envi'd by all the men.

From the Vice-Roys, he immediately went to his Lodging, and thence, having taken such arms as he thought requisite, to the fatal Grate, which was not far from it. The Lady, who was already got to her post, ask'd him what news he brought from the Ball, though she had been there her self. He ingenuously told her, that he had danc'd several times with a very beautiful person, and had entertain'd her

her with discourse as long as the Ball lasted. This confession gave her occasion to put divers questions to him, whereby he might easily have perceiv'd that she was jealous. *Don Carlos* on the other side discover'd the trouble of his mind, that she had not been at the Ball, and that it gave him some cause to mistrust her quality. She soon observ'd what he would have been at, and to prevent the disturbance such a doubt might raise in him, she us'd all the wit and Rhetorick she had, and shew'd him all the kindness could be expected between two persons separated by an iron-grate, which concluded with a promise, that she would be visible within a very short time. They thereupon took leave one of the other, he very doubtful whether he should believe her, and she a little jealous of the Beautiful Lady, whom he had entertain'd all the time of the Ball.

The next day, *Don Carlos* going into a Church, to hear Mass, and meeting just at the door with two Ladies mask'd, presented them with holy water, to spare them the trouble of taking it themselves. The better clad of the two told him, that in requital of that civility, she had somewhat to acquaint him with, wherein he might be highly concern'd. 'If 'you are not too much in hast, Madam, *says Don* '*Carlos to her*, you may immediately ease your 'self of what you have to tell me. Follow me 'then into the next Chappel, *replies the unknown* '*Lady*. She went in first, and *Don Carlos* follow'd her, much in doubt whether she were his Mistress, (though he was satisfi'd she was about the same stature) in regard he found some difference in their voices, this Lady speaking somewhat faster than the other.

Having shut themselves into the Chappel, she made him this discourse. 'Signior *Don Carlos*, *said* 'she, the whole City of *Naples* is full of wonder, 'at the great reputation you have acquir'd, since 'the small time of your residence in it, and you 'are look'd upon, by all, as the most accomplish'd 'person in the World: Only this occasions a ge- 'neral astonishment, that, being what you are, you 'should not have observ'd, there are in this City 'several Ladies of great quality and worth, who 'have a particular esteem and kindness for you. 'They have express'd so much, as far as modesty 'and the reserv'dness of their Sex would permit; 'and though they earnestly wish you assur'd of it, 'yet would they rather it might be said, you re- 'garded it not out of a certain insensibility than 'dissembled your inadvertency, out of indiffe- 'rence. There is, among others, one of my ac- 'quaintance, who, not regarding what may be 'said of such a discovery, gives you this eminent 'assurance of the esteem she hath for you, as to 'give you notice, That your mid-night adven- 'tures are observ'd; that you indiscreetly engage 'your affection to what you have no knowledge 'of, and since the person you court as a Mistress 'will not vouchsafe you a sight of her, that it is 'either out of a fear she is not amiable enough to 'gain your love, or asham'd of her own. I 'doubt not but the object of your contempla- 'tive love is some Lady of high quality, and tran- 'scendent wit, and that you imagine to your self 'a Mistress who is such, of all the excellencies 'her Sex is capable of, and consequently deserv- 'ing the adoration of such a person as you are; 'But Signior *Don Carlos*, let me give you this

'advice,

'advice, not to trust your imaginations to the 'prejudice of your judgment, but rather mistrust 'a person, who disguises her self, and avoid all 'further engagement in these nocturnal conver-'sations. To deal freely with you, 'tis I who am 'jealous of this phantasm of yours, troubled you 'should speak to her, and, since I have express'd 'my self thus far, am resolv'd to quash her designs, 'and defeat all her projects, so as to deprive her 'of a victory which I may justly dispute with her; 'since I am not inferiour to her, either as to beau-'ty, fortune, or quality, or indeed any thing that 'may render a Woman amiable. Farewel, I leave 'you to make your advantage of the good counsel 'I have given you, which, if you are wise, I doubt 'not but you will.

With these last words she went out of the Chappel, not staying for the Answer, which *Don Carlos* was ready to make her. He would have follow'd her, but he found at the Church-door a person of quality, who presently fell into discourse with her, and continu'd it so long, that he grew weary of staying to see her dis-engag'd. All the remainder of the day, his thoughts were wholly taken up with this adventure, and he suspected, at first, that the Gentlewoman he had met with at the Ball, might be the last mask'd Lady, that had appear'd to him: But considering with himself, that she seem'd to be much more ingenuous, then the other had discover'd her self, he was at a loss what to think of it, and began to wish he had not engag'd himself so far to his obscure Mistress, that he might have address'd his devotions to her whom he had last parted with. But at last, reflecting that she was no more known to him than his former

invisible

Inviſible Lady, whoſe Wit had charm'd him in the Converſation he had with her, he reſolv'd what courſe he ſhould take, and little regarded the menaces which had been made him, as being a perſon not to be frightn'd with great words.

In purſuance of this reſolution, he went that very night to his iron-grate at the hour appointed. The two Lovers ſpent their time, much after the ſame rate as they had at their former meetings. But being come near the height of their amorous diſcourſe, it was unexpectedly interrupted by a ſtrange accident. *Don Carlos* was of a ſudden ſurpriz'd by four Men in vizards, who having diſarm'd him, carri'd him away by main force into a Coach, which waited at the lower end of the ſtreet. I leave the Reader to imagine how heartily he rail'd on them, and the reproaches he made them, that they had taken him ſo much at their advantage. Nay, he try'd what fair words and promiſes might do; but inſtead of prevailing ought upon them, it only oblig'd them to look more narrowly to him, and deprived him of all hope to help himſelf either by his ſtrength or courage.

In the mean time, the Coach went forward as faſt as four good Horſes could draw it, and about an hour after they had left the City he was brought into a magnificent Palace, the great Gate whereof ſtood open, as if it had been purpoſely for his reception. The four diſguis'd perſons receiv'd *Don Carlos* out of the Coach, holding him faſt under the arms, as if he had been ſome Ambaſſadour conducted to the Grand Signior, or the King of *Perſia*. He was brought up the firſt Story with the ſame ceremony, and there, two Gentlewomen mask'd receiv'd him, at the entrance of a ſpacious Hall,

Hall, having each of them Torches in their hands. The disguis'd men took leave of him, and withdrew, after they had made him a most low congey. 'Tis very probable, they left him neither Sword nor Pistol, nor that he return'd them any thanks for the care they had of him, and their trouble to bring him thither. Not but that he was a person of as much civility as any man in the World, but one surpris'd may well be pardon'd the backwardness of expressing it so much as another.

I shall not tell you whether those great Wax-lights which the Gentlewomen held, were in Silver Candlesticks, but this I am sure of, that they were carv'd and emboss'd work, and the Hall was one of the most sumptuous in the world; and, if you please, the furniture of it, without disparagement, comparable to some Appartments of our late Romances; as, for example, *Zelemana*'s Ship in *Polexander*, *Ibrahim*'s Palace in the *Illustrious Bassa*, or the Room, in which the King of *Assyria* entertain'd *Mandana* in the *Grand Cyrus*; which, not to disparage those other I nam'd, is one of the most magnificently furnish'd Books of any in the world. Imagine then how much our cajoll'd Lover was astonish'd to find himself in so sumptuous an Appartment, attended only by two Gentlewomen mask'd, who spoke not at all, and conducted him thence into another Room, more nobly furnish'd than the Hall, where they left him all alone. Had he been of the humour of *Don Quixot*, he would have been transported into some extravagance befitting so great and Adventurer, and he would have conceited himself at least *Esplandian* or *Amadies*; but our grave *Spaniard* was no more troubled at it, than if he had been

been in some Inn, or Country-House of his own. True it is, he was much troubled for his Invisible Mistress, and having his thoughts continually fixt on her, he thought that room sadder than any Prison, which is never accounted handsome, but on the out-side. He was confident they intended him no hurt who had lodg'd him so nobly, and wanted not much of being satisfy'd, that the Lady, who had spoken to him the day before in the Church, was the Sorceress, who had wrought all these Enchantments. He admir'd in himself the fantastick humours of Women; and with what expedition they execute what they have once resolv'd; and thereupon he concluded it his best course patiently to expect the period of the adventure, and to continue faithful to his Mistress at the Grate, what promises or menaces whatsoever might he made to him:

Some time after, certain Officers belonging to the House, all in Vizards, but very richly clad, came in to lay the Cloth, which done, Supper was brought up. All was very magnificent; Musick and Perfumes were not wanting, and our *Don Carlos*, besides the senses of Smelling, and Hearing, satisfy'd also that of the Taste, much beyond what I should have imagin'd, the condition he was in consider'd; my meaning is, that he made a good Supper, for, as I told you, he could not live on the Airy entertainments of sights, and amorous imaginations. I forgot to tell you, that I think he wash'd his mouth before he sate down, for I have heard, that he had an extraordinary care of his teeth. The Musick continued playing a good while after Supper, and all having left him, *Don Carlos* walk'd up and down the room a good while, ruminating

ruminating on all these Enchantments, or somewhat else, it matters not much. At last two Gentlewomen mask'd, and a little Dwarf of a Page mask'd also, after they had laid a rich Cloth on a Side-table, came to help him off with his Cloaths, without any previous question, whether he had any mind to go to Bed or not. He suffer'd them to do what they pleas'd; the Gentlewomen ordered his Bed, and marched away; the Page help'd him off with his Boots or Shooes, and afterwards with his Cloaths. *Don Carlos* got into Bed, and all this was done with as strict an observation of silence of all sides, as if he had been in some Monastery of *Carthusians*. He rested well enough for an amorous person; the Birds of an adjoyning aviary awak'd him at the break of Day; the mask'd Dwarf was ready to wait on him, and brought him the finest Linnen, the whitest, and best perfum'd that he had ever seen.

'Twere two hard a task to give an account how he pass'd away the time from Morning till Noon, let those who feel the gripings of a passionate love imagine it, as for other People it matters not what they think. The silence, which had hitherto been exactly observed of all sides, was broken at last, by another mask'd Gentlewoman, who came to ask him, whether he would be pleased to see the Princess of that Enchanted Palace. He told her, it was his desire, and that she should be very welcome. Not long after, she comes into the room, attended by four Gentlewomen very richly clad, and with that lustre and attraction, as if the Graces had bestow'd the whole Morning in dressing her. Never had our *Spaniard* seen a greater conjunction of Love and Majesty in one countenance than

than he now saw in that of this unmask'd *Urganda*. He was so ravish'd and astonish'd together, that all the Congees he made, and several postures he put himself into, while he led her by the hand into an adjoyning room, were little better than so many stumblings. What he had thought so sumptuous in the Hall, and the other Room, whereof I told you before, were nothing in comparison of what he found in this, and yet as magnificent as all things were, they receiv'd some addition of lustre from the mask'd Lady, who honour'd the place with her divine presence. They sate down on a sumptuous Couch, the most sumptuous that had ever been made, since the first invention of Couches. Having view'd him a while, to see how he kept his countenance, she at last spoke to him, with a Voice as sweet as a Virginal, discovering her mind in a discourse, not much different from that I am now going to give you.

'I doubt not, Signior *Don Carlos*, *says she to him*, of your being surpris'd, at what hath happen'd to you in my House since your coming into it last night; but if it have not had that effect on you which I imagine to my self, I have however the satisfaction of assuring you that I am no worse than my promise, and convincing you, by what I have already done, what I am further able to do. 'Tis possible, my Rival, your Invisible Mistress, may, by her artifices, and the good fortune of having engag'd you first, be absolutely possess'd of that place in your heart, which I am to dispute with her; but she is no Woman that will be put off with one denial; and if my Fortunes, which are not to be slighted, and all may be had with me, be too weak a

'motive

'motive to induce you to love me, I ſhall yet 'have this ſelf-content, that I have choſen rather 'to run the hazard of being ſlighted for my im-'perfection, than obſcure my ſelf out of ſubtlety 'or ſhame.

With thoſe words ſhe took off her mask, and gave *Don Carlos* a full diſcovery of Heaven, or, if you pleaſe, a ſmall draught of it, the loveliеſt Head in the World, ſuſtain'd by a Body of the nobleſt Stature he had ever admir'd; in a word, both together making up a Perſon wholly divine. By the freſh complexion of her countenance, a Man would have gueſs'd her not to exceed ſixteen years of age; but a certain mixture of Majeſty and Gallantry in the air of it, ſuch as young perſons are not arriv'd to, gave a greater aſſurance of her being four years elder.

Don Carlos ſtood mute a while, as being unreſolv'd what Anſwer he ſhould make her, not a little incens'd againſt his Inviſible Lady, who hindred him from making an abſolute diſpoſal of himſelf to the moſt Beautiful perſon he had ever ſeen, and at a perfect loſs, both as to what he ſhould ſay, or what he ſhould do. At laſt, after an interiour conflict, which laſted long enough to raiſe ſome doubts in the Lady of the enchanted Palace, he took a firm reſolution, to make her a clear diſcovery of his Soul, and it prov'd (ſuch is commonly the reward of ſincerity) one of the nobleſt and moſt advantageous actions he ever did. But you expect his Anſwer. Many perſons, who have heard of it, have been of opinion he might have done better, and declar'd his mind a little more ſmartly, when he had once reſolv'd which game he would be at. But I am only his Secre-

tary

tary, and think my self concern'd in point of Conscience, to lay down the very words he deliver'd, which were these, as near as I can remember. 'I must acknowledge, Madam, *said he*, that it 'would have been too great a happiness to please 'such a person as you are, could I have been but 'so happy as that I might have lov'd you. I am 'sufficiently sensible, that I refuse the most beau-'tiful person in the World, to Court another who 'possibly may be such only in my imagination. 'But, Madam, would you think me worthy your 'affection, if you thought me capable of an un-'faithfulness, towards a person, whom I had pro-'mis'd constancy? And is it consistent with my 'constancy that I should address my affection to 'you? But why do I say mine, when I have not 'had any to dispose, since the engagement of 'fidelity I made to that Mistress, who is yet 'pleas'd to be invisible to me? You are therefore, 'Madam, not so much to blame me, as bewail 'my misfortune; or rather let us joyntly bemoan 'our selves, you, because you cannot obtain your 'desires, and I, that I cannot see what I love.

He delivered this with so sad an accent, that the Lady might easily observe he made a sincere discovery of his thoughts. She omitted nothing which she conceiv'd might perswade him to fall off from his former love; he was deaf to all her entreaties, nay was little mov'd at her tears, though the greatest Rhetorick a Woman can use. She renew'd the charge several times; he as obstinately kept his ground. At last she fell to bitter railings and reproaches, and having vented on him all the injurious expressions, that could proceed from exasperated rage, and that a Woman's, she left

left him, not so much to consider what he had to do, as to curse his misfortune. A Gentlewoman came in a while after, to tell him, that, if he pleas'd he might take a turn or two in the Garden. He went, not meeting with any body in his way, 'till he came to the bottom of the Stairs, where he found ten Men with Vizards on, who waited at the door, arm'd with Partizans and Carbines. As he pass'd through the Court, to go towards the Garden, which was in all things answerable to the Palace, one of those men, who stood Centry at the gate, comes up to him, and whispers him in the ear (as if he had been much afraid to be over-heard) That he had receiv'd from an Ancient Gentleman a Letter directed to him, and that he had promis'd the delivery of it into his own hands, though it might hazard his life, if it were discover'd: but a present of twenty Pieces, and a promise of a little Summ afterwards, had prevail'd with him to venture the doing of that dangerous kindness. *Don Carlos* promis'd secresie, and made all the haste he could into the Garden to read what he had receiv'd from him.

The LETTER.

Signor *Don Carlos.*

YOU may easily imagine what trouble I have been in, ever since I lost you, by that you are in your self, if so your love be as violent as mine. My affliction was not capable of any abatement, 'till I had discover'd the place where you are, and that's the only comfort I have. The Lady, who contriv'd your surprize and carrying away, from the place where we thought our selves secure from such

ambushes, is the Princess Porcia. *To satisfie her own humour, she slights all other considerations, and you are not the first* Reynaldo *that hath fallen into the hands of that dangerous* Armida. *But I shall break all her enchantments, and it shall not be long e'er I force you, out of her embraces, into my own, a happiness you will deserve, if you are as constant as I wish you should be, to*

Your Invisible Mistress.

Don Carlos was ravish'd to receive this account of his Lady, for whom he had a real and violent affection. He kiss'd the Letter 'till he grew weary of that divertisement, and return'd to the gate, to find out him from whom he had receiv'd it, and to requite his kindness with a rich Diamond-ring, off his finger. He walk'd a good while longer in the Garden, wondring extreamly at the strange humour of that Princess *Porcia*, of whom he had heard much, as of a young Lady of a very great fortune, and descended of one of the noblest Houses in the Kingdom; and being a person of great vertue, he conceiv'd such an aversion for her, that he resolv'd, though with the hazard of his life, to do all he could to get out of that restraint wherein she kept him.

As he was coming out of the Garden, he met with a young Gentlewoman, unmask'd (for upon the Ladies discovery of her self, orders were given there should be no more Masks seen about the Palace) who ask'd him, whether he would be pleas'd to admit of her Ladies Company, to dine with him that day. I leave you to judge, whether he return'd, *She should be welcome*, or *With all his heart*,

heart, or, *That it was an honour he could not have aspir'd to.* Soon after, dinner was brought in; the Princess appear'd fairer than the day, and her conversation took the amorous *Spaniard* so highly, that it bred in him a secret trouble to see, in a person of so great quality, such excellent endowments so strangely misemploy'd. He endeavour'd all he could to put himself in a pleasant humour, though his thoughts were continually fix'd on his unknown Mistress, who he was impatiently desirous to meet with once more at the grate.

As soon as they had taken away, and all the attendants had quitted the room, the Lady assaulted his constancy once more, in these words. 'I know 'not, Signior, *Don Carlos*, *said she*, whether I may 'from the chearfulness, which methinks I have 'observ'd in your countenance, derive any hope of 'some change in your mind, or presume that my 'face and carriage, have at least rais'd in you a 'doubtfulness, whether the invisible Beauty, you 'so much dote on, be more capable to force your 'love than I am. I have not disguis'd what I would 'have bestow'd on you, because I was not willing 'you should repent your having receiv'd it; and 'though a person accustomed to receive Petitions, 'may easily be offended, at a denial, yet I shall 'forget all resentment of that which I have re-'ceiv'd from you, on condition you repair it, by 'your future compliance, in giving me what I 'conceive my self more worthy of than the invi-'sible and inaccessible object of your adorations. 'Let me therefore know your final resolution, 'that if it prove not to my advantage, I may en-'deavour to find a counter-battery of Reasons, 'strong enough to beat down those which I think

'I have had to love you, that I may no longer pur-
'sue a vain hope, which will deceive me at last.

Don Carlos paus'd a while, to see whether she would have gone on with the discourse, but perceiving she had given over, and that, with her eyes fasten'd on the ground, she expected the sentence he was to pronounce, he persisted in the resolution he had taken to deal freely with her, and put her out of all hope that he could ever be her Servant, and so made her this cold and comfortless Answer. 'Madam, before I satisfie you, as to 'what you are so desirous to know, I am to beg 'a real discovery of your sentiments concerning 'what I shall propose to you, with the same free-'dom and sincerity, as you expect I should ob-'serve towards you. If your self had oblig'd a 'person to offer up his affections to you, and by 'all the endearing favours, which a Lady may 'grant, without injury or prejudice to her vertue, 'you had engag'd this person to swear and vow an 'inviolable constancy to you, would you not ac-'count him the basest and unworthiest of Men, if 'he should not perform the promise he had made 'you? And should I not be this very base and 'unworthy person, if, though to obtain one, so 'infinitely deserving as you are, I should forsake a 'Woman, who hath some grounds to presume that 'I love her?

He would have proceeded with this and other formal arguments, to satisfie her, but she gave him not the time. 'I have enough, *said she*, I perceive 'what your Answer will amount to, and cannot 'forbear admiring your constancy, though it be 'so much contrary to my satisfaction. I shall 'importune you no further, to a change of the

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'resolution you have taken; you shall be deliver'd 'out of your restraint, only this kindness I shall 'press you to, that you remain here till night, to 'be remov'd hence, in the same manner as you 'were brought hither, assuring my self, that if 'you ever come to discover where you have been, 'you will be so generous as to conceal the design 'I had upon you, and be moderate in the tri-'umph of your fidelity. She held a handkerchief before her eyes, while she spoke those last words, as it were to keep her tears from being seen by the *Spaniard*, who, if, on the one side, troubled at what she had said, was, on the other, so transported with joy at the recovery of his liberty, that he could not have conceal'd it, though he had been the greatest Hypocrite in the World: And 'tis to be imagin'd that if the Lady had observ'd, he could not have avoided her reproaches. I know not whether he thought it long e're night came, for, as I told you before, I troubled not my self much about the precise observance of times and hours. You may be assur'd it came, and that, being dispos'd into a Coach, he was brought back to his own lodgings, attended by the same persons who had waited on him the night before.

Being one of the kindest Masters in the World, his Servants were over-joy'd to see him again; but they enjoy'd him not long. He put on armour, and accompani'd by two of them, whose courage he had former experience of, he made all the haste he could to the Grate, nay his haste was such, that those who attended him, had much ado to follow him. He had no sooner made the accustom'd signal, but the invisible Deity answer'd him. They had a long discourse, and that so full of affectionate

tenderness, on both sides, that I never think on it, without tears. At last, she told him, that, having receiv'd some affront in the house where she then was, she had sent for her Coach, to remove thence: but in regard it would be long e'er it came, and that his might be sooner got ready, she entreated him to send for it, to conduct her to a place, where he should not any longer complain of her invisibility. The amorous Gallant staid not for a longer entreaty, he ran to his Servants, whom he had left at the end of the street, and sent them for his Coach, which being come, the Invisible Lady kept her promise, and went along with him into it. She gave the Coach-man directions which way he should go, and bid him stop at a great house, into which he drove, by the light of many torches, which met them at the gate. *Don Carlos* conducted the Lady as she directed him, up a large pair of stairs, into a spacious Hall, where he continu'd somewhat troubled to find her still mask'd. At last, several Gentlewomen richly apparrell'd, coming to receive them, every one with a great wax Candle in her hand, the Invisible Lady discover'd her self, and taking off her Mask, satisfi'd *Don Carlos*, that the Lady at the grate and the Princess *Porcia* were but one and the same person.

It were no easie matter for me to tell you, how strangely the *Spaniard* was surpriz'd. The beautiful *Neapolitan* told him, that she had brought him away a second time, to know his final resolution; that what pretensions soever the Lady at the grate had to him, were now become hers, with a thousand other things highly amorous and witty. *Don Carlos* cast himself at her feet, embrac'd her knees, and kiss'd her hands, and so avoided the uttering of

many impertinencies, which people overjoy'd are apt to be guilty of. When these first transportations were over, he rallied together all his wit and gallantry, to celebrate the pleasant humour of his Mistress, and acquitted himself in expressions so advantagious to her, that she was further assur'd of her not being mistaken in her choice. She told him, that she was unwilling to trust any but her self in a trial, without which, she could never have lov'd him, and that she would never have been any man's less constant than he had shewn himself.

Upon this, the Relations of the Princess *Porcia* being acquainted with her design, came in to them. She being one of the most considerable persons in the Kingdom, and *Don Carlos* of great Quality, it prov'd no hard matter to get a Dispensation from the Arch-Bishop, for their Marriage. They were married that very night, by the Parson of the Parish, who being an eminent Preacher, 'tis likely, there wanted not a very good exhortation. Some reported, that it was very late e'er they were stirring the next day, which I am apt enough to believe. The News was soon divulg'd, whereat the Vice Roy, who was nearly related to *Don Carlos*, was so glad, that the publick divertisements began afresh in *Naples*, where they still talk of the [illegible] of *Don Carlos* and his *INVISIBLE MISTRESS*.

SCARRON's NOVELS.

The Chastisement of Avarice.

The Seventh Novel.

NOT many years since, a young Lad, poor, to the very lowest degree of poverty, yet of an ambition exceeding it, and infinitely more desirous to be thought a Gentleman, than to be accounted either a rational Creature or a Christian, came along with his Father out of the Mountains of *Navarr*, with a resolution (whether guided by instinct, or encourag'd by the directions of some others of his friends, I could never

never learn) to plant themſelves at *Madrid*. They had heard much of the gallantry of that place, and were put in hopes that they ſhould meet with thoſe things there, which they could not find in their own Country, I mean the favours and indulgences of Fortune, which are to be had at the Court, rather than any where elſe, yet are ſeldom obtain'd, without much Courtſhip, and exceſſive importunities. It was the young Lad's good luck, though I know not by what charms procur'd, to be entertain'd a Page by ſome Grandee, or rather Prince, (for they have the vanity to think themſelves ſuch) a condition, not thought very honourable in *Spain*, that is, much at the ſame rate as that of Lacqueys in *France* or *England*. He was put into the Livery about twelve years of age, and, no doubt, he look'd very prettily in it, ſuch an alteration is the firſt ſmile of good fortune able to make, in one who till then, had liv'd no otherwiſe than as an unciviliz'd High-lander. 'Tis poſſible, ſome other perſon would have grown inſolent upon ſo ſtrange a Metamorphoſis; but he was of a quite different temper, and withal the moſt frugal Page that ever was, nay, what is the greateſt Commendation of a perſon of his quality, the leaſt addicted to an Art call'd the Lightneſs of the Fingers, as haply having not yet been long enough in the City, to underſtand the advantages of his profeſſion.

Having ſold his former rags to the Brokers, he began to think himſelf a rich Man; yet did not his wealth conſiſt ſo much in the gaudineſs of his accoutrements, as in the greatneſs of his hopes, and a wretched Bed, diſpos'd into a ſmall partition of a Garret, which he had taken, not far from his Maſter's Houſe, and there he retir'd in the night, with

his

his Father, rich in years, ſince he liv'd, and, upon that account, raiſing a compaſſion in all he met, ſome were ſo charitable as to relieve him. Thoſe charities were his daily revenue, but ſo ſmall, that many times, he went to his Cell, not only leſs, but hungry. At laſt the old Man dies, and his Son was glad to ſee him ſo well provided for, out of this reflection, that being diſburthen'd of that charge, he was in a fair way to become a rich man. From the hour of his Father's interment, he impos'd upon himſelf ſo great a frugality, and enter'd into ſo ſtrict and auſtere a kind of Life, that he ſpent in a manner nothing, of that little, which was allow'd him every day for his ſubſiſtence. 'Tis true, it was not without the grumbling and barking of his Stomach, and to the coſt of all thoſe, with whom he could make any acquaintance.

Don Marcos (ſo was called this remarkable example of penury) was a perſon of a ſtature ſomewhat below the middle ſize, and through pure want of ſeaſonable nouriſhment, he, in a ſhort time, became the ſlendereſt, and drieſt perſon in the World. When he waited on his Maſter at table (which, it ſeems, was not ſo often as he could have wiſh'd) he never chang'd his Plate, but that, if there were any thing left on it, he had the admirable ſleight of conveying ſomewhat into his pocket, whether it were dry or liquid he matter'd not much. But finding by experience, that, when he ſecur'd any thing of the latter kind, it could not be done without offence; he found out an expedient to prevent that inconvenience, for having converted into Mony the Wax of a great number of Torches ends, which he had very carefully kept together, he bought him a pair of pockets of your

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Latten-ware, wherewith he afterwards did miracles in order to the advancement of his fortune.

Most covetous persons are commonly vigilant and careful, and these two qualities, heightned by the insatiable passion, which *Don Marcos* had, to become a rich Man, rais'd in his Master such an extraordinary kindness towards him, that he would not, by any means in the World, have parted with so excellent a Page. He continu'd him in his Livery, from the twelfth, as I told you, to the thirteth year of his Age, so that, upon the account of his Seniority, he might have taken place of all the Pages in *Spain*. But there happen'd an inconvenience, which prevail'd with his Master to change that resolution, and that was, that this over-grown Page was oblig'd to shave himself every day; whereupon being transform'd from a Page into a Gentleman, he was made by his Master what Heaven would never have made him.

The advantage of this transformation was, that his allowance was advanc'd, by a daily addition of some few Ryals; but he, instead of adding any thing to his expence, rein'd his Purse-strings the more, not regarding how much his new employment oblig'd him to betray a proportionable liberality. He had heard indeed, that some of his Profession, instead of a Boy, to wait on them, in the morning, made use of such as sold *Aquavitæ*, to make clean their Rooms into which they got them, pretending that they would have drunk of their Water, and some-times in the Winter-time, they call'd up those that sold Wafers and Jumbals (a sort of people that walk as late as the Bak'd-Pepin Wenches do about *London*) to get off their Cloaths; but in regard this could not be done without a

kind

kind of violence, and that our *Don Marcos* was of an humour, not to be unjuſt to any but himſelf, he conceiv'd it his beſt courſe not to be troubled with any Servant. Never was there a Candle's end burnt in his Chamber, but he came to it by ſlight of hand, and to make it laſt as long as might be, he began to undreſs himſelf in the ſtreet, from the very place where he had lighted it, ſo that by the time he was come to his Chamber, he was in a manner ready to get into his Bed. But conſidering with himſelf, that it was poſſible a Man might go to his reſt with leſs charge, his inventive imagination found out another expedient, which was, to make a little hole in the partition, which ſeparated his room from his next Neighbours, ſo as that, as ſoon as he had lighted his Candle, *Don Marcos* opened the hole, and ſo had light enough to do any thing he had to do at that time of the Night.

That one ſide of his Body ſhould not laugh at the other, nor either of them at the middle of his haunches, he wore his Sword one day on the right ſide, the next day, on the left, the third hanging perpendicularly down his back, and all this, that his Cloaths might be equally worn out of all ſides, and that the Dammage ſhould be the leſs, being equally divided. Upon the very break of Day, he ſtood at his door, with a little Earthen pitcher in his hand, begging a little Water of all the Water-bearers that paſs'd by, and ſo he ſuppli'd himſelf with Water for many days together. He went many times into a little Buttery, juſt at the time that the other Servants belonging to his Maſter, who had their Diet in the Houſe, were at Meals, and there he would take occaſion to commend what they had before them, that ſome body might

invite

invite him to taſte of it. He never bought any Wine, yet drank of it every day, either by taſting what the publick Criers carri'd about, or ſtaying in the ſtreets thoſe, who had been buying at the Cabarets, of whom he begg'd a taſt as if he intended to buy himſelf of the ſame. Coming to *Madrid* upon a Mule, he caſt ſuch a miſt before the eyes of his Hoſts, that he kept the poor Beaſt only with pieces of the Bed-mats on which he lay, and what other remnants of old Mats he could meet with.

There happen'd a neceſſity, one time, that he muſt take a Servant along with him, upon a Journey he had to make; but growing weary of him the firſt day of his ſervice, he bethought himſelf of a pretty device to put him off. Pretending that he could not drink the Wine at the Inn where he then was, he ſent the poor fellow to another, a good League diſtant, where he ſaid there was much better. There was no way but to obey the commands of his new Maſter; but, before his return, he was gone away, and left falſe directions, where to find him, and ſo the poor Boy was forc'd to get back again to *Madrid* with a weeping-croſs, as being reduc'd to play the Pilgrim, and beg all the way, for the Mony he had given him to buy the Wine prov'd naught. In fine, *Don Marcos* became the living pourtraiture of baſe thrift and avarice, and was ſo well known to be the moſt covetous Man that ever *Spain* bred, that, in *Madrid* they had no other name for a miſerable fellow, than *Don Marcos*.

His Maſter, and all his Friends, told a thouſand pleaſant ſtories of him and that even in his preſence for he never troubled himſelf at their diſcourſe

courſe, as minding his own advantage more than their raillery, though he underſtood it well enough, and would put in ever and anon ſome grave ſaying or Apothegm. One of them was, that a Woman could never be handſom, if ſhe lov'd to receive; nor ever deformed if ſhe had any thing to give. And that a prudent and thrifty Man ſhould never go to Bed, till he had made ſome advantage or other. This excellent Theory, ſeconded by as exact a Practice, had brought him in, by that time he was arriv'd to forty years of Age, ten thouſand Crowns in ready mony, a vaſt ſum for a Gentleman, waiting on a Grandee, eſpecially one of *Spain*. But what will not a long proceſs of time bring a Man to, when he robs himſelf of all he can, as well as other people?

Don Marcos having thus acquir'd the reputation of being rich, without that of following any evil courſe or gaming, was ſoon look'd upon as an advantageous Match, by ſeveral Women, who, above all things, and with all the artifices imaginable, proſecute their own concernments. Among the many who proffer'd him their enjoyments and liberty, for (Women in *Spain* are but a ſmall degree above Slaves) there was one *Iſidora*, a Woman that went for a Widow, though ſhe had never been married, and that it was at leaſt forty years ſince ſhe had been a Maid. She ſeem'd to be much younger than ſhe was, ſo well was ſhe vers'd in the diſguiſes and artifices, which Women ſometimes uſe, to belye their Age and Wrinckles. Her fortune was meaſur'd according to her expence, which was very high for a Woman of her condition; inſomuch that the common report, which is ever raſh and apt to lye, gave her out to be worth

worth, besides what she might have in Mony and Jewels, three hundred Pounds Sterling *per ann.* and at least ten thousond Crowns in Houshold-stuff. He who propos'd the Match between *Don Marcos* and this *Isidora*, was a famous Trapanner, one that traded in all sorts of Commodities, and a whole-sail-Merchant in the common Drugs of the female Sex. He gave *Don Marcos* such an advantageous account of the Lady *Isidora*, that it made his teeth water to be acquainted with her, a curiosity he had never had for any person before. Nay, he perswaded him so far that she was rich, and the Widdow of a Cavalier, of one of the best Houses of *Andalusia*, that, upon the first proposals, he accounted himself as good as Married to her. That very day, this subtil Sollicitor of Venereal Causes, whose name was *Gamara*, prevail'd with *Don Marcos* to go along with him to visit *Isidora* at her house. The covetous Wretch was ravish'd at the neatness and magnificence of the House, into which *Gamara* brought him, but much better pleas'd, when the conductor assur'd him, that both it, and all within it belong'd to *Isidora*. He found therein such Houshold-stuff, such *Alcoves*, Couches, and a profusion of Perfumes, as might become a Lady of the greatest quality, rather than the future Spouse of a simple Gentleman, that waited on a Grand Signor of *Spain*; and for her own part, he thought her at least a Goddess. *Don Marcos* found her very busie, about some extraordinary Works, sitting between two of her Waiting-women, both so highly clad, and so handsome, that notwithstanding the natural aversion he had for expence, and especially that occasion'd by a superfluous number of Domesticks, he would have Mar-

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ried *Iſidora*, though 'twere only out of an am
he then had, to have at his command, ſuch b
ful young Maids, as he took them to be. *Iſ*
diſcourſe was ſo excellent, that it not only p
but in a manner Enchanted *Don Marcos*; a
what made an abſolute conqueſt of his heart, wa
magnificent Collation, at which the fineneſs of
Linnen, and the ſumptuouſneſs of the plate w
anſwerable to the other rich Houſhold-ſtuff of
Lady, at whoſe charge it was. There was pre
at this Collation a proper young Lad, named
guſtine, well cloath'd, whom *Iſidora* ſaid was
Nephew, and whom his good Aunt, to ſhew
fondneſs of him, diminutively called *Auguſtine*
though he were above twenty years of Age.
ſidora and *Auguſtinetto* out-vy'd one the other
their treatment of *Don Marcos*, and were
preſenting him with what they thought beſt in
Collation; and while our up-ſtart Gentle
ſatisfi'd his half ſtarv'd Stomach with provi
for at leaſt one week, at the charge of another,
Ears were charm'd by the ſweet Voice of
Waiting-woman *Marcella*, who, to the ſound
a Virginal, ſung certain paſſionate Airs. *D*
Marcos forgot his Gentility, and fed like a Farm
and the Collation ended with the day, the l
whereof growing deficient was ſuppli'd by tha
four great Wax-Candles, in Candleſticks of maſſy
ver exquiſitely wrought, which *Don Marcos* im
diately reſolv'd within himſelf to reform into
ſingle Lamp, as ſoon as ever he were Marri
Iſidora. *Auguſtinetto* too a Gitthar, and p
ſeveral Sarabands, which the crafty *Marcella*,
the other Waiting-Gentlewoman *Inez*, danc'd
mirably well, exactly anſwering the ſound of th
Gitt

Gitthar with their Caſtagnets. The diſcreet *Gamara* whiſper'd *Don Marcos* in the ear, that the Lady *Iſidora* went to bed betimes. The civil Gentleman ſtaid not for a ſecond Advertiſement, and thereupon addreſſing himſelf to *Iſidora*, with ſuch extraordinary complements and ſo great proteſtations of love and ſervice, as he had never made to any before, he took leave both of her, and her Nephew Signor *Auguſtinetto*, leaving them at liberty to ſay what they thought of him.

Don Marcos being thus deeply fallen in love with *Iſidora*, but much more with her Money, acknowledg'd to *Gamara*, who accompani'd him to his own lodging, that the beautiful Widow had ſmitten him in the more amorous part of his ſoul, and that he would have parted with a finger, on condition he were already Marri'd to her; inasmuch as he had never met with any Woman that pleas'd his fancy better than ſhe did, telling him withal, that after their Marriage, ſhe ſhould not live at ſuch an extravagant rate. 'She lives rather like 'a Princeſs, than the Wife of a private perſon, *ſays 'the cautious Don Marcos to the diſſembling companion 'Gamara*, and conſiders not, that the Houſhold-'ſtuff and Plate ſhe hath, being turn'd into Mony, 'and that Mony added to that which I have, 'might bring in a conſiderable yearly rent, which 'we may lay up for a reſerve, and, by the in-'duſtry it hath pleas'd God to beſtow on me, raiſe a 'plentiful eſtate, and fortunes for the Children we 'may have between us. But if Heaven ſhall think 'fit, that we have no iſſue, ſince *Iſidora* hath a hope-'ful Nephew, we will ſettle all we ſhall gather 'together upon him, provided he anſwer the expe-'ctation I have of his well doing.

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Don Marcos entertain'd *Gamara* with theſe diſcourſes, or others to the ſame effect, walking ſtill on, till he found himſelf juſt at the door of his Lodging. *Gamara* took his leave of him, after he had promiſed, that the next day he would conclude his Marriage with *Iſidora*, and giving him this reaſon for his expedition therein, That affairs of that nature, many times, miſcarried as much by delay as by the death of either of the parties. *Don Marcos* kindly embrac'd the dear carrier on of his deſigns, and diſmis'd him. He went immediately back to *Iſidora*, to give her an account in what poſture he had left her humble Setvant, and in the mean time our amorous Gentleman taking out of his pocket the end of a wax-candle, he faſten'd it to the point of his Sword, and having lighted it at a lamp which burn'd before a publick Crucifix, in a place hard by, not without making a kind of ejaculatory prayer for the good ſucceſs of his marriage, he open'd, with a Miſtreſs-key, the door of the Houſe where he lay, and laid himſelf down in his wretched bed, rather to paſs away the night in reflecting on his Loves, than in ſleeping.

The next morning *Gamara* comes to him, and acquainted him with the good news of the concluſion of his marriage with *Iſidora*, who referred it to *Don Marcos*, to appoint the day, on which it ſhould be ſolemnized. The amorous Miſer told *Gamara*, that though he were married that very day, yet would it not be as ſoon as he wiſh'd it. *Gamara* reply'd that it depended wholly on himſelf to conſummate his own happineſs: whereupon *Don Marcos* embracing him, deſir'd the contract might be drawn up that very day. He appointed *Gamara* to meet him in the afternoon, as ſoon as he

he pleas'd, after he had waited on his Maſter at dinner. They both punctually met at the time and place appointed. They went to *Iſidora's* Houſe, while *Don Marcos* was more nobly entertain'd than he had been the time before. *Marcella* ſung; *Inez* danc'd: *Auguſtinetto* plaid on the Gitthar; and *Iſidora*, the principal Actreſs, gave her future Husband an extraordinary Treatment, whereof ſhe knew who ſhould defray the charge at laſt. He devour'd all that was preſented to him with as little remorſe as a Wolf half-ſtarv'd; and yet he could not forbear cenſuring the ſuperfluity of the expence in his ſoul. *Gamara* was ſent for a publick Notary; he brought one to act that part. The Articles of the Treaty of Marriage were ſoon ſet down, and as ſoon ſigned on both ſides.

There was a motion made to *Don Marcos*, that he would play a game at *Primero*, to paſs away the time. 'Heaven and all the Inhabitants of it for-'bid, *ſays Don Marcos*, I play at any kind of 'game! No, no; I ſerve a Maſter, who would 'turn me out of his ſervice within a quarter of an 'hour, if he ſhould ever hear that I were a Game-'ſter; and for my own part, I am not ſo well 'skill'd, as to know the Cards. How infinitely am 'I pleas'd with what Signor *Don Marcos* hath ſaid, '*replies Iſidora*, I am every day preaching the 'ſame thing to my Nephew *Auguſtinetto*, but the 'World is come to that paſs now, that the younger 'ſort think themſelves too wiſe, to receive the 'good counſels and admonitions of their elders, 'much more to follow them. Go thy ways, unhap-'py boy, *ſays ſhe to Auguſtinetto*, go bid *Marcella* 'and *Inez* make an end of their dinner, and come 'and divert the company with their Caſtagnets.

While *Auguſtinetto* was gone down to call up the Maids, *Don Marcos*, addreſſing himſelf to *Iſidora*, acquainted her with his mind in theſe terms. 'If *Auguſtinetto* will do as I would have him, 'there are two things he muſt abſtain from, as the 'moſt contrary to my nature of any thing in the 'World, and that is, Gaming, and being abroad 'late in the night. I am deſirous that all thoſe who 'lie within my doors ſhould be in their beds be-'times, and that, as ſoon as it is dark, the Houſe-'doors ſhould be well bolted and lock'd. Not that 'I am of a diſtruſtful humour; nay on the contra-'ry, I do not think any thing more impertinent 'than to be ſo, eſpecially when a Man hath an 'honeſt and careful Wife, as I am more than in 'hopes to have: But thoſe Houſes, where there is 'any thing to be taken, can never be too ſecure 'from Thieves, and Houſe-breakers, for if there 'be but a ſink-hole left open, they will make a 'ſhift to get in, and for my part, it would break 'my heart, if ſome idle Raſcal of a Thief, without 'taking any other pains, than what it coſts him to 'carry away what he finds, ſhould, in a inſtant, 'convey away, what I had much ado to get toge-'ther in many years. For theſe reaſons therefore '*continues Don Marcos*, I will abſolutely forbid 'him Gaming and Night-walking, or reſign him 'up to be dealt with according to the diſcretion 'of the Devil, for *Don Marcos* ſhall be no longer 'his Tutor.

The cholerick Signor ſpoke theſe laſt words with ſo much tranſportation, that it coſt *Iſidora* a great many intreaties and ſubmiſſions, to lay his great ſpirit, and reduce him to his ordinary tranquility. She did as good as fall on her knees, to deſire *Don Marcos*,

Marcos, that he would be no longer angry, aſſuring him, that her Nephew ſhould give him all the ſatisfaction he could expect, for he was but young, and of the moſt docile and compliant nature of any ſhe had ever known.

They fell into ſome other diſcourſe, upon the coming in of *Auguſtine* and the Dancing-women, and they ſpent ſome part of the night in dancing and ſinging. *Don Marcos*, to ſpare himſelf the trouble of returning to his own lodging, would have perſwaded *Iſidora*, to condeſcend, that they might, from that time, live together, as Man and Wife, or that at leaſt he might lie in her Houſe, in regard it was grown later than he had imagin'd. But ſhe put on a ſevere countenance, and earneſtly proteſted, that ever ſince the unhappy day that had reduc'd her to the condition of Widow-hood, never had any Man ſet his foot into the chaſt bed which had ſometime been her dear Lord's, nor ſhould any, till the Church had interpos'd her authority, and that while ſhe were a Widow, no perſon ſhould ever lie under her roof, but her Nephew *Auguſtine*.

Don Marcos was much pleas'd with her reſolution, notwithſtanding his amorous impatience. He bid her good-night, return'd to his lodging, accompani'd by *Gamara* took out of his pocket the Candle's end, ſtuck it to the point of his Sword, lighted it at the Lamp before the Crucifix, in a word, did all he had done the night before, ſo punctual was he in all things, unleſs it were that he ſaid not his prayers, as he had done, haply becauſe he thought his buſineſs effected, and that he ſtood not in any need of Heaven's further aſſiſtance. The Banes of Matrimony were ſoon ask'd ont, for there happen'd to come two

or three holy-days together. At laſt, the Marriage, ſo much deſir'd on both ſides, was conſummated, and the ſolemnity thereof occaſion'd a greater expence than was expected from the penuriouſneſs of the Bride-groom, who, out of a fear of making any breach in his ten thouſand Crowns, borrow'd mony of his friends. The chiefeſt of his Maſter's Servants were at the wedding, and took occaſion ever and anon to commend the good choice he had made. The cheer was extraordinary, though at the charge of *Don Marcos*, who for that time was content to defray all, and, by a prodigy of affection, had caus'd very rich Cloaths to be made for *Iſidora* and himſelf.

The Gueſts departed in good time, and, the coaſt being clear, *Don Marcos* went himſelf and lock'd the doors, and ſhut to and barr'd the Windows, not ſo much for the ſecurity of his Wife, as that of the Trunks, wherein his Mony lay, which he order'd to be brought into his own room and ſet cloſe by the nuptial bed. The young couple went to bed, and while *Don Marcos* was groping for what he could not find, *Marcella* and *Inez* were grumbling in their own Chamber, at the ſtrange humour of their Maſter, and blaming the forwardneſs of their Miſtreſs, in taking a Husband. *Inez* burſt forth into down-right ſwearing, and ſaid ſhe had rather be a Lay-Siſter in a Monaſtery, than Servant in a Houſe, whereof the doors were lock'd up at nine of the Clock. 'And what would you do were you in my 'condition? *ſays Marcella to Inez*; for your buſi-'neſs is to go up and down, to provide for the 'Houſe, but for my part, who am a Gentlewoman 'made up in haſte, I muſt lead a retir'd life, with 'the chaſt ſpouſe of a jealous Husband, and, of all 'the

'the Serenades, which were given under our Win-
'dows, I muſt hear no more talk, than of the plea-
'ſures of the next World. And yet we are not ſo
'much to be bemoan'd as our friend *Auguſtinetto*,
'ſays *Inez*. He hath ſpent his youth in waiting as
'a Gentleman-Uſher on her whom he call'd his
'Aunt, though ſhe were no more ſo than I am, and
'now that he is come to write Man, ſhe puts him
'under the tuition of a Pedagogue, who no leſs
'than a hundred times a day, will reproach him
'with his Diet and Cloaths, and God only knows
'and himſelf, whether he came honeſtly by them.
'Thou tell'ſt me in that ſomewhat I knew not be-
'fore, *replies Marcella*, and I give over wondring
'at the ſeverity our Miſtreſs pretended to, when
'her Nephew *ad honores* grew a little more fami-
'liar with us than ſhe would have had him. Had I
'been any thing forward to believe his proteſta-
'tions, I ſhould ſoon have depriv'd the Aunt of
'the Nephew; but ſhe hath bred me up from a
'Child, and it is a certain gratitude, for us to be
'faithful to thoſe, whoſe bread we eat. To tell
'thee the truth, *continu'd Inez*, I cannot find in
'my heart to have any averſion for that young fel-
'low, and I muſt confeſs, that it rais'd a great com-
'paſſion in me, when I ſaw him only diſ-ſatisfi'd,
'and out of humour, among ſo many others who
'enjoy'd themſelves and were merry.

In theſe diſcourſes did the two Waiting-women ſpend the time; after they were got into bed, and ſuch were their comments on the Marriage of their Maſter. Honeſt *Inez* fell a ſleep, but *Marcella* had ſomewhat elſe to do. As ſoon as ſhe perceiv'd that her Companion was aſleep, ſhe puts on her own Cloaths, and made up a great bundle of thoſe of *Iſi-*

dora's, and ſome of *Don Marcos*'s, which ſhe had ſlily got out of their Chamber, before the over-cautious Signor had lock'd the door. Having diſpatch'd her buſineſs, ſhe went her ways, and, becauſe ſhe had no intention to return again, ſhe left open the doors of that part of the Houſe where *Iſidora* liv'd. A while after, *Inez* awakes, and not finding her Companion a-bed with her, ſhe was very deſirous to know what ſhould become of her at that time of the night. She hearkned a while at *Auguſtine*'s Chamber-door, not without ſome diſtruſt and jealouſie: But not hearing any noiſe within, ſhe went to ſearch for her in all thoſe places where ſhe conceiv'd ſhe might be, and found her not, but all the doors, through which ſhe had paſs'd, wide open. She went and knock'd at that of the new-married couple, and did it with ſo much noiſe as put them into a fright. She told them that *Marcella* was run away, that ſhe had left the doors open, and ſhe was afraid, that ſhe had carried ſomewhat with her, whereof ſhe intended not ever to make any reſtitution. *Don Marcos* ſtarts out of bed, as a perſon out of his wits, ran to look for his Cloaths, but could not find them, nor *Iſidora*'s wedding gown. But what compleated his diſtraction, was, that, after a light was brought into a room, he found, what he leaſt ſuſpected, his dear ſpouſe of a far different figure, from that, under which he had been ſo much taken with her; nay, ſo dreadful was the ſpectacle, that the narrow-hearted fellow was ready to ſwound. The poor Lady ſitting up half-aſleep, half-awake in her bed, never minded, that her Periwig was fallen off. At laſt, ſhe ſees it on the ground, fallen down by the bed-ſide, and, taking it up, would have put it on; but a thing is never well, when it is done

done with too much precipitation. She put on the dreſs with that part before which ſhould have been behind, ſo that her face, which, ſo betimes in the Morning, had not receiv'd all its diurnal ornaments, appear'd in a very odd poſture, and painted as it was, ſeem'd ſo dreadful to *Don Marcos*, that he was afraid it might be ſome apparition. If he caſt his eyes on her, he ſaw an uncouth Monſter, and if he look'd about the room, he could not ſee his Cloaths. *Iſidora*, extreamly at a loſs, made a ſhift to perceive that ſome of her counterfeit teeth were entangled in the long bruſhy, and well-briſtled muſtachoes of her Husband. She went to retrive them thence with much confuſion; but the poor Man, whom ſhe had frighten'd almoſt out of himſelf, imagining ſhe had no reaſon to put her hands ſo near his face, out of any other deſign, than to take him by the throat, or ſcratch out eyes, retreated, and ſhunn'd her approaches, with ſo much nimbleneſs, that ſhe, not admitted to cloſe with him, was at laſt forc'd to acknowledge, that his Muſtachoes had got away ſome of her teeth. *Don Marcos*, upon that, began to ſtroak them up, and having met with his Wives teeth, which had ſometime been thoſe of an Elephant, an original Inhabitant of *Africk*, or the *Eaſt-Indies*, he flung them at her head with much indignation. She gather'd them together, as well as thoſe ſcatter'd in the Bed, as thoſe about the Room, and made her eſcape into a little Cloſet, with that exquiſite treaſure, and ſome head-bruſhes, which he took out of the Bag, where her Night-Cloaths were.

In the mean time, *Don Marcos* having ſufficiently renounc'd his Chriſtianity, ſet himſelf down in a Chair, where he made moſt ſad reflections on the

the misfortune had befallen him, in marrying a woman, who, by the ſnows of at leaſt ſixty winters, that powder'd her ſhav'd pate, had diſcover'd her ſelf to be older than he was, by twenty years, yet not ſo well ſtricken in them, but that ſhe might ſpend the other ſcore in his Company, nay, haply more. *Auguſtinetto*, who was awak'd by the noiſe, came into the room, with his Cloaths half off half on, and did all that lay in his power to appeaſe the Husband of his Aunt by Adoption: But all the Anſwer the poor Man could make to his remonſtrances, was, to ſigh, and ſometimes ſmite his thighs ſometimes his face, with his bare hand. Then was it, that he bethought him of a noble Gold chain he had borrow'd, to adorn himſelf withal on his Wedding-day; but all he had left of it, was that ſad remembrance. *Marcella* had got it in the bundle of Cloaths, which ſhe had carried away. He look'd up and down for it, with ſome patience and tranquility, very diligently ſearching every crany about the Chamber: But when he had wearied himſelf with ſearching, and was convinc'd, that it was loſt, together with all the pains he had taken to look for it, never was there ſuch a conflict of rage and affliction, as then diſtracted the poor *Don Marcos*. His ſighs were ſo loud, that, if people had been awake, they might have been heard over the whole quarter. Upon thoſe doleful lamentations, *Iſidora* comes out of the Cloſet, but ſo chang'd, and ſo beautiful, that he thought his Wife now the third time metamorphos'd. He look'd on her with a certain aſtoniſhment, and ſpoke not to her with any indignation. He took out of one of his Trunks the Cloaths he wore every day, put them on, and, follow'd by *Auguſtinetto*, went out to weary himſelf

ſelf in running up and down ſtreets, after the miſchievous *Marcella*. They ſought, and ſearch'd, and enquir'd, but all to no purpoſe, till the Clock ſtricking twelve minded them of their Dinner, which was made up of what had been left of the Wedding-feaſt. *Don Marcos* and *Iſidora* fell a quarrelling, as people that were deſirous to eat, and fed as heartily as people inclining to quarrel. Yet would *Iſidora* now and then put in a word, to pacifie *Don Marcos*, and to bring him into his former peaceable humour, ſpeaking to him with the greateſt humility and mildneſs imaginable, and *Auguſtinetto* did all he could to make an accomodation between them: But the loſs of the Chain of Gold was as great a torment to *Don Marcos*, as if he had been run through the Body with a Dagger.

They were ready to riſe from the Table, and only ſtaid for *Auguſtinetto* to make an end, who minded his belly more than their difference, when there came into the room two Men, from the Admiral of *Caſteel*'s Steward, to entreat Madam *Iſidora*, that ſhe would return the Plate he had lent her for fifteen days, and which ſhe had now kept a month. *Iſidora* knew not any other Anſwer to make them, than that it ſhould be forth-coming. *Don Marcos* told them that it was now his, and that he would keep it. One of the Men ſtaid in the room, to be inſight of what they made ſo much difficulty to reſtore, while the other went to the Steward, who immediately came, and reproach'd *Iſidora* with her unhandſome carriage, made little account of the oppoſition of *Don Marcos*, and all he had to ſay for himſelf, carried away the Plate, and left the Man and Wife ready to quarrel, upon this

this new occaſion of quarrelling. Their conteſt was almoſt brought to an accommodation, when a Broker, accompanied by his Servants, and ſome Porters, came into the room, and told *Iſidora*, that ſince ſhe was richly match'd, he came for the Houſhold-ſtuff ſhe had taken upon hire, together with the Brokage-mony, unleſs ſhe had a mind to buy them out-right, and ſo ſpare him the trouble of taking them down.

This unexpected accident put *Don Marcos* out of all patience; he would have beaten the Broker; the Broker made it appear that he was a Man as able to return as to receive, and fell a railing at *Iſidora*, who return'd him as good as he brought. He beat her; ſhe reveng'd her ſelf as well as ſhe could, the conſequence whereof was, that, in a ſhort time, the floor was ſtrew'd with the teeth and hair of *Iſidora*, and the Cloak, Hat, and Gloves of *Don Marcos*, who, though he had little reaſon for it, would needs take his Wife's part.

While the Combatants gather up the broken pieces of their harneſs, and the Broker carries away the goods, and is paid for the uſe of them, as a Broker, and that all together make a noiſe as if Hell were broke looſe, the Landlord of the Houſe, who had Lodgings in ſome part of it, comes into *Iſidora*'s room, and told her, that he would not have ſuch a ſtir kept in his Houſe, and that if they reſolv'd to continue it, they ſhould look out for another Lodging. 'How now, you impertinent Cox-'comb, *ſays Don Marcos*, do you get out of mine, 'or I ſhall ſend you hence with more expedition 'than you came hither. The Landlord anſwer'd him with a box on the ear; he who had receiv'd it, being weary of that kind of engagement, look'd about

about for his Sword or Ponyard; but *Marcella* had carri'd them away. *Iſidora*, and her pretended Nephew ſtep'd in between them, and appeaſed the Landlord, but could prevail little with *Don Marcos*, who running his head againſt the walls, called *Iſidora* a thouſand damn'd baſe pilfering impudent cheating and trappanning Whores. *Iſidora* made him anſwer, weeping, that ſhe could not uſe too much ſubtlety, to draw in ſo deſerving a *Don Marcos* as he was, and therefore he ſhould rather applaud her ingenuity, than beat her, as he had done, adding withal, that a Husband, even in point of honour, was blameable for beating his Wife: *Don Marcos*, ſwearing very learnedly, proteſted, that he knew no other point of honour than his Money, and that he would be unmarried. *Iſidora* with an exceſſive humility, made a contrary proteſtation, that ſhe would never conſent thereto; ſwore to *Don Marcos*, that it was not in his power to diſſolve the ſacred tye of a lawful Marriage, and advis'd him to patience.

He was once more appeas'd, and bethought himſelf, that a new Lodging muſt be taken, the old one being grown too hot for them. *Don Marcos* and the Nephew went out to take one, and ſo *Iſidora* had a little relaxation. Theſe unexpected accidents rais'd a little commotion within her, but when ſhe look'd about the room, and ſaw not the Hangings, for thoſe were gone, but the Trunks well lin'd with Silver, ſhe took heart, and bore the more patiently the teſty diſpoſition of the Husband which brought them thither.

Don Marcos took ſome convenient Lodgings in the ſame Quarter, where his Maſter liv'd, and ſent back *Aguſtinetto* to dine with his Aunt, being himſelf,

ſelf, as he ſaid, too much preſs'd with grief, to eat out of the ſame Diſh with that tranſcendent Cheat. But in the evening he came to her, with all the days vexation, and cruel as a Tyger; not ſo much out of kindneſs to the Woman, as to viſit his Trunks, and, by his preſence, to ſecure them. *Iſidora* entertain'd him with all the ſubmiſſions and complacency imaginable; inſomuch that they lay together, and paſs'd away the night without any Alarms. In the morning, as ſoon as ſhe was dreſs'd, ſhe had the confidence to deſire him, to go to the new Lodgings, there receive the goods, which ſhe would order her Nephew and *Inez* to ſee brought thither in a Waggon. *Don Marcos* went thither, and, while he was contriving how to diſpoſe of them into ſeveral rooms, the ungrateful *Iſidora*, the young Rogue *Anguſtine*, and the perfidious *Inez* plotted together, and pack'd up all the beſt things in a Waggon, got into it themſelves, leave *Madrid*, and take their way towards *Barcelona*. *Don Marcos* grew weary of ſtaying for them, and went back to his old quarters, where he found the Doors lock'd, and was told by the Neighbours, that they were gone away with the Goods many hours ſince. He return'd to the place from whence he came, imagining he had miſs'd the Waggon by the way, but found no more than what he had left there. He immediately marches back again, miſtruſting what misfortune might have happened to him; he breaks open the Door, and found there, only ſome old Bed-ſteads, Stools, Tables, and Fire-irons, which it ſeems they thought either too troubleſome, or not worth the carrying away. There was no body to be reveng'd on but himſelf; his venerable Beard and Hair were the firſt ſufferers for his folly; then his Eyes;

Eyes; he bit his Fingers till the blood guſh'd out, and had a great temptation to make away with himſelf; but the hour was not yet come.

There are not any ſo unfortunate, but they flatter themſelves with ſome hope: He ran up and down to all the Inns about *Madrid*, to find out thoſe, who had left him ſo baſely in the lurch, but could not meet with any tidings of them. *Iſidora* had not been ſo ſimple as to hire a Waggon that ſhould return thither any more; ſhe had taken it up at a Village not far from *Madrid*, and, to avoid purſuit, had agreed with the Waggoner, that he ſhould make no longer ſtay in the City, than were requiſite to take in her ſelf, her company, and her Goods. Wearier than a Dog, that had run all day after a Hare and miſt her, the poor Gentleman was returning from his ſearching the Inns about the City and Suburbs, when it was his chance, to meet *Marcella* full-but in the Streets. He laid hold of her. 'Have I met with thee, O thou moſt miſ-'chievous of all thy Sex, *ſaid he*, thou ſhalt now 'reſtore all thou haſt ſtolen from me. O my 'God, my dear Creator, *replies the crafty Bag-'gage, without the leaſt diſcovery of any trouble*, 'how did it always run in my thoughts, that all the 'miſchief would fall upon my head! My deareſt 'Maſter, be pleas'd to hear me, for the Bleſſed 'Virgins ſake: Do but give me the hearing, be-'fore you diſhonour me. I am an honeſt Maid, 'and of good repute, and the leaſt ſcandal you 'ſhould force me to give my Neighbour, would 'be infinitely prejudicial to me, for I am upon the 'point of Marriage. Be pleas'd to go along with 'me into the Entry of this Houſe, and afford me 'but your patient attention for a quarter of an

'hour

'hour, and I will tell you what is become of your 'Chain, and all you have loſt. I had been already 'inform'd, that I was charg'd with all that had 'paſs'd, and I told my Miſtreſs what it would come 'to, when ſhe commanded me to do what I accord-'ingly did: But ſhe was Miſtreſs; I, her Servant. 'Wo is me! How miſerable are they whoſe depend-'ance is upon others, and what pains they take, 'and what miſchief they muſt ſometimes do, to 'earn a piece of bread.

Don Marcos was a perſon guilty of as little malice as any other; the tears and eloquence of the crafty *Marcella* prevail'd with him, not only to hearken to her, but alſo to believe what ſhe ſaid to him. He went therefore along with her into the entry of a great houſe, where ſhe told him, that *Iſidora* was an old decay'd Curtezan, who had ruined all thoſe who were ſo unhappy as to fall in love with her, yet had not much advantag'd her ſelf thereby by reaſon of the vaſt expences ſhe was at. She further acquainted him with what ſhe had underſtood from her Companion *Inez*, that *Auguſtinetto* was not *Iſidora*'s Nephew, but a kind Night-bird, the Baſtard of another Curtezan, of her acquaintance, and that ſhe maintain'd him, under the notion of her Nephew, to gain her ſelf the greater authority among thoſe of her own profeſſion, and to revenge her quarrels. She told him, that ſhe had delivered the Gold-Chain and the other things ſhe had carri'd away, to that Hector, and that it was by his order, ſhe had gone away in the night, and without taking her leave, which was a pure trick put upon her, that ſhe only might be thought guilty of ſo leud an action.

This plauſible ſtory *Marcella* told *Don Marcos*, out of a hope it might procure her eſcape out of his hands

hands, or at leaſt to obſerve the good cuſtom, which moſt Servants have, to be very apt to lie, and to tell of their Maſters, as well what they do not, as what they do know. She concluded her vindication, with a promiſe that all things ſhould be return'd him when he leaſt expected it, exhorting him in the mean time to exerciſe his patience. 'You ſpeak very well, *ſays Don Marcos to her*, but 'I think it as likely, that I ſhall never ſee any thing 'again; there being but little probability, that the 'perfidious Quean, who hath carried away all I 'have been gathering together theſe thirty years, 'ſhould e'er come back again to make me any 'reſtitution. He thereupon told *Marcella* all that had happen'd at *Iſidora's* lodgings ſince her departure thence. 'Is it poſſible, ſhe ſhould be at ſuch a 'loſs of all conſcience, *ſays the lew'd Marcella to him.* 'Ah! my dear Maſter, now I perceive, it was not 'without juſt grounds, that I pitied your condition; 'but I durſt not tell you ſo much, for the very 'night your things were carried away I was 'repreſenting it to my Miſtreſs, that it would be unworthily done, to meddle with your chain; but 'what bitter words and blows it coſt my poor 'carcaſe, he above only knows. I have told thee 'but the truth, how all things ſtand, *ſays Don 'Marcos to her, fetching a deep ſigh*, and the worſt 'of it is, that I have not the leaſt apprehenſion of 'any remedy. I have then ſomewhat to propoſe to 'you in this extremity, *repli'd Marcella.* There is a 'certain perſon in this City, of my acquaintance, who 'with Gods permiſſion, will tell you where you may 'find theſe people, who have ſo highly injur'd you. 'He is a perſon admirable for his deep learning, 'and one that hath Legions of Devils at his de-

'votion, and commands them with ſuch an abſo-
'lute power, as if he were the Prince of darkneſs
'himſelf. And what makes more for the attain-
'ment of your deſires, you are to know, that this
'excellent Man hath ſo great a kindneſs for me,
'that I am in hopes e'er long to be his Wife.

The credulous *Don Marcos* entreated her, of all love, that ſhe would bring him to the ſight of this miracle of the Black Art; which *Marcella* promis'd ſhe would do, and appointed him to meet her the next day, at the ſame place. *Don Marcos* came, and had not been there long, e'er *Marcella* came alſo, who immediately told the beſotted man, that the Magician, of whom he had ſpoken to him the day before, had already taken ſome pains, in order to the finding out of what had been ſtollen from him, and that, to carry on his work, he wanted only a certain quantity of Amber, Musk, and ſome other Perfumes, to entertain the Spirits he was to invoke, who were all of the firſt order, and of the beſt Houſes of Hell. *Don Marcos* without any deliberation, carri'd *Marcella* to the Drugſters, and bought what quantities thereof ſhe appointed him, ſo infinitely did he think himſelf oblig'd to her, that ſhe had found him out a Magician. She afterwards conducted him to an obſcure houſe, which look'd very ſuſpiciouſly, where, in a ground-room, or rather a Cellar, wretchedly matted about, he was receiv'd, by a Man in a long Caſſock, with a huge buſhy beard, who ſpake to him with a great deal of gravity.

After a little diſcourſe, the Student of the infernal Sciences, whom *Don Marcos* look'd on with abundance of reſpect and fear, lighted two black wax-candles, and gave them the frightned fellow to

hold, in each hand one; caus'd him to ſit down in a very low chair, and exhorted him, but too late, not to fear any thing. He put afterwards ſeveral queſtions to him, as to his age, courſe of life, and the goods which had been taken away from him; and after he had look'd into a Glaſs that ſtood by, and read ſome time in a certain Book, he told *Don Marcos*, who was ready to —— for fear, that he had found out where the things were, and thereupon deſcrib'd them one after another, ſo exactly, according to the inſtructions he had receiv'd from *Marcella*, that *Don Marcos* let the Candles fall out of his hands, to go and embrace him about the neck. The grave Magician blam'd him very much for his impatience, and told him, that the operations of his infallible Art requir'd a ſerious and reſerv'd compoſure of the body, adding withal, that, for actions, of a lower degree of confidence and familiarity, the Spirits had ſometimes beaten, nay ſtrangled ſome men. *Don Marcos* grew pale at thoſe words, and ſetled himſelf again in his Chair, after he had taken up the Candles.

The Magician ask'd for the Perfumes, which *Don Marcos* had bought, and the counterfeit *Marcella* deliver'd them to him. Till then, ſhe had been a devout Spectator of the Ceremonies; but, being now upon the point of Invocation, he ordered her to quit the room, pretending that the Spirits could not endure the company of women-kind, eſpecially if there were any miſtruſt of the dilapidation of their Virginity. *Marcella*, making a low curtzy, went out of the room, and the Magician taking a copper Chaffing-diſh, full of coals, made as if he caſt on them the perfumes, which *Don Marcos* had brought, but he had mix'd among them a good

quantity of ſtinking Sulphur, which made ſuch a thick ſmoak, that the Magician himſelf who had unadviſedly bow'd down his head too near the coals, was almoſt choak'd by it. He cough'd as violently as if he had had a burr in his throat, and ſo often, that his buſhy beard, which was not of the growth of the Country where it was then planted, and it ſeems had not been well faſten'd, fell down, and diſcover'd the Magician, to be the ſame pernicious *Gamara*, who had trapann'd him into all his misfortunes.

Upon this diſcovery, *Don Marcos* made no difficulty to fling away his Magical Candles, and to take the Impoſtor by the throat, which he graſp'd as hard as he could, crying out with a dreadful voice, *Thieves, Thieves.* The Magiſtrate attended by ſome Officers, chanc'd to paſs by juſt at that time; They came into the houſe, where they imagin'd the noiſe was made, which was the greater, in regard *Gamara*, whom *Don Marcos* ſtill had by the throat, cry'd out as loud as the other. The Officers, at their entrance into the houſe, met with *Marcella*, whom they ſecur'd, and afterwards, having broke open the door of the Necromantical Chamber, they found *Don Marcos* and *Gamara* grapled together, and tumbling up and down the floor. The Magiſtrate knew *Gamara* for a perſon, he had look'd after a long time, and one he had order to apprehend as a notorious Nightwalker, a Pandar, and a ſearcher of other mens houſes without any Commiſſion. He commanded them all three to Priſon, and caus'd an Inventory to be taken of all things found in the Room. *Don Marcos* was ſet at liberty the next day, upon his Maſters engagement for him. He was brought in as a witneſs againſt *Gamara* and *Marcella*, who were found guilty of having ſtollen thoſe goods of his which

which were named in the Inventory. There were many other things found, ſome whereof they had ſtollen, ſome taken in, as Pawns, for *Gamara* was a Jew, and conſequently a Broker, and an Uſurer. When he was taken, he was upon the point of marriage with *Marcella*, who brought him, as a portion, beſides what ſhe had ſtoln from *Don Marcos*, an inclination to ſteal, not inferiour to that of her future Husband; an aptitude to learn any thing he would have taught her, nay to exceed her Tutor, and a body handſome, wholſome, and young enough, to be often bought, often ſeal'd and deliver'd, and likely to weather out a long time, all the ſervices and inconveniencies of Curtezaniſm.

The juſtneſs of *Don Marcos*'s Cauſe, ſupported by the mediation of his Maſter, procur'd him the reſtitution of all that had been ſtollen from him. *Gamara* was condemn'd to the Gallies for the remainder of his Life, unleſs he ſhould out-live ninety-nine years; and *Marcella* was order'd to be ſeverely whipp'd and baniſh'd; and the common opinion was, that they were very favourably dealt with. As for *Don Marcos*, he was not ſo glad of having recover'd ſome of his things, and being reveng'd of *Gamara* and *Marcella*, as troubled, that the cheating Rogue was no real Magician. The loſs of his ten thouſand Crowns made him in a manner diſtracted. He went every day to viſit all the Inns about *Madrid*, till, at laſt, he met with certain Mule-drivers, who, returning from *Barcelona*, told him, that they had met, within four or five days journey of *Madrid*, a Wagon, loaden with houſhold-ſtuff, in which there were two Women and a young Man, and that they were forced to make ſome ſtay at an Inn, becauſe two of

their Mules had di'd by the way, through over-driving. They deſcrib'd the Men and the two Women, ſo as that *Don Marcos* preſum'd they could be no other than *Iſidora*, *Inez*, and *Auguſtinetto*. Upon this advertiſement, without any further deliberation, he put himſelf into a Pilgrims habit, and having Letters of recommendation from his Maſter to the Vice-Roy of *Catalonia*, and a Decree out of the Court againſt his fugitive Wife, he took his way towards *Barcelona*, ſometimes a foot, ſometimes on Mules, and got thither in a few days.

He went immediately to the Port, to take up his Lodging, and the firſt thing he ſaw, as he came into it, was his own Trunks, carri'd by Porters into a Shallop, and *Iſidora*, *Inez*, and *Auguſtine* marching after them, as a Convoy, to be thence convey'd into a Veſſel that lay in the Haven, wherein they were to embark for *Naples*. *Don Marcos* follow'd his enemies, and went along with them into the Shallop, as fierce as a Lion. They knew him not, by reaſon of his broad-brimm'd Pilgrims hat, and took him for one going to our Ladies of *Loretta*, whereas the Mariners receiv'd him as one of the ſame company, becauſe he came in ſo confidently along with them.

Don Marcos, being thus got into the Shallop, could not ſit ſtill, by reaſon of the diſtraction of his thoughts, not ſo much out of any reflection what ſhould become of himſelf, as what ſhould become of his Trunks. In the mean time, the Shallop made towards the Veſſel, and with ſuch ſpeed, or rather *Don Marcos* was ſo taken up with what run in his mind, that he was got under the Veſſel, e'er he thought himſelf near her. They began to get up the things; which action awaken'd *Don Marcos*

Marcos out of the Lethargy he was in, which yet was not ſuch, but that he ſtill had his eye on the deareſt of his Trunks wherein all his Money was. One of the Marriners came to faſten that Trunk, with ſome others, to the pully, to be drawn up into the Veſſel. Then it was, that *Don Marcos* forgot himſelf; he ſaw the Trunk faſten'd, though he ſate cloſe by, yet was not mov'd; but ſeeing it lifted up in the air, he laid hold on it with both hands, by the iron rings, whereby it was remov'd from one place to another, reſolv'd never to part with it any more. 'Tis poſſible, he might have had his deſire, for what will not a covetous perſon do, to preſerve his mony? But, as ill fortune would have it, that Trunk got looſe from the other two, which were faſtned with it, and falling juſt upon the head of the unfortunate Miſer, who yet would not let go his hold, tumbled him into the Sea, and thence into another place ten times deeper than it. *Iſidora*, *Inez*, and *Auguſtine* knew him, juſt as he and the Trunk were falling into the water: but the loſs of the one put them into a greater trouble, than the revenge they fear'd from the other. *Auguſtine*, enrag'd to ſee ſuch a vaſt ſum of mony loſt, and not able to ſmother the firſt eruptions of his fury, gave the Marriner, who had been ſo negligent in the faſtning of the Trunks a hearty blow over the face. The Marriner, return'd it with intereſt, and proſecuted his revenge ſo far, till, at laſt, he turn'd him over-board. As he was falling into the water, he laid hold on the unfortunate *Iſidora*, who could not lay hold on any thing, and ſo was forc'd to accompany her dear Nephew, who, much againſt his will, went to ſee what was become of *Don Marcos*. *Inez* made a ſhift to get up

into the Veſſel, with what was remaining of the goods, which ſhe ſquandred away in a ſhort time at *Naples*; and, after ſhe had traded, and liv'd many years a Curtezan, ſhe at laſt dy'd like a Curtezan, that is, *in the Hoſpital.*

SCARRON's NOVELS.

The Unexpected Choice.

The Eighth Novel.

THough it be the firſt requiſite in the writing of a Story, to begin with the circumſtance of Time, yet muſt I (who am a man of an humour by my ſelf, and have always pretended to greater ſincerity than any that ever employ'd themſelves in writing Novels) acknowledge my ſelf at a loſs, as to this particular, and can only ſay that what I am going to relate, happen'd during the time that *Naples* was govern'd by Kings. Under one of thoſe named (if my inſtructions deceive me not) *Alphonſo*, there lived one *Leonard de S. Severin*, Prince of *Tarentum*, one of the chiefeſt Grandees of the Kingdom, and the moſt eminent for Military Affairs of his time. To the great regret of all lovers of Heroick Spirits; this excellent perſon dies in the Summer of his Age, and noble exploits, and leaves

leaves the Principality of *Tarentum* to an only Daughter, named *Matilda*, of whom I find one very pleasant remark, whereof I think it my duty to give the Reader a strict account, to wit, that the very day of her Father's death, she had been upon the Theatre of this World, just sixteen years and a half, wanting eleven Weeks, and consequently that from the time that her Parents made use of the means to get her, we may account much about seventeen years. This young Princess was born, or begot (it matters not much whether) under so benevolent a Constellation, as if a Society of Astrologers had minuted either the coition or the nativity, to her advantage only, without any communication of its influences, to others that might possibly come into the World at the same time. But whether we are so much oblig'd to the Stars for their influences as those Gentlemen tell us, or not, certain it is, that common fame gave it out of *Matilda*, that she was beautiful as an Angel, and that this beauty, lest it might dazzle such as beheld it, was surrounded by so extraordinary a mildness and sweetness of nature, as gave occasion to such as were unacquainted with the strangeness of her ingenuity, to suspect her being at a great distance from it.

Her Father, having no other, and out of hopes of any more Children, had long before his death promised her in Marriage to *Prospero*, Prince of *Salerna*. This *Prospero* was a person of an insolent and very incompliant humour: And yet the pattern of mildness and serenity, *Matilda*, by reason of her often seeing of him, and bearing with his imperious treatment of her, had brought her self to such a custom of loving and fearing him, that

these

there was never any ſlave ſo abſolutely dependant on the diſpoſal of a Maſter, as this young Princeſs was on that of old *Proſpero*; for, in compariſon of a perſon ſo young as *Matilda*, I may juſtly ſo call a Man, who trebled her Age, that is, wanted not much of compleating a Jubilee.

The Love ſhe bore this ſuperannuated Lover might well be called a certain awe and ſubmiſſion, begot by cuſtom, rather than the effect of any inclination; and yet, however it might be called, it was as full of ſincerity, as that which he bore her was of ſelf-intereſt. Not but that he had a kindneſs and affection for her, and that to as high a degree as poſſibly he could have, and in that he did no more than what any other might have done as well, ſince ſhe was the moſt amiable perſon in the World: But he was of his own nature, one that was incapable of being amorous to any great height, and in the perſon, to whom he directed his affections, ſetting a value on her merit and beauty, diſtinct from that due to her upon the account of her wealth. According to this Character of him, his addreſſes ſhould have been very importunate to *Matilda*; and yet he was ſo fortunate, or rather ſhe ſo eaſily ſatisfy'd, that though he had not for her all the reſpects and compliances requiſite in a perſon that knows how to love, he nevertheleſs became abſolute Maſter of her affections, and by accuſtoming her to his ill humours, brought her to think them the more ſupportable. He always found fault with whatever ſhe did, and was perpetually perſecuting her with thoſe inſtructions which grave perſons are apt to give to young people, and which the latter ſo unkindly entertain. In a word, he muſt have been more

more troubleſome to her than an ill-natur'd Governeſs, if ſhe could have found any thing to quarrel at, in a perſon whom ſhe truly lov'd. This indeed muſt be acknowledg'd, to his commendation, that when he was in a good humour, he entertain'd her with pleaſant ſtories of the old Court, he play'd on the Guitar before her, and expreſs'd his activity in footing of a Saraband. His age I gave an account of before, which was, that if he had alienated his Patrimony, he was within two years of his reſtauration, according to the Jewiſh Law-giver. There was little to be objected againſt his perſon; he was very neat and modiſh in his Cloaths, but above all extreamly curious in his Periwiggs, a clear argument that he had but little hair of his own, what ſervice ſoever he may have loſt it in. Nor was he negligent in ordering his teeth, for the greater beauty of them, only it might be ſaid that time, which ſhortens other things, had made them ſomewhat longer than they were twenty or thirty years before. He alſo took a great deal of pains to exceed others in the whiteneſs and ſuffer'd the nail of the little finger of his left hand, to grow to a very great length, which he thought the fineſt piece of gallantry in the World; for which I cannot imagine what reaſon he might have, unleſs it were to diſtinguiſh him from all others. Moreover, he was a great Artiſt in the diſpoſing and intermixture of his Feathers and Ribbands; very punctual in the obſervance of ſome devotion at night; went always perfum'd, and his Pockets were never unfurniſh'd with ſomewhat to eat, and Verſes to recite; and he forgot not to bring along with him ſome wretched Copies of his own production.

As

As for new Songs, and whatever were *A-la-mode* of that kind he was as well ſtor'd as any Man, and as cheaply; for, of thoſe who had the reputation of being ingenious, he was a great lover of ſuch only as expected nothing from him. He had a little ſmattering skill upon ſeveral inſtruments; did his exerciſes paſſably well, and above all others, that of Dancing. He had done ſome remarkable actions, whence he might have pretended to ſome repute of gallantry; but theſe were counterpoiz'd by a many others, not fit to come into that Claſs, ſo that they were, as a Man may ſay, like Cherries haſtily gather'd, for one ripe one, two or three that were not. In fine, to make a more perfect Anatomy of the perſon, I conceive it cannot be done any way ſo well, as by a certain deſcription, which I had occaſion to make of one who thought it his ſhorteſt way to reputation, to write ſomewhat againſt me, wherein he would needs make my diſeaſes, and the deformities of my body the ſubject of his Satyr. As to the ſame he propos'd to himſelf, he is the more likely to obtain it; becauſe both his writings and mine contribute to the accompliſhment of his deſires. And thus much of his Character ſuits with the perſon I am now to deſcribe, and ſo I ſhall not ſtick to give this latter the ſame denomination, as I had done the other, which was;

The Fantaſtick Gallant.

HEre lies one known ſo well by fame,
That we need not inquire his name,
Needing no other ſuperſcription,
For his diſcov'ry, than this deſcription.

He'd

He'd been a tow'rdly Child and bold,
And ſate a Horſe at ſeven years old;
But alas! who would e're have thought,
He ſhould at Manhood come to naught?

To ſinging he a love did bear,
Though he had neither voice, nor ear;
And at a dance he would make one,
Though's dancing-day were well-nigh gone.

Yet as to this fair Quality
Some ſtick not to affirm, not I;
That they are not the beſt to dance
Who've lived at *Naples*, or in *France*.

There was another great diſaſter,
Our Gallant was a Poetaſter;
And Verſes made, ſuch as they were,
But ſtill *Minerva* was not there.

He had too, but the Dev'l was in't,
A Fortnight's mind to be in Print;
Yet was he at perpetual Jars,
With Printers, and with Book-ſellers.

With theſe he had treaties many,
But ſtill without effect in any;
They ſtill with charge and hazard cloſe,
Liking Mens works to Gondoloes.

Of theſe ſome few, for ſtate or price,
For Grandees were and Seigneuries,
Others, for many that deſire
Frequent convenience, at low hire.

To

To neither he contribute wou'd,
Parted with Coin like drops of blood;
And ſo the cautious Crew to ſpight,
Did all tranſcribe, or all recite.

Another way then came in's pate
His reputation to dilate;
Of ſome new Mode to be th'inventer,
His wits he ſtretch'd upon the Tenter.

For colours, Mottoes, and deviſes
To pleaſe fair Ladies of all ſizes,
All came to him, ſooner or later,
As to perpetual Dictator.

Of Fancies, Periwigs, and Feathers,
He had to ſuit all ſorts of weathers;
Yet might he juſtly mak't his boaſt,
That all was done with little coſt.

Another humour much did haunt
This Fancy-Feather-wigg'd Gallant;
His Pedigree he would derive
As far——as any Man alive.

From truth, I mean; for had he not
A Chriſtian been, 'cauſe ſo begot
(However he had ſcap'd the bryars)
The Heath'niſh Gods had bin his Sires.

But Modeſty a Vertue is,
Sometimes reſides in Palaces;
So ſome well known Heroick coition
Did ſatisfie his great ambition.

Howe're,

Howe're, he had no mind to Wars
Becauſe Men thence return'd with Scars,
Broken Pates, wounds, and many thumps,
Diſorder'd limbs, and wooden ſtumps.

Yet would he talk of fights and ſallies,
Pitch'd fields on mountains, or in vallies;
Onſets, aſſaults, ſtorms, and approaches,
As freely as of Balls or Coaches.

Nay ſuch was his diſcourſe, in fine,
Of Military Diſcipline,
That, to a common underſtander,
He ſeem'd to be ſome *Alexander*.

He further underſtood the Globe,
As Surgeon does the uſe of Probe,
Knew how the Stars their courſe did vary,
As if he'd been their Secretary.

But what did more concern mankind,
He was not in thoſe things behind,
Wherein ſome Men do place a glory,
Tranſcending all Romance or Story:

That is, he faſten'd had his Claws
Of ſtudy in moſt Countries Laws;
Could give account of ſeveral Nations,
Their humours, policies, and faſhions.

Of knowledge nothing ſcap'd his wit,
As if he'd been in the deep pit,
Where exhauſted Science lies,
Humane attempts to exerciſe.

In

In things alſo, ſome time he'd ſpent,
Of quite another Element;
For (ſince it was not Heav'ns command
All miſchief ſhould be done on Land.)

In Sea-affairs he was well skill'd,
To Mathematicks kindly-will'd,
And on the Card could read a Lecture
Much better than on Architecture.

To Empires far remote, by line
In Map, their bounds he could aſſign;
And, by the ſame, account did keep
Of the vaſt Regions of the Deep.

Yet little maw he had to roam,
Nor ſeen, but once, ten Miles from home,
He would not truſt the Seas untrue,
For all the Treaſures of *Peru*.

Thoſe he ſo hated, that he ſwore,
He'd rather break his neck aſhore,
Than hazard drowning in the Main,
Never to be retriv'd again.

But what e're he might be, yet theſe
Were comprehenſive Knowledges,
Such as the Owner might commend
To ſome Admirer, and ſome Friend;

But ſtill there wanted ſomewhat yet
Theſe great endowments to compleat:
In all emergencies, *Mens ſana*,
Sincerity, and prudence, *Ana*.

Modeſt

Modeſt thoughts, of high perfections,
In all concerns, calm recollections,
Neatneſs, without affectation,
Conſtancy in inclination.

Theſe Characters denote a Mind
To all tranſcendent acts inclin'd,
Which Art and Nature's joint conſent,
Would raiſe up to accompliſhment.

But what are all theſe advantages in compariſon of that which out-weighs them all? One of the moſt amiable Princeſſes in the World look'd on this perſon as the only object of her devoted Love; true it is, ſhe was not full ſeventeen years of age; but this pitiful Prince of *Salerna* thought that the leaſt of his concerns, and reflected not on the diſproportion between them as to that particular. The Princeſs *Matilda*, being Beautiful and wealthy, as ſhe was, would no doubt, have been ador'd by divers other Humble-Servants, and Gallants, if it had not been generally believ'd in *Naples*, that her matching with *Proſpero* had been a buſineſs fully concluded long before her Father's death. To which may be added, that the quality of this Prince was ſuch as diverted all thoſe, who upon the encouragement of their eſtates or extraction, might have been his Rivals, from making any addreſſes to her. The greateſt part therefore of theſe over-timorous, and over-cautious Lovers were content to make a diſcovery of their inclinations for her, only by their ſighs, which we may well think avail'd them little, ſince that in the concerns of this World, ſpeeding ever preſuppoſes ſpeaking. Only one Perſon, named

Hippolito made a publick profession of being a Rival of *Prospero*'s, and a most respectful Lover of *Matilda*. He was of one of the most illustrious houses of *Spain*, descended from that great *Ruis Lopez d' Avalos*, who was Constable of *Casteel*, and in whom Fortune made the greatest demonstrations she could of her inconstancy: insomuch that having been the wealthiest and most eminent Grandee of his Country, he was scornfully forced out of it in a poor and wretched condition, and reduced to the extremity of accepting mony of his friends, to make his escape to *Arragon*, where the King took him into his protection, and assign'd him such Revenues in *Naples*, as to maintain him answerably to the rank of the chiefest in the Kingdom. This *Hippolito* was one of the most accomplish'd persons of his time; and the reputation of valour which he had acquir'd in several parts of *Europe*, meeting in conjunction with that of having a clear and gallant Soul, made him remarkable above all others. He was then fallen in love with *Matilda*; conceiv'd little hope of his being belov'd by her, while she had any kindness for *Prospero*, and yet could not forbear loving her. He was liberal even to prodigality, whereas his Rival was thrifty, even to avarice. He slighted not the least occasions of making discoveries of his magnificence towards *Matilda*, yet without the least advantage to himself, in regard her imperious Servant *Prospero* kept her from approving ought of those gallantries, which any other besides himself might have performed upon her account. But a violent Love defies all difficulties and disdains, and will act consonantly to its own inspirations, whatever the success may prove. He therefore often ran at the Ring before his

his Miſtreſſes Window; entertain'd her with Serenades, appointed Turnaments, and Tiltings; in fine he omitted no divertiſements whereby he might force that inſenſible Beauty to ſome acknowledgment of the Love he bore her. The deviſes, and colours of *Matilda*, were known and obſerv'd in his Liveries; and the Verſes he made for her, and the Aires and Songs he got compos'd and ſung in praiſe of her, made her the general diſcourſe of all in *Italy*, who were any way concern'd in the affairs of love. And yet ſhe was no more mov'd at all this, than if ſhe had never heard any thing of it; and it happen'd many times, that by the expreſs order of her Prince of *Salerna*, ſhe muſt take ſome trivial occaſion to get out of *Naples*, juſt on the very day, when the amorous *Hippolito* intended to divert her with a Ball, Tilting, or ſome ſuch gallantry. Nay upon all occaſions ſhe diſoblig'd him with ſo apparent an affectation, and behav'd her ſelf towards him with a rigour ſo inconſiſtent with the diſpoſition of ſo intelligent a perſon as ſhe was, as gave all a juſt ground to charge her with cruelty, and to murmur againſt her.

But *Hippolito* was nothing diſcourag'd at all theſe obſtacles; and his Love was rather enflamed to a higher pitch, than any away remitted by thoſe viſible diſdains of *Matilda*. Nay what was yet of greater conſideration; he expreſs'd towards *Proſpero*, the reſpects he ought him not, even as though he had not been his Rival, and, to ſhew his ſubmiſſions to *Matilda*, had for him thoſe deferences, which are commonly obſerv'd by ſuch as converſe with perſons of a quality tranſcending their own, though only Fortune (not always the Patroneſs

of Merit) made the difference between him and the Prince of *Salerna*. In a word, he reſpected his Miſtreſs in his Rival, and, by an inexpreſſible violence in the buſineſs of Amours, forbore all averſion towards him, becauſe he was belov'd by *Matilda*.

It was quite otherwiſe with *Proſpero*; he had a perpetual Pique againſt *Hippolito*, talk'd of him with all the diſadvantage he could, nay, would have given him an ill report, could he have been perſwaded any would have believ'd it. But *Hippolito* was the darling and delight of *Naples*, and his reputation was there ſo well ſetled, that all his endeavours to blaſt it, would have prov'd fruitleſs, even though the other had diſcontinu'd the doing of thoſe noble actions, whereby it had been rais'd.

Thus was *Proſpero* the happieſt man living in his Loves, and, at a ſmall charge, aſſur'd of the Favours of *Matilda*; and that fair Princeſs ſaw him not often enough, though he viſited her every day, when, by a ſudden Apoſtacy of Fortune, ſhe was reduc'd from the heighth of proſperity, to the extreameſt point of miſery. She had a Couſin-German by the Father's ſide, a Perſon, whoſe worth had been the more remarkable, had it not been obſcur'd by his ambition and his avarice. He had had his education with the King, was much about his age, and had ſo far inſinuated himſelf into his affection, that he was in a manner the director of all his divertiſement, and the Alembick through which all his favours to others were diſtill'd. This *Rogero de S. Severin* (ſo was he called) bethought himſelf, that the Principality of *Tarentum* belong'd of right to him, and that a

Daughter

Daughter could not inherit, to the prejudice of an Heir Male, of the ſame Name and Family. He acquainted the King with his pretenſions, who permitted him to make all the advantages he could thereof, and promiſed to countenance and aſſiſt him with his Authority. The buſineſs was kept ſecret a while, till ſuch time as *Rogero*, had poſſeſſed himſelf of *Tarentum*, and put a ſtrong gariſon into it; all which was done before *Matilda* had the leaſt diſtruſt of any ſuch deſign.

The poor Princeſs, ſurpriz'd with this treacherous turn of Fortune, and never having had any croſs accident before, was as it were thunderſtruck at the news of it. She was forſaken by all, ſave only her ſincere Lover *Hippolito*, who appear'd on her behalf, in oppoſition to all the attempts of a Royal Favourite. On the contrary, *Proſpero*, who was oblig'd to her above all others, did leſs for her then any; whereas *Hippolito* did not only what he ſhould have done, but much more. He went and proffer'd her the utmoſt of his Services, which yet ſhe durſt not accept of, fearing ſhe might thereby diſpleaſe her Prince of *Salerna*, who viſited her not as he was wont to do, while the Principality of *Tarentum* was thought to be indiſputably her right.

In the mean time, *Hippolito* fell into diſcourſe, upon all occaſion, concerning the injuſtice they did *Matilda*, and the groundleſs pretence of *Rogero*; who hearing of it, threatned him with a Guard, in caſe he forbore not that freedom of talking. But he being a Perſon generally belov'd, not only in *Naples*, but divers other places, where he was known, had rais'd up a party ſtrong enough to put the Favourite into ſome doubt of

the ſucceſs of his lewd deſigns. He made ſeveral attempts upon *Tarentum*, but all prov'd fruitleſs, by reaſon of the good order which *Rogero* had taken for the ſecurity of the place. At length, animoſities growing higher and higher on all ſides, and ſeveral Princes of *Italy* concerning themſelves in the quarrel, the Pope was forc'd to interpoſe his authority therein; by whoſe perſwaſions all further Acts of hoſtility were prevented, and the King of *Naples* was prevail'd with, to appoint Judges, of known integrity, to decide the difference betwixt his Favourite and *Matilda*.

It may be eaſily imagin'd what extraordinary expences *Hippolito* was at in the mean time, being the head of ſo conſiderable a party, and of the humour he was of; and it will not alſo be a hard matter to grant, that *Matilda*, though a great Princeſs, was ſoon reduc'd to very great extremities. The Favourite had got all her Eſtate into his poſſeſſion. He had perſwaded the King that ſhe held a correſpondence with his Enemies. Of all her former Revenues, ſhe could not command any thing, and none would become Creditors to a perſon whom a Favourite was reſolv'd to ruin. *Proſpero* had made an abſolute breach with her, not affording her ſo much as the favour of a viſit, nor expreſſing the leaſt compaſſion for her misfortune; yet was her affection ſtill ſo great towards him, that ſhe was not ſo much ſenſible of his ingratitude, as his forgetfulneſs of her. *Hippolito* would not himſelf make her any proffer of mony, as being fully ſatisfy'd, that ſhe would have refus'd it. He bethought himſelf of a more generous courſe. He got one of his friends to preſent her with it, with inſtructions that

that he ſhould not ſo much as mention the name of *Hippolito*, and engage the Princeſs upon her honour, never to ſpeak of it, that the pleaſure he did her might not procure him the hatred of the Favourite.

In the mean time all preparations were made for the deciſion of the difference; the Judges met, and the cauſe was carryed for *Matilda*. The King was diſpleas'd with the Sentence; *Rogero* was enrag'd; the Court was aſtoniſh'd at it; all were glad or ſorry, according to their different inclinations and concerns; but the generality admir'd and commended the integrity of the Judges.

Matilda being over-joy'd that ſhe had got the better in a ſuit of great importance, ſent a Gentleman expreſs, with all the expedition ſhe could, to give *Proſpero* an account of the happy ſucceſs of her affairs. *Proſpero* was very much pleas'd to hear it, and to aſſure the Meſſenger of his gladneſs, he embrac'd him, and entertain'd him with much kindneſs, and liberally promis'd him his ſervices, if ever any occaſion ſhould require them. *Hippolito*, who had no notice of it till after his Rival, preſented the perſon, who brought him the news, with a Diamond of very great value. He prepar'd a noble Treat for all of the Court, that would participate of it: he caus'd a ſpacious place to be rail'd in, before his Miſtreſſes's Windows, and for eight days together oppos'd all perſons that came againſt him, at the exerciſe of running at the Ring. A divertiſement and gallantry of that tranſcendence is not ordinarily perform'd without much noiſe of it. Many Princes of *Italy*, moſt Relations and Friends to *Matilda*,

were concern'd in it, and were remarkable for what they did; and the King himself, who was a great Lover of that kind of exercise, honour'd it with his presence. The Favourite had such an ascendent over his Master, that he might have prevented his being there; but he, out of some mysterious policy, had made a seeming reconciliation with *Matilda*, as it were out of a design to have all the World satisfy'd, that if he had not really been perswaded he had a right to the Principality of *Tarentum*, he would not have attempted the possession of it. The King took it kindly at his hands, that he had so readily submitted to the decision of the Judges; and to reward his compliance, and recompence the loss of his pretensions to *Tarentum*, bestow'd on him one of the most considerable Governments in Kingdom additionally to those he had before.

Mean time, *Hippolito* out-did all that appear'd at the exercise of Tilting. Among others, *Prospero* would needs be his Antagonist. He came in over-shadow'd with Feathers, beyond all that ever us'd that ornament to vanity; but at the first carrier he got, instead of the honour he had propos'd to himself, a cruel fall, either through his own fault, or that of his Horse, and hurt himself very sore, or at least pretended it. He was carried into *Matilda*'s House, who out of indignation immediatley left the Balcony, and bestow'd many ill wishes on the amorous *Hippolito*. He came to hear of it, and was so extreamly troubled thereat, that he broke up the meeting, and went his ways, like a Desperado, to a fair House he had, about a League distant from *Naples*.

Prospero

Proſpero in the mean time exaſperated at his fall treated *Matilda* after a ſtrange manner, ſo far as to tell her in plain terms, that ſhe had been the occaſion of his diſgrace, and to reproach her with being in love with *Hippolito*. The innocent *Matilda*, always ſweet-natur'd, always humble, and always implicitely in love with her own Tyrant, begg'd his pardon, made all the excuſes ſhe could, and in a word was as ſimple, as he was brutiſh.

Hippolito had a Siſter, who had been brought up at the Court of *Spain*, where the Queen was pleas'd to have a more then ordinary kindneſs for her, and was not long before return'd to *Naples*, upon ſome account or other, whereof I could nevet meet with any, and yet it might have been of greater concern to the carrying on of this ſtory. Beſides her advantage as to beauty, which was very great, ſhe was a perſon of extraordinary merit, ſuch as might well render her worthy the vows of the chiefeſt in the Kingdom: At her return out of *Spain*, ſhe found her Brother's affairs in ſo bad a poſture, that when he had appointed the running at the Ring, ſhe would not by any means appear at Court, where ſhe could not have an attendance ſuitable to a perſon of her condition, and ſhe had confin'd her ſelf to that fair Houſe, which was all her Brother had unſold. She ſaw that Divertiſement; but *incognito*, and having obſerv'd her Brother breaking up the meeting ſo abruptly, and departing from *Naples*, ſhe follow'd him, and found him in the moſt deplorable condition of any Man living. He had broken his Lances to pieces, torn his Feathers, and his Hair, nay wreak'd his indignation

nation on his Cloaths and his face; in fine, he was fallen into ſuch a diſtraction, as ſhe could have conceiv'd but little hopes of his recovery, had ſhe not known, that a look of *Matilda*'s, though ſtill indifferent, nay even cruel, would make him forget a thouſand ill treatments. She therefore made it her only care to comfort him, gave way to his paſſion inſtead of oppoſing it; rail'd at *Matilda*, while he gave her ill language, and ſpake again as advantageouſly as ſhe could of her, when, after all his tranſportations, ſhe found him more amorous than ever he had been.

The humourous *Proſpero* was far from having the ſame compliance for *Matilda*; the fall off his horſe ſtuck in his ſtomack ſtill, and he was perpetually charging her with it, as though ſhe had been the principal occaſion of it. It happen'd one day, that, after ſhe had been to give her Judges thanks for their favourable decree on her behalf, ſhe went to do the like to the King, though he had been againſt her; but, in Courts, for any one to ſpeak ſincerely and according to his Sentiments, argues weakneſs of judgment, and want of Prudence, and to receive denials otherwiſe than with thankful acknowledgments, a certain indigence of common civility. It happen'd then, one day, that being in an Outer-room at Court, adjoining to the Preſence-chamber, ſhe ſees *Proſpero* coming in. He had viſited her indeed after his fall, but never left her without a reproachful Lecture, for having ſuffered *Hippolito* to run at the Ring before her door. Nay he ſtuck not to tell her plainly, that if ſhe had not reſolutely ſetled her affections on his Rival, ſhe would not have had ſo great a compliance for him.

But

But nothing could be more injurious, nothing more insufferable than the impertinent complaints and expostulations of *Prospero*. It was not in *Matilda*'s power to prevent a publick exercise of that kind, though it had not been done upon her account, since her Palace took up one whole side of a spacious Quadrangle, and if she could have done it, she ought not to have done so, without hazard of being defective in point of Civility or Gratitude. Only *Prospero*'s erroneous reflections satisfy'd him, that she had done amiss, and that she had injur'd him in a high degree, and he was so incens'd against her, that he had forborn visiting her, as if all correspondence between them were quite broken off. The poor Princess was extreamly troubled at it, and she no sooner perceiv'd him coming, but she went and stood just in his way. He would have shunn'd her, and with a scornful look, pass'd by. She took him by the Arm, and looking on him with an Eye able to charm any but that humorous Master, she ask'd him what occasion she had given him to shun her. 'What occasion 'have you not given, *replies the Prince very angrily*, 'and what hope you ever to recover the repu-'tation you have lost, in countenancing the 'Courtship and Gallantries of *Hippolito*? It is 'not in my power to hinder his affection towards 'me, nor yet to prevent the discoveries he makes 'of it, *replies Matilda*; all I have to say for my 'self, is, that he hath little encouragement to do 'either, from my approbation thereof; and me-'thinks I could give him a greater assurance of 'my displeasure, than that of quitting the Bal-'cony soon after he had begun the sports before 'my Window. You should have forborn com-

'ing

'ing into it at all, *says Prospero*; but give over 'dissimulation, and acknowledge, that the true 'reason of your departure thence, was, that 'you observ'd, in the looks of all that were pre-'sent, how much they wondred at your appear-'ance there. The love of *Hippolito* had already 'dispossess'd you of your judgment, and his 'empty gallantries had soon out-weigh'd, in it, 'all the services it was in my power to have 'done you.

Matilda could not forbear tears at this harsh reproof; yet would have return'd him some answer; but he gave her not the time to do it, besides that the indignation she perceiv'd spreading over his countenance, quite startled her out of all resolution. 'When it was doubtful whether 'you were Princess of *Tarentum*, *said he to her*, 'and the King was ready to order the securing 'of your person, I was desirous to see what might 'be the fruits of your infidelity and imprudence, 'and whether adversity would occasion your be-'ing guilty of a great miscarriage. I forbore 'making any publick discoveries of my sollicita-'tions on your behalf, as your Gallant did, nay 'I pretended my self clearly unconcern'd in 'what had happen'd to you. In the mean time '*Hippolito* made much noise, and serv'd you but 'little, and your affairs were a long time in a 'desperate condition. You did what you could, 'to reassure your self of my affection, but still 'left undone the main thing you should have 'minded, since your kindness was still the same 'towards *Hippolito*. You had your designs in all, 'and miagin'd you carried them on with much 'secrecy and subtility. You bethought your self

'of

'of all the ways you could to drain that undeserv-
'ing Gallant, out of a fond perſwaſion, that when
'it would be for your convenience to disburthen
'your ſelf of him as a ſuperfluous and unleſs per-
'ſon, I ſhould think it an exceſs of happineſs, to
'ſupply his place; and you made a full account
'that if upon the tryal of your cauſe you ſhould
'have loſt *Tarentum*, the Charms of your Beauty
'would at any time aſſur'd you of being Prin-
'ceſs of *Salerna*. But as ſoon as a favourable
'Decree had made a revival of your hopes, the
'ſcene of your affection was chang'd, and your
'maxims of Policy gave way to thoſe of your
'Love. You imagin'd to your ſelf, that a
'young Gentleman, who had ruin'd himſelf by
'the extravagant diſcoveries of his inclination to
'you, was fitter for your turn than I might have
'been; that marrying a Prince of *Salerna*, you
'would come under the tuition of a Maſter au-
'thoriſed by Cuſtom and the Laws, and that
'your dear *Hippolito* would have been as much
'your humble Servant and Slave after Marriage
'as he ſeem'd to be before. Ah unfortunate and
'imprudent Princeſs! durſt your beſotted *Hippo-*
'*lito* make ſuch open profeſſions of love to a
'Lady of your fortunes, had ſhe not given him
'ſome extraordinary encouragement to do it?
'and is it poſſible, that, upon a week preſump-
'tion of meeting with ſome return to his Love,
'he would have been at thoſe vaſt expences
'which have ruin'd him, and guilty of ſo re-
'markable an extravagance, as, by one ſingle
'preſent, to enrich the perſon whom you ſent to
'acquaint him with the good ſucceſs of your
'cauſe? And after all theſe undeniable diſcove-

'ries,

'ries of your infidelity and discretion; can you
'be so vain as to imagine I should still bear you
'the affection I sometime did? Farewell, and, if
'you can, be fortunate with your *Hippolito*, and
'be not so fond as to imagine I shall ever be unfor-
'tunate with *Matilda*.

With these words, he would have left her; but the Princess stop'd him again; nay, what she had never done before, presum'd to contradict him. 'Ungrateful Prince, *said she to him*, it is 'impossible for me to give a greater assurance 'that I still love thee, than by telling thee, that, 'after this most unmanly and disobliging discourse 'I have not yet an aversion for thee. What thou 'hast said is more against thy self than against 'me, and I can make no better use of it to thy 'confusion and my advantage, than by acknow-'ledging to thee, that all is true. 'Tis true *Hip-'polito* hath express'd a great affection for me, 'Hippolito hath not been frightned from rendring 'me all the services he could, and, to do that, de-'fy'd the malice of a Favourite and the displea-'sure of a King; He honours me with all imagin-'able respect, and he does what he can to please 'me. He was desirous to protect me, when I was 'forsaken by all; and it is not to be deny'd, that 'he has ruin'd himself upon my account. Do 'thou instance in any one thing thou hast done 'that may come into the Ballance with any of 'these: Thou wilt tell me that thou lov'st me. 'But canst thou have any affection for me, who 'art wanting even in point of civility, towards 'me; civility I say, which I conceive due to 'my Sex, though thou ought'st not any to my 'Quality? And yet what ill-natur'd, or ill-hu-

'mour'd

'mour'd Maſter ever treated a Slave more un-
'worthily than thou haſt always treated me?
'And who would have ſuffer'd it, but a perſon
'beſotted with an exceſſive love towards thee, as
'I am? No, no, Prince, thou art far from having
'occaſion to take it the more kindly from me,
'that I do not. Nay, I do much more, I acknow-
'ledge, if thou wilt have me to do it, ſuch crimes
'as I was never guilty of; I willl never ſee *Hippo-*
'*lito* more, and I will be ungrateful to him, to
'recover thee out of thy ingratitude towards
'me. In a word, that I may once more gain thy
'heart, I ſhall think nothing impoſſible for me
'to do. There is nothing impoſſible for your
'fair Eyes to do, *replies the Prince*, ſetting his
'Periwig right; they have diſpell'd all my anger,
'and provided I ever hence forward have
'their favourable looks, the over-fortunate *Proſ-*
'*pero* will never love any but the fair *Ma-*
'*tilda*.

The amorous Princeſs was ſatisfy'd with this ſhort complement from her grave Lover. Had they been in a place leſs publick, poſſibly ſhe would have caſt her ſelf at his feet, to give him thanks that he had pardon'd her; but neither time nor place permitted her to make any further anſwer. The King was coming out of his Chamber; ſhe intreated *Proſpero* not to be far from her, while ſhe ſpoke to the King; but he told her, as he was leaving her, that it was not fit they ſhould be ſeen together, for ſome reaſons he could not then acquaint her withal. She could not hinder his departure, and read in his looks, that it proceeded from a fearful diſtruſt of his own Courtſhip: But ſhe was got ſo near the King,

King, that ſhe had not the time to reproach *Proſpero* with his being rather a ſubtle Courtier, than a ſincere Lover. She preſented her ſelf to the King, rendred her reſpects to him, and gave him thanks. The King receiv'd her very coldly, and the anſwer he made her was ſo equivocal, that it might have been interpreted as much to her diſadvantage, as to her favour: But the endearing expreſſions which ſhe had ſo lately receiv'd from *Proſpero*, had given her ſo great a ſatisfaction, that the leaſt ingratitude he had expreſs'd toward her, in refuſing her his attendance to wait on the King, made no impreſſion in her mind, no more than the ſlight reception ſhe had from the King; ſo much was ſhe over-joy'd, that ſhe had regain'd the favour of her imperious Lover.

The very ſame day, ſhe was viſited by all the Ladies of Quality about *Naples*; at which meeting there was an appointment made, that they ſhould all go a hunting the next day on Horſe-back, in Country-habits and narrow-brim'd Hats, with Plumes of Feathers in them. All the Amorous part of the Court came to ſee, and contribute to the divertiſement, and ſo it is not to be queſtion'd but the Prince of *Salerna*, the quinteſſence of all Courtſhip and Gallantry, was there among the reſt. Nay he was at this time guilty of a ſtrange profuſion of kindneſs toward his Miſtreſs, that is, he would needs make her a Preſent, which was more than ever he had done before.

He writ her a Letter ſweetned with all the candid expreſſions he could imagine, and, with it, ſent her one of thoſe fine Hats; but to give the World a ſtrict account of things as they paſs'd, he

he had himself taken the pains to order the Feathers, among which there was not so much as one new one. If my memory fail me not, I have already told you, that, in matter of Plumage, he was the most remarkable person about the Court: This was the only extravagance wherein he was expensive, yet was that charge manag'd with all the thrift imaginable. He had the knack of diversifying his Plumes, transplanting, and transporting them so dextrously, that though the several parts were all old, yet he made them appear as if they were new, with as much art the as most expert Master of the Profession could have done it. I am apt to believe, that for the accomplishment of the Present, he spent a good part of the night in ordering it. The Princess receiv'd it, as if it had been sent her from Heaven; return'd him more thanks and complements for it, than all the Feathers in the World were worth, and promis'd him in the Letter she return'd in answer to his, that she would look upon that miraculous Hat, as her chiefest ornament as long as she was able to wear it. I am extreamly troubled, and doubt not but my Reader will be so too, that these two excellent Letters are lost; by which means, my Novel, and his satisfaction, are somewhat shorter than they might have been. But grief is superfluous where there is no remedy to be had: The bald consumer of human productions hath devour'd other things, which we can only bemoan among the lost; but the only curse I have for his greedy teeth at the present, is for the loss of these two Missives, of which I would have said more, but have it not.

The very reflection on this disappointment,

hath put me ſo much out of humour, that I ſhall forbear giving you any account of what paſt at the Hunting; nor indeed could I ever learn the particulars. Yet this may be imagin'd, that ſome Horſes ſtumbled, and ſome fell; That the Ladies had this comfort, that if they had the misfortune to be thrown, they wanted not aſſiſtance to help them up again; That *Proſpero* made an inſufferable oſtentation of his Gallantry above all the reſt, and that he out-talk'd all, though he ſaid nothing worthy attention.

The divertiſement the Ladies found in his Hunting-match, rais'd in them a deſire to recreate themſelves ſome other way the day following. They made an appointment to go by Sea to *Pouzzolo*, where the Princeſs *Matilda* was to treat them with a Collation and Muſick. They dreſs'd themſelves no leſs ſumptuouſly for the diverſion by water, than they had before for that by Land. The Boats wherein they were to be carried, had all the Ornaments they could have; they were hung with Tapeſtry, whether China or Turkey-work I know not, and there was no ſitting but on rich Cuſhions. *Proſpero* would needs go thither by Land, and without any Company, whether out of ſome diſcontent or melancholy, is not known; for there are thoſe who never think better of themſelves than when their humours claſh with thoſe of other people. He was mounted on the beſt Horſe he had; clad in his richeſt Country-habit, and his head ſo beſet with Feathers, as if ſome remote Iſland, where Oſtriches are plentiful, had paid him an annual tribute of their Plumage.

Hippolito's Country-Houſe was in the way to *Pouzzolo*,

Pouzzolo, and not far from the Sea-side, so that the Prince of *Salerna* must needs pass by it. As soon as he came in sight of it, a slight imagination of Hectorship came into his head. He knew that *Hippolito* was at home, and thereupon alighted at the door to speak with him. *Hippolito* entertain'd him with all the civility due to a person of his condition, though he had not been accosted by the other with any. *Prospero* broke forth into a brutish expostulation with him; in that he had the presumption to make such discoveries of his Courtship to a Princess, who, by the disposal of a deceas'd Father, and her own inclinations was design'd to be his Wife. *Hippolito* suffered his reproaches and harsh Language a good while, and answer'd him with all the meekness imaginable upon such an emergency, and told him, that he had no reason to be so much offended at those declarations of a love without hope. But at length *Prospero*'s insolent carriage overcame his Patience, and he was ready to call for a Horse, to give him satisfaction at a little further distance from his own House, when news was brought them, that the Sea was very rough, and that some Boats, full of Ladies, which they perceiv'd from the shore, were in some danger of being cast away. *Hippolito* made no doubt, but *Matilda* and her Company were the Ladies in that distress, and thereupon he intreated *Prospero* to contribute his assistance, for the safety of their Common Mistress. He excus'd himself, alledging that he could not swim, and that he had not yet recover'd himself of the hurt he had receiv'd by his fall at Tilting. The generous *Hippolito* detesting in his Soul the ingratitude of his Rival, made all the speed he

could to the Waterside. His Servant follow'd him, cast themselves into the Water after his example, and with the help of some Fishermen, who fortunately chanc'd to be not far off, *Matilda*, and the Ladies of her Company were sav'd. All the Boats ran a-ground about a hundred Paces from the shore, and being split to pieces, *Naples* would have been full of Lamentations for the loss of its choicest Beauties, had it not been for this seasonable relief. *Hippolito* was so fortunate, as that *Matilda* ought him her life. The love he bore her made him soon distinguish her from the many other Ladies, whom the Waves cast half dead upon the Rocks, along the Sea-side. While the Fishermen and his Servants indifferently reliev'd the first they met withal, he lays hold on his Princess, just as she was coming above Water, and taking her under one Arm and swimming with the other, he happily got her to the shore without the assistance of any other person.

Matilda was much more disorder'd by that unhappy accident than any of the other Ladies whom they have sav'd as well as her self. They all made a shift to recover themselves after a little casting up of the Salt-Water, change of Cloaths, and fright, and so were well enough to take Coach, and return to *Naples*. But the Princess of *Tarentum* continu'd a long time e're she came to her self, and gave those that were about her any assurances of life. *Hippolito*, and his Sister *Irene*, took all the care they could of her. He sent immediately to *Naples* for the ablest Physicians, besides him whom the Princess particularly employ'd, and left his whole House to *Matilda*, and such of her Servants as were come

come to her upon the report of the diſaſter. He accommodated himſelf and his retinue the beſt he could at a little Village not far from his own Houſe, whence he ſent frequent Meſſengers to enquire how the Princeſs did, when he could not do it himſelf. As for *Proſpero*, he, extreamly ſelf-ſatisfy'd with the diſcovery he had made of his reſentments to *Hippolito*, had recommended *Matilda* and the other Ladies to the Mercy of the Waves, without giving his thoughts any trouble concerning them, imagining haply, that, ſince he was not a perſon likely to relieve them, it was his beſt courſe to deny his Eyes the ſight of ſo unfortunate a Spectacle, and to take his way Gently back again to *Naples*, and there expect the doubtful event of the wrack, that he might rejoice at, or bewail it, according to their eſcape or miſcarriage who were concern'd therein.

In the mean time, *Matilda*, with the aſſiſtance of her youth, and the remedies preſcrib'd to her, recover'd her health, and with that, her beauty, and was extreamly ſatisfy'd with the kindneſs done her by *Hippolito*, and the obliging cares of his Siſter *Irene*, who ingeniouſly acquainted her with the baſe indifference which *Proſpero* had expreſs'd for the hazard ſhe had been in. *Matilda* made not any diſcovery of her reſentment of it, either in her countenance or diſcourſe; whether it were that her Love had ſmother'd it, or that ſhe had the power at that time to diſſemble.

The night before ſhe intended to leave *Hippolito*'s Houſe, in order to return to *Naples*, her thoughts were ſo diſorder'd, that ſhe could not ſleep, where-upon ſhe call'd for a Book and a Candle, to be ſet by her Bed-ſide. Her Women were gone

out of the Room, to take their repoſe, or do ſomewhat elſe, when ſhe hears the door opening of a ſudden, and perceives *Proſpero* coming in. It may eaſily be imagin'd, how much ſhe was ſurpriz'd to ſee him at ſo unſeaſonable an hour, and how highly ſhe conceiv'd her ſelf diſoblig'd by ſo diſ-reſpectful a viſit. Her reproaches to him upon that occaſion were not without ſome bitterneſs. *Proſpero* was little mov'd thereat, but rather growing the more imperious, would needs have the Princeſs acknowledge, that ſhe had purpoſely run into the hazard of loſing her life, to give *Hippolito* the glory of being her deliverer. He charg'd her with the misfortune of being ſo near caſt away, as a ſlur to her reputation, and repreſented to her, how baſe and unworthy a thing it was for her, to reſide in the Houſe of a perſon in love with her, to be lodg'd in his own Chamber, and laid in his own Bed.

Matilda was ſomewhat aſtoniſh'd at theſe reproaches, yet thought it below her to make it appear to him how unjuſt they were, but preſs'd him with others that were not ſo eaſily avoidable, for the backwardneſs of his aſſiſting her, and with a Satyrical raillery bemoan'd his want of skill in ſwimming, and his being ſtill indiſpos'd by reaſon of his fall. This put his Spirits into a general commotion, ſo that bluſhing with anger and confuſion, he fell a rayling at her, and told her that ſhe ſhould never ſee him more, in as much as *Rogero* the King's Favorite had proffer'd him his Siſter, and with her all the advantages which may be expected from the alliance of a Favourite.

Matilda was not able to hold out any longer againſt

againſt ſo terrible a menace; her thoughts were diſcompos'd into a trembling aſtoniſhment; her indignation gave way to her love; and ſhe who had ſeem'd ſo fierce and furious before, was by this ſudden ſtorm become ſubmiſſive and ſuppliant. On the other ſide, *Proſpero* grew more calm, when he ſaw her ſufficiently humbled; and according to his Cuſtom, he began to cajole her, and fell into thoſe kind and amorous inſinuations, which he might have us'd, if, in all the debates that had happen'd in their Loves, he had always obſerv'd the reſpect and complyance he ought her. He renew'd his proteſtation of love to her, and out of eagerneſs to make them over-preſſing and perſwaſive, he made ſuch as were ridiculous and impertinent; ſo far as to wiſh her all manner of misfortunes, that he might have a noble occaſion to aſſure her how much he would concern himſelf therein. 'Why are you 'not ſtill in diſgrace at Court? *ſaid he to her*, 'with an amorous tone; Why are you not ſtill 'perſecuted by the malicious Favourite *Rogero*? 'Why are you not ſtill unjuſtly diſpoſſeſs'd of 'your Principality of *Tarentum*? You ſhould 'ſee how earneſt a Sollicitor I would be on your 'behalf; how I would importune the King him-'ſelf, though by all Artifice exaſperated againſt 'you, to do you juſtice; with what rigour I 'would engage my ſelf in your quarrel againſt 'your Enemies, and whether I would be afraid 'to hazard my life and fortunes, to reſtore you 'to what were unjuſtly detain'd from you. It 'is not decreed, I hope, *replies the Prince*, nor is 'there any neceſſity, I ſhould become more un-'fortunate than I am, that you ſhould have

'occasions to give me so great assurances of your 'generosity, nor were it just I should put your 'Love to such dangerous Tryals.

They were thus seriously engag'd in discourse, when some confus'd and dreadful out-cries of fire oblig'd them to run to the Windows, whence they presently perceiv'd the lower part of the Lodgings where they were casting up fire and smoke; and e're they had well look'd about them, a thick Cloud of smoke intermixt with Sparks of fire was coming up, along the Stair-Case into the room, which put them out of all hopes of escaping that way, which *Prospero* was putting himself into a posture to attempt. The Princess extreamly frighted, begg'd of him, that he would not forsake her in so great danger, and minded him of making some advantage of the Sheets and Hangings, to get out at the Windows. The Prince, as much frighted as she, told her, the danger was too neer at hand to think of any such expedient, and having already measur'd with his Eyes the height of the Window, and deliberating how he might best cast himself down into the Court, he plainly told, that, in such an emergency as that was, the only resolution was, *get off who could.* 'Nay if it be so, *said she to him*, thou shalt 'not escape without me, and if I run any hazard 'here, I am resolved, that the most ungrateful 'and least generous of Men shall participate of it 'with me.

With those words she courageously fasten'd on *Prospero*, and the indignation she had conceiv'd against him for his Cowardise, gave her so much strength, that, notwithstanding all his endeavours to clear himself, he could not get from her.

He

He fell a ſwearing and curſing; then rail'd at her; and at laſt was ſo much a brute, as to threaten her with beating or death (which of the two is not certainly known) and no doubt he was a perſon as likely as any to do it, and in all probability would have done it, if, while he was ſtrugling with her, and that with as much earneſtneſs and animoſity, as if he had had to do with a deteſted Enemy, the generous *Hippolito* had not come ſeaſonably into the room. The Princeſs ſeeing him, diſ-engag'd her ſelf from *Proſpero*, and made towards *Hippolito*, who, not allowing her the time to ſpeak to him, cover'd her with a wet Sheet, which he had purpoſely brought with him, and having taken her in his Arms, ruſh'd out like a Lyon with his prey, through the flames which fill'd the Stair-Caſe. He was ſo fortunate as to bring her to a place, where ſhe was out of all danger, and his generoſity was ſo exceſſive, that he did the ſame kindneſs to his Rival. True it is, that he burnt his Cloaths, and ſing'd the hair of his Head and Eye-brows in the ſervice; but what are burnt Cloaths, and ſing'd Hair, to a perſon whoſe heart is enflam'd with Love?

In the mean time, while *Matilda* is recovering her ſelf out of the fright, and while *Proſpero* gets away with all the ſpeed he could to *Naples*, without ſo much as returning thanks to his deliverer, his over-generous deliverer ſees his Houſe burnt down to the Ground, and with his Houſe all the Furniture of it, and his Horſes; in a word, all that his former profuſions had left him Maſter of. *Matilda* was troubled at it, I will not ſay more than he, for he was not much, but as if

ſhe

ſhe ſaw what ſhe accounted of greateſt valûe in the World condemn'd to deſtruction. She imagin'd her ſelf the occaſion which had brought that great misfortune upon him; and ſhe was not miſtaken. Her Couſin, the Favourite, who had not made a reconciliation with her, but out of a pernicious deſign to ruin her with more eaſe, had found out ſome mercenary Souls among the menial Servants of *Hippolito*, whom he had hir'd to fill the Cellars of their Maſter with materials eaſily combuſtible, which they ſet on fire in the night-time, according to the inſtructions they had receiv'd from *Rogero*. This cruel Favourite made no Conſcience of procuring the ruin of a decay'd Cavalier, and his deſtruction to boot, conditionally there were involv'd in it that of a Kinſwoman, whoſe eſtate he was to inherit; and as if he thought it not wickedneſs enough to compaſs her death, which was unavoidable if his deſign had taken effect, he bethought himſelf of a way to render her memory odious. While *Hippolito*'s houſe was a burning, *Rogero* had manag'd his treacherous plot with ſo much ſubtilty, that, by order from the King, ſome Officers were ſent to *Matilda*'s Palace, where having broke open her Cloſet, it was pretended, that there were Letters found, which ſeem'd written to the Duke of *Anjou*, and to convict her of holding a correſpondence with that dangerous Enemy to the State.

The ſtill-unfortunate Princeſs receiv'd this ſad news, juſt as ſhe was ſending to *Naples* for Coaches, in order to her return thither. She was extreamly at a loſs to hear it, yet ſoon reaſſuming what courage ſhe could in ſo unexpected a perplexity,

plexity, she and her train made a shift to get to *Naples* a foot, but in so deplorable a condition, as rais'd pity in all that saw them make their entrance into it. *Hippolito* would have gone along with her, but she laid her absolute commands upon him not to do it, as being, possibly, still in some fear of displeasing *Prospero*. So that the most yet most faithful, most generous, and unfortunate of all Lovers beheld her departure, much more afflicted at this fresh accident which happen'd to his Mistress, and that he durst not presume to follow her, than at the loss of his House.

Matilda was no sooner come to *Naples*, but she was secur'd. She desir'd access to the King; it was deny'd her. She sent a Messenger to desire *Prospero* to come to her; he pretended indisposition, and that he could not stir abroad; and so she was of a sudden forsaken of all friends, as if she had fallen sick of the Plague. The same day there was an order brought her from the King, that she should depart *Naples*. Her Domesticks basely left her in the height of extremities; her Creditors began to persecute her, forgetting all respect to her quality; and she was reduc'd to so great misery, that she could not procure a Hackney-Coach, nor any other convenience of riding, to get to I know not what Prince of *Italy*, who, next to *Rogero*, was the nearest of her Relations, and had always espoused her interests, even against that unjust Favourite and bloody Kinsman. Being thus forsaken by all her friends, destitute of all things, and reduc'd to an impossibility of complying with so rigorous an Order, she took her refuge in a Monastery, into which yet they would not receive her, till they had

had the King's Permiſſion to do it, and conditionally that ſhe ſhould depart thence that very night. She accordingly departed thence, and that ſo ſecretly, that the amorous *Hippolito*, notwithſtanding all the Spies he had abroad, to bring him an account of her, could never get the leaſt intelligence of what courſe ſhe had taken. However, he would needs put himſelf to the hazard of miſſing her, rather than that he ſhould be reproach'd with a neglect of ſeeking her. While he is running after her, or thinks he does ſo, ſhe little thinks of him, and *Proſpero* as little, or leſs of her. Nay, this humorous Prince ſpeaks of her as one guilty of High Treaſon, is punctual in his attendance about the King and the Favourite, and as different emergencies produce different deſigns, he ſeriouſly falls in Love with *Camilla*, *Rogero*'s Siſter, and intreats the King to promote his obtaining of her. The King, who thought him a very advantageous match for his Siſter, whom, of all his Subjects, he had the greateſt affection for, communicates the propoſal to the Favourite, who was content in all things to comply with the deſires of his Maſter.

This Siſter of *Rogero*'s was one of the greateſt Beauties about *Naples*, and what relation ſoever ſhe might have to her Brother in point of Fortune, ſhe was no way concern'd in his lewd deſigns. She was look'd on at Court as the moſt conſiderable Match in the Kingdom, and ſhe look'd on *Hippolito* as the moſt accompliſh'd Cavalier of his time; and poſſibly ſhe lov'd him, or at leaſt would have lov'd him, if ſhe had not obſerv'd his affections paſſionately devoted to another. *Matilda*'s miſfortune had rais'd ſo great a compaſſion in

in her, and she was so generous, that if she had thought her Brother's malice had occasion'd it, she would no doubt have reproach'd him with so lewd a procedure, and have been the first that should have detested it. She concern'd her self so much in the loss which *Hippolito* had receiv'd, that careless of whatever might be said of it, she went to give him a visit at his burnt House, to present him with a sum of Mony, and assure him of all it was in her power to do for him. She there met with his Sister *Irene*, who little expected such a visit, and much less the proffers of a kind reception, where she had any thing to command. The fair *Irene* thought her self extreamly obliged to *Camilla*, for so generous an invitation, and was content to go along with her to *Naples*. What less than a ready complyance to so kind a proposal could be expected from a young Lady of her Quality, who was then destitute of a House, and all other requisite accommodations, in a Country, where she was not known to any but her Brother, nay where it may be said she had not him, since that, as soon as he understood that *Matilda* had left *Naples*, he was gone a wandring after her like a distracted person, not knowing which way she had taken?

It happen'd, the very day that *Camilla* went to *Hippolito*'s House, to bring *Irene* thence to her own, the King was pleas'd to make her a visit, but the occasion of it was to recommend the Gallant Prince of *Salerna* to her affections, which he doubted not to gain upon the first assault of all that force of Gallantry he always carried about him. *Camilla*, whose thoughts at that time were full of *Hippolito*, entertain'd *Prospero* and the

proffers

proffers of his ſervices, with as much coldneſs and indifference, as was conſiſtent with the ſatisfaction which ſhe conceiv'd at the honour of a viſit from her Prince. The diſconſolate *Irene* kept her Company, and though her affliction was but too remarkable, yet did the rays of her Beauty like lightning, ſo break through the Cloud of her ſadneſs, as to enflame the young King's affection towards her.

His Love was violent even at its Birth. He approach'd her with as much reſpect and fear, as if he had been of her quality, and ſhe of his: He took occaſion to fall into diſcourſe with her upon her Beauty; and that amiable perſon, without being daunted, or betraying any ſurprizal at ſo unexpected a Courtſhip, made ſo great diſcoveries of a perfect combination of Ingenuity, Prudence, and Modeſty, that he conſider'd her, from that interview, as a good, which only was deficient to the compleating of his fortune.

The King made a longer ſtay with *Camilla* than he thought to have done, and the pleaſure he took in entertaining *Irene*, was ſo much the more obſerv'd, by all that were preſent, the more he had ſeem'd before inſenſible to love, and behav'd himſelf with an indifference towards the faireſt Ladies about *Naples*. But indeed *Irene* was Miſtreſs of ſuch charms, that it was impoſſible for Souls the leaſt ſubject to that tender paſſion, and leaſt able to judge of her merit, to forbear loving her. *Camilla*, before ſhe was acquainted with her, had a deſign to ſerve her upon the account of her Brother; but after ſhe came to be known to her, ſhe lov'd her wholly upon her own. She was eaſily inclin'd to believe the

the King was fallen in love with her, becauſe ſhe wiſh'd it ſo, and ſhe was ſo far from envying her ſo great a happineſs, as it might have been in ſome meaſure excuſable in any other amiable perſon, that ſhe was extreamly ſatisfied therewith. She congratulated *Irene*, upon the noble conqueſt ſhe had made, and no doubt ſhe might have flatter'd the vanity and hopes of a Virgin more lowly-conceited of her ſelf than ſhe was; but this diſcreet perſon was firm in her perſwaſion, that what the King had done, was rather out of a frolick of gallantry, than Love; that he had no other deſign in it, but to find matter for his diverſion; and that haply ſhe was as ſoon out of his thoughts, as out of his ſight. She was very much miſtaken: The young King could not keep away long from her; and his Love was grown ſo violent that he reſolv'd to ſee her again the very night after his firſt falling in love with her. He communicated his deſign to the Prince of *Salerna*, and told him, that he would go, *incognito*, according to the Spaniſh Courtſhip, to renew his addreſſes to *Irene*, under *Camilla*'s Balcony. It may eaſily be imagin'd, how overjoy'd *Proſpero* was at this admittance to the Privacy of his Maſter's pleaſures, and to be made his companion in an amorous adventure. It is probable, the Favourite *Rogero* would have been the perſon pitch'd upon for this deſign, or at leaſt ſhould have made one in it: But that he had leave of the King that very day to go to *Tarentum*, where ſome important affair requir'd his preſence.

Night came, and the King, accompany'd by *Proſpero*, arm'd as he was, according to the *Italian* way, that is, with more offenſive Arms than were requi-

requiſite for one Man, took up his Poſt under *Camilla*'s Balcony who had been advertis'd of it by *Proſpero*. She was too well vers'd in that kind of Courtſhip not to afford the King the freedom of entertaining his Miſtreſs with as much privacy as might be. She thereupon withdrew, and went into another Balcony, notwithſtanding all the intreaties, which *Irene* made, that ſhe would ſtay with her. The King made ſome reproaches upon that occaſion, and told that fair Virgin, that ſhe ought at leaſt to have ſome complyance for a King, who had for her ſomewhat tranſcending it. 'I ſhould owe your Majeſty all that lies in my 'power, *reply'd Irene*, were it not there is ſome-'thing I owe my ſelf, which I cannot owe any 'other. 'What can you owe your ſelf, *replies the* 'King, beyond what you owe my Love? This, *an-'ſwered ſhe*, that I am not to believe you have any 'for me. Ah *Irene*, *cries the King*, can you doubt 'of that? aſſure your ſelf, there is not any thing 'more certain, nor ought I am not ready to do, 'to ſatisfie your incredulity. Could I believe your 'affection proportionable to the aſſurances you 'give me of it, *replyes ſhe*, I ſhould yet have 'more reaſon to be diſſatisfy'd with your Majeſty 'than admit what you do for a kindneſs. That 'were a ſtrange injuſtice, *ſaid the King*, for how 'is it poſſible, that a ſincere love, ſuch as mine 'is, ſhould give any diſſatisfaction? It would be 'an honour I confeſs to ſome great Queen, *reply'd* 'Irene, but may well give People juſt occaſion to 'paſs harſh cenſures of the prudence of a perſon 'ſo mean as I am. 'Tis true indeed, *ſayes the King*, 'that you are not a Queen, but who deſerves to 'be ſuch, may in time come to it. I am not

'guilty

'guilty of ſo great a vanity, *replyes Irene*, as to 'hope for ſo great a change in my fortune, from 'the ſlenderneſs of my merit I can pretend to, 'and I have this opinion of your Majeſty's good 'nature, as that you will not any longer make 'an unfortunate Perſon, ſuch as I am, the ſubject 'of your diverſion. Ah faireſt *Irene*, *ſaid the Amo-'rous Prince to her*, what greater aſſurances, than 'I have done, can I make of the ſincerity of my 'affection? Be ſatisfy'd then, that, as to my 'Love to you, the moſt paſſionate, and moſt 'faithful Lover in the World, cannot pretend to 'a greater, and if my Tongue hath acquainted 'you with what my looks and ſighs could not 'make you comprehend ſoon enough, imagine 'not that I expect, upon the account of my 'quality, to be exempted from the afflictions of a 'long Addreſs, or am unwilling to undergo all 'the ſervices and ſubmiſſions, which the moſt 'amiable Miſtreſs may look for, from a reſpect-'ful Lover. But a diſeaſe grown ſo violent, as 'mine was, requir'd a ſudden remedy, and, how 'coy and ſcrupulous ſoever you may be, it may 'be ſome ſatisfaction to you, that a King, in the 'diſcovery of his love to you, hath been afraid to 'diſpleaſe you.

He ſaid ſeveral other things to her, more paſ-ſionate even than theſe, which he who overheard them, could not remember, as he did what I have given you an account of. I therefore leave it to the diſcreet Reader to imagine them: For, to make this King of *Naples* ſpeak with the ten-derneſs he did, and not to injure him in the buſi-neſs of complement, it would be requiſite a Man ſhould be as amorous as he was, which it is now

past my time to be. *Irene* still answer'd him with her accustomed modesty, and without seeming over-hardly, or over-easily perswasible, she so ingeniously broke off so tickliſh a Converſation, that the esteem the King had for her was thereby much heightened, and he was more in love with her at his departure thence, than he had been at his coming thither. From that time, no day pass'd, but he visited *Camilla* and *Irene*, nor did he miss any night his attendance at the Balcony, where he employ'd all his amorous eloquence, to assure her how passionately he was her Servant.

It happen'd one night, that having order'd his guard not to follow him, he went up and down the streets of *Naples* disguis'd, accompany'd only by the Prince of *Salerna*, and he met with so much diversion at several places, that the better part of the night was past, when he came to *Camilla*'s Balcony. Looking about him more narrowly, he found that two Men had taken up their station under it, or if not under, they were at least so near it, as to over-hear all the discourse which would have past between him and *Irene*. One of those Men parted from the other, and went into *Camilla*'s House, and the other continu'd still in the street. The King expected a while, to see if he would be gone, and leave him the freedom of the Street; but finding that he stirr'd not from the place, no more than if he had been a Sentinel charg'd upon pain of death to keep his station, he grew out of Patience, and commanded *Prospero*, to go and question what that next person was, and to force him to a removal thence. The Prince of *Salerna* makes towards him,

him, but with ſuch preparation and obſervance, as if he had been employ'd in ſome hazardous adventure. As he drew nearer and nearer him, the other made away before him. *Proſpero* animated by his removal from the place where he ſtood, endeavour'd to come up to him, yet not with ſo much expedition as he might have done. The other made the more haſte to get away, and perceiving *Proſpero* ſtill purſu'd him, he made the moſt and beſt advantage he could of his heels, and got into another Street, the Prince of *Salerna* ſtill following at a convenient diſtance.

Mean time, the King ſtirr'd not from the place where *Proſpero* had left him, expecting his return, that he might ſend him to give notice to *Camilla* and *Irene* of his waiting for them under the Balcony; and it is not unlikely his imaginations were wholly fixt upon his love (for a Lover never does any thing elſe, when he is alone) when that perſon who had parted from him whom *Proſpero* purſu'd, and was gone into *Camilla*'s Houſe, was coming out again, and taking the King for his Camerade, 'Here *Calixtus*, *ſaid he* 'to him, take this Packet, and make haſte; the 'Commander in chief at *Cayetto* will take order 'for a Veſſel for thy tranſportation to *Mar-* 'ſeilles.

The King, not making him any anſwer at all, receiv'd the Packet of Letters, which he preſented to him. 'Farewel, *Calixtus*, *added the ſame un-* 'known Perſon, the reſt depends on thy diligence, 'and thou haſt now in thy hands the fortune of 'the Duke of *Anjou*, thy Maſter, and mine. How 'ungrateful Villain! unparallel'd Traytor! *cry's* 'the King, *putting his hand to his Sword*, what de-

'ſign haſt thou contriv'd againſt me?

Rogero (for it was no other) exaſperated at his being ſo unhappily miſtaken, and by his deſpair becoming more wicked than before, thought of nothing but of either ſacrificing his own life, or taking that of his Prince, who had lov'd him ſo well. The reproaches he conceiv'd might be juſtly made him of his ingratitude and perfidiouſneſs were as terrible to him, as the tortures he might have been put to. He had his Sword out as ſoon as the King, who charg'd him with ſo much rigour and fury, that *Rogero*, tormented with the remorſe of his crime, as he was, was forc'd to defend himſelf. At laſt animated with rage, and rallying all his ſpirits and courage, he no longer look'd on his Prince otherwiſe than as an Enemy, whom he muſt either deſtroy, or periſh, and by the efforts of a deſperado which he made againſt his Sacred Perſon, oblig'd him alſo to defend himſelf the beſt he could. But Kings, who poſſibly may be as valiant as other Perſons, are commonly aſſiſted by a Genius tranſcending thoſe of other Men. *Rogero*, though he charg'd his incens'd King with the greateſt fury and deſpair imaginable, yet would he not haply have been able to hold out long againſt him, if the noiſe of their engagement had not brought to the place where it paſs'd, ſeveral Perſons, who would ſoon have torn to pieces that deteſtable ſubject, that durſt attempt the life of his Prince. Some of his own domeſticks, and of thoſe of *Camilla* were the firſt that came into the ſtreet with lights, much aſtoniſh'd to ſee their Maſter ſtruggling with the King. The unfortunate *Rogero* was ſo caſt down at the appearance of the light,

which

which expos'd him to the dreadful looks of his Prince, that he was not able to endure them. His rage and valour forsook him; and his Arms fell from him. The King, who had the satisfaction to see him wounded, after he had had much ado with all the assistance of his valour, to prevent his being so by him, seiz'd on him with his own hands, and committed him to the Custody of the Captain of his Guards, who had receiv'd Orders to keep all that night about the avenues of *Camilla*'s House, and was come in very seasonably at that time, follow'd by his Souldiers.

Prospero, in the mean time, was still in pursuit of his Man, who running away, with all the speed he could, had unfortunately met full butt with the Watch, who that night, according to their Custom, were taking their round about the City to prevent disorders. He discover'd so great astonishment, and was at such a loss in all his answers to whatever was ask'd him, that they were resolv'd to secure him, though *Prospero*, who pursu'd him with his Sword drawn, and made himself known to the Watch, had not commanded them from the King, to take him into their Custody, and to have him ready whene're he should be call'd for. He return'd to look after the King, and if he was at first sight astonish'd at the great number of Torches he saw in the street, and to find the King, whom he had left all alone, so well accompany'd, he was so much more, when he understood what had past between the King and *Rogero*, and to see that Favourite, whom all the Court adored, generally detested by all, and by the Guards conducted to Prison.

This accident prevented the King's seeing of *Irene* that night, or at least he forbore it, because he would avoid seeing *Camilla*, whom he sent *Prospero* to complement, and withall to assure her that he made a distinction between her and her Brother, whose Crime should not derogate ought from the esteem he had for her. *Irene* writ to him on *Rogero*'s behalf, and, to oblige her Friend, did that which the importunate intreaties of a King passionately in love with her could not have obtain'd. The very next day *Rogero* was examin'd, and found guilty of High-Treason, for holding a correspondence with the Duke of *Anjou*, who had besides a great number of other Partisans in the Kingdom. He had receiv'd information by them of the insatiable ambition of *Rogero*; upon which intelligence, having propos'd to him a match with a Princess neerly related to him, with such advantages as he could not hope from the King his Master, that ungrateful Favourite, betraying his Faith and Honour, was in requital to receive the *French* into *Cayetto* and *Castellamara*, of which places he was Governour.

The same Judges who found him guilty of the Treason committed against his Majesty, discover'd also the treacherous design he had contriv'd against the Princess of *Tarentum*. I think I told you elsewhere how the Prince of *Salerna* had shunn'd this Princess, and disclaim'd her concerns, when he saw her in disgrace, and very earnestly Courted *Camilla*, whom he saw in favour. I am now to tell you of the same Prince, that no sooner had he perceiv'd, that the King repented him of the ill treatments and misfortunes he had caus'd *Matilda*, through the malicious prosecu-

proſecutions of *Rogero*, and was of himſelf inclin'd to reſtore her to her former Honours, and reinſtate her in the poſſeſſions, which had been unjuſtly taken away from her, and to make conſiderable additions thereto, but he, the ſame generous *Proſpero*, who had ſo lately ſo earneſtly intreated the King to promote his Addreſſes to *Camilla*, was now as earneſtly deſiring he might decline her, and that he would not think amiſs of him, if he ſtill pretended to the poſſeſſion of *Matilda*; and in the mean time, he pray'd the King that he would order her to be ſought out, and that he would give him a Commiſſion to find her, where ever they had intelligence that ſhe was, and to bring her back to Court. The King had his thoughts too full of *Irene*, that he ſhould need a Remembrancer to put him in mind of her Brother *Hippolito*, and it was the greateſt trouble he had, that there was no tidings of him. He thereupon ſent Meſſengers into all parts of *Italy*, with order to find him out, while they ſought after *Matilda*; and when they had found him, to bring him back to *Naples*. It was his hope, that he ſhould give *Irene* an aſſurance thereby how neerly her concerns touch'd him, and how great an affliction it was to him, that ſhe knew not what was become of a Brother, who was ſo dear to her.

This Amorous Cavalier, having ſpent much time and diligence in queſt of his exil'd Princeſs, without any ſucceſs, not ſo much as the ſatisfaction of having any tidings of her, wandred from place to place, as his Horſe was pleas'd to carry him, not making ſtay at any, but when his own Horſe, and alſo that of his Servants, whoſe thoughts

were not so much bent upon the retrival of the Princess of *Tarentum*, as his Masters, needed rest and refreshment. For the latter abating only the little time that sleep forc'd it self upon him, it may be said, he took as little rest as a damned Soul, and after he had spent whole days in sighing on Horse-back, he many times trifled away the succedent Nights, in making his complaints to the Rocks and Trees of the cruelty and absence of *Matilda*, and in quarrelling with the innocent Stars, which often shin'd to his great inconvenience, since he for the most part took up his lodging in the open Fields, and had no other Canopy than that of the Heavens.

It happen'd one day, that, being so o'repress'd with sadness, he little reflected that his Servant and Horses could not feed on amorous thoughts, as he did, he was got, about Sun set to an obscure Inn, which look'd more like a Rendezvous for Bandits and Rogues, than a place of entertainment for Travellers. *Hippolito* was riding on, for Lovers are indefatigable, when his Servant represented to him, that their Horses were not able to travel any further, by reason of weariness and want of Meat, not speaking any thing of himself, who stood in no less need of refreshment and rest. The despairing Lover was content upon this remonstrance to alight; but the Master of that wretched receptacle, who stood at the door, with his Wife, and another person of a mischievous look, and one that seem'd to be somewhat of a Souldier, came and told him bluntly, that he had no accommodation for him, and that both his House and Stable were full. *Hippolito* was nothing troubled at that disappointment, and would

would have kept on his way, whereat his Servant was enrag'd, when the Souldier, who accompany'd the Hoſt, after he had whiſper'd him ſomewhat in the Ear, comes to *Hippolito*, and tells him in the *Calabrian* Language, that he might alight, that he would heartily reſign his Chamber, for the Entertainment of ſo noble a Perſon as he ſeem'd to be; and upon the difficulty which *Hippolito* made of accepting ſo kind a proffer, the Hoſt himſelf, who had before been ſo churliſh, came and held the Stirrup for him to get off his Horſe, looking on him with a ſmiling countenance, which might have ſufficiently diſcover'd the treacherous intentions of the Perſon.

With theſe civilities is *Hippolito* conducted by the Maſter of the Houſe, and the Souldier, like an Ambaſſador, into the Inn. He had no mind to eat any thing, and having drunk only a Glaſs of Water (for Love is dry) he went out to take a walk at a place fit enough for the humouring of his Melancholy thoughts, which he had obſerv'd not far from the Inn. His Servant in the mean time ſate down to Supper with the Hoſt, his Wife, and the civil *Calabrian*, who had ſo kindly reſign'd his Lodging to *Hippolito*. He fed like one that had made an eſcape out of a Garriſon beſieg'd to the greateſt extremities, and Drunk ſo liberally, as that he had only ſo much diſcretion left, as might carry him to give his Maſter notice of Bed-time, which he was as likely a Man to forget, as could have been wiſh'd.

He went out to look for him among certain Rocks, where at laſt he found him, deploring the ſad poſture of his affairs and affections, and brought him back to the Inn. They carry'd him

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up to a Chamber, ſuitable to the Houſe, that is, furniſh'd with a couple of wretched Beds, and the Partitions ſo bad, that Wind and Air came in of all ſides. *Hippolito* laid himſelf down with his Cloaths on, upon one of the Beds, and his Servant did the like on the other, where, having his brains and his belly full, his bones were ſoon at reſt, and he ſlept ſo ſoundly, as if he had done it to give his Maſter an example. *Hippolito* ſlept not, that is, he would not, for it is as great a reproach for a ſlighted Lover to take a good Night's reſt, as to commit ſome unworthy action.

It was not long e're all in the Inn were laid to take their repoſe, or ſeem'd to be ſo; and that there was a general ceſſation of all noiſe, but ſnoring, when ſome People on Horſe-back gave a ſudden Alarm, and knock'd at the doors, as Perſons who were extreamly impatient to get in. The Hoſt, who ſtarted out of his Bed upon hearing of the noiſe, knew them, and preſently let them in. A while after, *Hippolito* hears the door of the Chamber next adjoining to his own open'd, and ſeveral Perſons going into it, whereof ſome came preſently out again, and the others, who continu'd there, had ſome diſcourſe together. The particular concerns of *Hippolito* were ſuch as left him but little curioſity to make any enquiry into thoſe of other people, and he had not liſtn'd to thoſe Perſons whom he heard talking, if, upon their ſpeaking ſometimes louder than other, they had not given him occaſion to obſerve one voice, which he thought was not unknown to him. He therefore kept in his breath, and liſten'd to thoſe who were talking, but could not hear what they

ſaid,

ſaid, till that towards the end of their diſcourſe, one of them ſpoke ſo diſtinctly, that theſe words reach'd his Ear. "'Tis even ſo, my Dear *Julia*, 'and I tell thee again, that few perſons of my 'quality have been ſo cruelly perſecuted by For-'tune, as my ſelf. She hurries me into diſgraces 'beyond all former example, yet how great and 'inſufferable ſoever they may be, I am leſs ſen-'ſible of them, than of the ingratitude, where-'with the baſeſt and unworthieſt of Men, hath 'requited the inclination I had to love him; and 'yet I muſt withal acknowledge, that this in-'gratitude of his towards me is a leſs diſcontent 'to me, than that which I my ſelf am guilty of 'towards another. This is the only reproach 'which perpetually attends me, and the remorſe 'it gives me is a thouſand times a greater tor-'ment to my thoughts, than all the loſſes I have 'receiv'd, and all the miſeries and misfortunes I 'am now redue'd to.

Another Perſon, who ſeem'd to make her ſome anſwer, ſpoke ſo low, that *Hippolito* could hear only ſome words, without any connexion, which were many times interrupted by ſighs. He there-upon got up from the Bed, and drew neer the Partition, which divided the two Rooms; but the noiſe he made was over-heard, by thoſe, to whom he would have liſtned, and ſo there was a ceſſation of diſcourſe, but not of the ſighs of that afflicted Perſon, whoſe voice he thought ſhould be that of *Matilda*. It may well be imagin'd that he was extreamly impatient to know whether he were miſtaken or not. To be ſatis-fy'd therefore of ſo important a doubt, he was preparing himſelf to get out of the Room, when

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of a ſudden the door was open'd; upon which, by the light of dark a Lanthorn, he perceives four Men coming in to him with their Swords drawn, among whom he took notice of the *Calabrian* Souldier, and the Maſter of the Houſe. If he were ſurpriz'd at theſe Men that came into his Chamber, which he might well think was not out of any good deſign, they on the other ſide were as much at a loſs, that they found him not a-ſleep, as they expected to have done. *Hippolito* thereupon drawing his Sword, ask'd them what they came for to his Room at that unſeaſonable hour, and in that poſture, and he no ſooner obſerv'd them making ready to fall upon him, inſtead of returning him any anſwer, but he charg'd them firſt, with ſo extraordinary rigour and dexterity, that he ſoon forc'd them to find out their way out of the Room. His Man in the mean time awak'd; run to the place where the noiſe call'd him, and ſeeing his Maſter ſet upon by ſo many Enemies, he reliev'd him with much Valour, but e're he came in, *Hippolito* had wounded two againſt him, and lay'd the moſt deſperate of them dead at his feet. The Rogues fought and defended themſelves with ſuch animoſity as if they expected no Quarter; but though there had been a greater number of them than there was, they could have made no long reſiſtance againſt the valiant *Hippolito*, ſeconded by a Servant ſo couragious as his was. He afterwards diſpatch'd another of his Enemies, and the other two made a ſhift to eſcape. He was ſlightly wounded in one Arm, whereat he was ſo incens'd, that he would needs purſue them, and it is not unlikely he would have disburthen'd the World of thoſe two Villains,

as

as he had done of their Companions, if, amidſt the aſtoniſhment thoſe lewd Men were in, they had not bethought themſelves of the only expedient they had left, which was, to make a fair jump of a whole pair of Stairs, and to ſhut the door after them. *Hippolito* was a good while e're he could get it open, by which means the two Murtherers got away, and vaniſh'd, ſo that he and his Servant made a fruitleſs ſearch after them. At laſt he return'd to the Inn, and went up to the Chamber, where he thought he had heard *Matilda*'s voice. He found it open, and empty, as were alſo all the other Rooms in the Houſe, which he ſearch'd with no leſs exactneſs than diſquiet. 'Fulvio, *ſaid he to his Servant*, I have heard '*Matilda* ſpeak, and I preſently knew her by her 'voice, and none but a Perſon damn'd to misfor-'tune, as I am, would have miſt her, after he had 'been ſo near her.

He thereupon related to *Fulvio* the words he had heard *Matilda* ſpeak, conſtru'd them as much as he could to his own advantage, as he had indeed ſome reaſon to do, and inſtead of deriving any comfort thence, his affliction was the rather augmented, out of a perſwaſion that Fortune had not done him the kindneſs to let him hear the voice of *Matilda*, out of any other end, than that from his not ſeeing her, and not knowing what was become of her, his diſcontent might be the greater. He thereupon went out again to make enquiry after the Princeſs in all the places thereabouts, and when he had done ſo, to as little purpoſe as before, he was ſo ſimple as to return back again to look for her in the Inn, where he met with an abſolute ſolitude, unleſs it were in the Stable,

Stable, out of which *Fulvio* brought four Horſes, beſides his Maſter's and his own.

Hippolito left the Inn the moſt diſconſolate Perſon in the World; *Fulvio* propos'd to him the carrying away of their Horſes, who intended to have been their Murtherers, as being lawful pillage, and repreſented to him, that poſſibly they might find *Matilda*, and ſo they ſhould have a convenience to mount her, and what company ſhe might have with her. *Hippolito* minded not what he had ſaid, or vouchſafed not to make him any anſwer, ſo much were his thoughts o'rewhelm'd with ſorrow: *Fulvio* took his Maſter's ſilence for conſent, and having faſten'd the four Horſes one to another by the Tails, drove them before him, with a deſign haply to make Mony of them, with the firſt opportunity.

They rode up and down a good part of the day, e're *Hippolito* would ſo much as open his mouth to make any anſwer to the ſeveral queſtions put to him by *Fulvio*, to divert him from his ſadneſs. They loſt their way, and were got amongſt a Company of barren Rocks, which ſeem'd ſtrangely ſhuffled together along the Sea-ſide, at the end whereof there was a ſandy plain. Amidſt theſe Rocks, at a place where the Sea made a little encroachment into the Land more than at any other, they fell in amongſt a Company of Country-People, arm'd with Cudgels, Clubs, Pitch-Forks, Halberds, and what other Arms they could get. At firſt ſight, they were ſomewhat ſurpriz'd at the ſudden appearance of two Men on Horſeback, and accompany'd by ſo many unmounted Horſes! But ſeeing their number ſo ſmall, and deriving a confidence from the

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greatneſs of their own, which might amount to above a hundred Men; they tumultuouſly ſurrounded thoſe who haply had put them into a little fright, and directed the points of their ruſty Arms againſt them. Some cry'd out, who goes there? Others, what are you? Others, down with them. Others, whence come you? It was a hard task for *Hippolito* to have anſwer'd ſo many Interrogatories put to him at once, and if he could have done it, the confus'd Multitude, which made a noiſe greater than that of a Conventicle of infernal Spirits, at the conſecration of a Conjurer, would not have heard him. At length, a certain ancient and grave Perſon, who made appear afterwards, that he had ſome command over them (for then there was nothing to be ſeen of it) with extraordinary calling upon them, which occaſion'd him a troubleſome Cough, as alſo with a few baſtinadoes beſtow'd on ſome of them, caus'd a ceſſation of their talking ſo loud, though not of their grumbling. He comes up to *Hippolito*, and mildly ask'd him who he was, and what he ſought in ſo ſolitary a place, and ſo far diſtant from the Road. *Hippolito* told him he was a Gentleman of *Naples*, and that he was going towards *Ancona*, but had loſt his way. He thereupon ask'd the Commander in chief of that haſtily-armed Crue, upon what deſign he had got together ſo great a number of People; and he was inform'd by him, that certain Mooriſh Galiots, which had been ſeen cruzeing along the Coaſt, had landed a conſiderable number of Souldiers, who had Pillag'd ſome places near the Sea-ſide, and upon the little oppoſition which had been made againſt them, or rather out of a covetouſneſs

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neſs of greater booty, were imprudently got further into the Country. He added, that moſt of thoſe whom he ſaw in Arms with him, had been plunder'd by them, and were reſolv'd under his conduct to venture an Engagement with them, as they return'd loaden with Slaves and Pillage, from a Village where in all likelihood they would not leave behind them, but only what they could not bring away; that they muſt of neceſſity fall into their hands, there being but that only paſſage for them to get back to the Sea-ſide; and that the loſs of their goods did not ſo much animate thoſe Peaſants to that generous attempt, as that of their Wives and Children.

Hippolito was ſo mov'd at the relation of the old Man, that he proffer'd to expoſe his life in their quarrel. They took him at his word; and the old Blade reſign'd his command to him, which he accepted of, and he prevail'd with his Companions to conſent thereto, who from the gallant demeanour of *Hippolito*, deriv'd no ſmall confidence of their good ſucceſs. They mounted the four Horſes which the precautious *Fulvio* had brought away from the Inn, with four of the moſt likely Perſons among them, whereof the old Blade was one. *Hippolito* divided the Men into three Parties; he poſted one amongſt the Rocks, where they could not be deſcry'd by their Enemies, with order they ſhould not come out to fight, till they ſaw them and the Enemies engag'd: He planted another Party in a narrow paſſage, which led to the Sea-ſide, to prevent the coming up of the Infidels that way; and he himſelf with his Horſe march'd before the third party, exhorting his

his people to behave themſelves Valiantly, and to cloſe with the Enemies as ſoon as they could, ſo to prevent the advantage they might otherwiſe make of their Arrows.

He had no ſooner made an end of giving out his orders, after he had appointed his People their ſeveral Poſts, but the Enemy appear'd, in the number of about a hundred and fifty Men, in the midſt whereof there marched ſeveral Horſes loaden with booty, and follow'd by the Women and Children, whom they brought away as Slaves. The Moors, who expected not to carry off ſo conſiderable a booty without ſome blows, were not at all daunted to ſee *Hippolito* and his Troop marching up towards them, or haply ſlighted them by reaſon of the ſmallneſs of their number, nay poſſibly accounted them an augmentation of the prey. I ſhall not trouble my ſelf, or Reader, with a particular deſcription of an Engagement between a party of *Turkiſh* Pirates, and a Company of Country People confuſedly ſhuffled together, though the tranſcendent actions which *Hippolito* did, upon that occaſion, deſerv'd a recommendation to Poſterity. I ſhall therefore only tell you, that his orders were punctually executed, that the Moors were prevented making any advantage of their Arrows, by his ſudden falling in upon them; that he began their defeat, by the Death of their Chief Commander, and put a period thereto by ridding out of his way, and the World, the moſt reſolute among the Moors. The Peaſants being by that time a little fleſh'd with their good ſucceſs, knock'd down without any mercy as well thoſe who fought to the laſt Gaſp, as thoſe who laid

down their Arms and cry'd Quarter, notwithstanding all the endeavours of *Hippolito* for a cessation of the Massacre. The dead were regretted, as much as the common joy would permit, and the wounded were look'd to. *Hippolito* receiv'd a thousand acknowledgments, and as many thanks, from those poor People, who attributed all their success to his Valour and Conduct. While he was refusing the richest part of the spoils, whereof they would have made him a present, and would not do them the kindness to go along with them to refresh himself after his Victory, *Fulvio* brought up to him two Women, in Pilgrims habit, whereof one had no sooner taken off her head a great Broad-brim'd Hat, which eclipsed all her face, but he found her to be his Mistress *Matilda*. He alighted, or rather flung himself down off his Horse, and cast himself at the feet of his Princess, who embrac'd him with such demonstrations of tenderness, as made him forget all the former disobliging returns he had receiv'd from her, occasion'd by the tyranny of the Prince of *Salerna*. This faithful Lover was not able to bethink himself of complements pathetical enough to express the joy and satisfaction it was to him, that he had found her: Never did he discover less eloquence in his discourse, and never could he have better perswaded what he desir'd, than he did then by the disorder of his thoughts, and the loss he seem'd to be at, as to what he would have said.

He was in suspence a while, whether he should acquaint *Matilda* with the pains he had taken in quest of her, and the excess of his modesty made him so reserv'd, as that he would have forborn making any advantage of what he had done,

done, though he could not well have done so without being unjust to himself. Yet at last he assum'd the confidence to give her a faithful account of all his adventures, ever since his departure from *Naples*, to look after her, forgot not what had happen'd to him at the Inn, where he thought he had heard her voice.

Matilda satisfy'd him how extreamly sensible she was of these fresh obligations, which he had laid upon her, and told him, that she ought him her honour and her life, since the defeat of the Moors was the effect of his valour and conduct. She acknowledg'd it was no other than her self, whom he had heard so near him in the Inn; promis'd to acquaint him by what adventure she had been brought thither, and to give him a relation of what else had befallen her, when there were a fitter opportunity to do it, and that she might do it without making many others privy thereto.

The other Female in Pilgrim's habit, who accompany'd *Matilda*, was one of the Women that waited on her, named *Julia*, who only, of all her Servants, had been so faithful to her Lady, as to participate of her fortunes, and bear a share of whatever might happen to her. It is to be imagin'd that *Fulvio* and she consider'd that happy meeting as a kind of Jubilee; and for my part, I am apt to believe, that the complements upon the rencounter were very pleasant and witty, and (if I may presume to venture upon a new expression) the subalternate discoveries of their eloquence were transcendent upon that extraordinary occasion.

The victorious Peasants, who had *Hippolito*, and

Matilda's taking acquaintance one with another, renew'd their proffers of entertainment to *Hippolito*, who then made no difficulty to accept of them, upon the account of the Princeſs. Among others, the ancient Commander in Chief, who, as I have already told you, had brought the Peaſants into the field, and Commanded the ragged Regiment, before *Hippolito* came up to them, intreated him and *Matilda* alſo, that he might have the honour to lodge them; which they granted him. He thereupon ſent away one of his Sons. to take order for their reception, at a pretty convenient Houſe, which he had at the next adjoyning Village.

'Twas now time to think of a departure there, and the victorious Army would have disbanded, had it not been thought civility to wait on *Hippolito* to his new Quarters. *Matilda* and *Julia* were mounted on the beſt Horſes could be found. Among the many Women who had been reſcu'd out of the hands of the Moors, *Fulvio* took notice of one whom he conceiv'd he had ſeen ſomewhere, and who would have avoided him, as if ſhe had known him, and was unwilling to be known by him. At laſt he got near her, and knew her to be the Hoſt's Wife, who would have murther'd them at the Inn. He went and acquainted his Maſter with it, having firſt order'd ſome of the Peaſants to take her into their Cuſtody.

Hippolito and *Matilda* with their retinue were entertain'd at the old Man's who was to be their Hoſt, with all the kindneſs and good looks which could be expected from perſons who thought themſelves infinitely oblig'd, and would make all the expreſſions they could of their gratitude. The Peaſants who liv'd in the ſame Village repair'd to their

their own Houſes, and thoſe who liv'd at a greater diſtance took their way homewards, to enjoy themſelves and be merry after their Victory.

Hippolito order'd to be brought before him the Hoſt's Wife, whom *Fulvio* had caus'd to be ſecur'd; and upon the firſt threats of impriſonment ſhe confeſs'd, that their Inn was a Rendezvous of Bandits, and High-way-men; that her Husband held a correſpondence with all ſuch who haunted thoſe parts, and that his refuſal of entertainment to *Hippolito* at his firſt coming to their Houſe proceeded from his expectation, that night, of a notorious Robber, Camerade to the *Calabrian* whom he had ſeen at the Inn, to confer together about a Robbery they intended to commit the next day. She further acquainted *Hippolito*, that the kindneſs which the *Calabrian* pretended to do in reſigning him his Chamber, was only out of a deſign to Rob and Murther him that night. The Story gives no account of what was done to this Woman, after ſhe had diſcover'd to them all they would have known of her.

Supper-time drew on, and *Hippolito* and *Matilda*, the better to diſguiſe their condition, would needs have *Fulvio* and *Julia*, the old Man and all his family to ſit down at Table with them. After the repaſt (which I ſuppoſe was ſoon ended, becauſe they had not had time to make great proviſion) *Matilda* would not ſuffer *Hippolito* to continue any longer in the impatience of being inform'd of her adventures, and having an account by what traverſes of fortune ſhe was brought to the Inn, and afterwards fell into the hands of the Moors.

'After the Command I had receiv'd from the 'King to depart *Naples*, *ſaid ſhe to him*, and that

'through the great prevalence of my Enemies, I 'had but that very night allow'd me, to put 'my self into a readiness to comply with so 'rigorous an order, I implor'd the assistance of 'those about the Court, whom I thought I had 'oblig'd to be my Friends; but I found, to my 'regret, that they were only such to me pro-'portionably to my prosperity. I had yet this 'greater affliction, that all my Servants forsook 'me, save only *Julia*. She had a Brother Mar-'ried in *Naples*, who prov'd so generous, as to 'quit his Family and the concerns of his profes-'sion, upon the entreaty of his Sister, and to pre-'sent his service, for my Conduct, to what place 'I should pitch upon for my retreat. It is to his 'diligence I am to attribute it, that though the 'order for my departure from *Naples* was brought 'me with the night, yet I was in a readiness to 'leave it before the next Morning. Our Pilgrims 'habits of *Loretto* disguis'd us so, as that there 'was no notice taken of us at our going out at 'the Gates. I travell'd that day as far as a young 'person of my Sex could have done, who was 'not wont to go much a-foot; and we continu'd 'our Pilgrimage several days after, without any 'cross adventures. Yesterday, somewhat late in 'the Evening, we were met in a narrow passage 'by three Men on Horseback, whose looks assur'd 'us they were engag'd in some mischievous de-'sign. I would have shunn'd them, but did it 'with so much precipitation, and so unfortunately, 'that, my foot slipping, I fell down at their Hor-'ses feet, which forc'd them to make a sudden 'halt. A great Hat which cover'd my face, fell 'off my Head, my Head-Cloaths were loose, and

'my

'my Hair, wherewith I am well ſtor'd, came down 'over my face, and ſome part of my Body. My 'misfortune would have it ſo, that thoſe Men ob-'ſerv'd ſomewhat in me which they fancied. They 'had ſome diſcourſe together, and ſoon after 'alighted; one of them laid hold on *Julia*, ano-'ther on me, and the third was engag'd with '*Julia*'s Brother, who had put himſelf into a 'poſture to reſcue us, and whom we ſoon ſaw 'laid on the Ground, run through the Body with 'a Sword. From all the misfortunes that have 'happen'd to me, and which, of a Princeſs in all 'appearance happy, have reduc'd to the greateſt 'miſeries of any perſon in the World, I have rea-'ſon to make this inference, that all human pru-'dence, and precaution cannot divert the deſigns 'of Fortune. We muſt let her take her own 'courſe, and aſſume a perſwaſion, that her incon-'ſtancy, which hath made us feel her malice, 'when we thought our ſelves moſt in a condition 'to defye it, may reſtore us to her friendſhip, 'when we have leaſt occaſion to expect it. Upon 'this reflection am I fully reſolv'd, *contin'u'd Ma-'tilda*, humbly to comply with Heaven's diſpoſal 'of me; and according to that reſolution was it, 'that, when I ſaw my ſelf at the mercy of thoſe 'unknown Perſons, I ſpar'd them the doing me 'any violence to get upon one of their Horſes, 'ſince I doubted not but they would have done 'it by force; and that though I was fallen into 'their hands, yet death would deliver me out of 'them, if ever their inſolence ſhould conſtrain 'me to make uſe of that extream remedy. *Julia*, 'who had loſt her Brother in the encounter, could 'not forbear lamentations, yet ſuffer'd her ſelf to

'be brought away in the midſt of them, without 'any oppoſition. It was after night e're we got 'to the Inn, where you heard my voice. At the 'firſt hearing of your engagement with thoſe 'Robbers, we were extreamly frighted; but when 'you had forc'd them out of the Inn, and that 'we heard no further noiſe, *Julia* and I got out 'of the Room where we were. The ſolitude we 'met with wherever we came, inſpir'd us with a 'reſolution to make our eſcape at a back door of 'the Garden, which happen'd to be open, and 'the fear of being overtaken and brought back 'again, oblig'd us to make all the haſte we could 'to get away. We travell'd all the remainder of 'that night, and a good part of the day, till 'the heat of the Sun and our own wearineſs, forc'd 'us to repoſe our ſelves amongſt certain Rocks, 'not far from this place, whither we were invited 'by the ſhadineſs, and where we were found faſt 'aſleep by the Moors, whom you have this day 'ſo fortunately defeated.

Matilda concluded the relation of her adventures with new proteſtations to *Hippolito*, that ſhe would never forget what he had done for her. She would not acquaint him with the place where ſhe intended to make her retirement, nor did he preſs her to do it. Her deſign'd refuge was to be at the Houſe, or Palace, of one of thoſe petty Princes of *Italy*, of whom there is good ſtore in that Country; for he that has Money may ſoon be Highneſs there. 'Twere eaſie for me to create a Title according to my own fancy, ſince the Hiſtory names not him, at whoſe habitation ſhe retir'd her ſelf; but his name would not contribute any thing of beauty or advantage to my Relation.

Hippolito

Hippolito proffer'd to conduct her to the place whither ſhe intended to go, but ſhe would not by any means permit him, and with much ado was ſhe perſwaded, at the earneſt intreaties of the officious Cavalier, to take his Servant *Fulvio* and his Horſes, to carry her and *Julia*.

I ſhall not here excite a ſorrow in the compaſſionate Reader, by giving him an account how mournfully *Hippolito* took his leave of her. I ſhall, without giving him the trouble of any reflection of mine by the way, bring her to *Ancona*, where ſhe ſold ſome Jewels; and bring back the diconſolate *Hippolito* to the ſmoaky ruins of his burnt Houſe, whither he got without Money, and of all his Eſtate having nothing he could call his own, but the Horſe that was under him. He was hardly alighted e're he was accoſted by a Gentleman of *Naples*, who was riding up and down at random, in queſt of *Matilda*, as did alſo ſeveral others, whom the King had ſent into all parts of *Italy* to find her out. He was inform'd by this Gentleman, how *Rogero* was fallen into diſgrace; how *Matilda*'s innocence came to be known and vindicated; the orders the King had granted for the finding of her out, and whatever elſe had paſs'd at *Naples*, ſince he had left it, only he made not the leaſt mention of the violent Love which the King had for *Irene*, which was generally known to all, and whereof this Cavalier gave *Hippolito* no information at all, either out of an exceſs of diſcretion, or for ſome other reaſon, which I know not. You may well imagine, that *Hippolito*, a perſon ſo generous as he was, and loving *Matilda* beyond himſelf, was extreamly glad to hear of this revolution in her concerns, though he at the ſame time

time understood that his own made nearer and nearer approaches to the precipice of misfortune; the said Gentleman having assur'd him, that the King had promised the Prince of *Salerna*, that he and the Princess of *Tarentum* should secure their loves by the solemnities of Marriage, as soon as she were return'd to *Naples*.

Hippolito intended to have made his appearance at Court, but he was so thunder-struck at this last news, that he resolv'd never to see it more. Nay his very life grew a burthen to him, and he so shunn'd the Conversation of all sorts of persons, that he last of all the Kingdom knew, that his Sister was look'd on as the Beauty who had an absolute soveraignty over the King's Inclinations.

In the mean time, *Matilda* could not be found, and though the Gentleman, whom *Hippolito* met, had been at *Ancona*, where he told him that he had left her, yet could he not get any tidings of her, notwithstanding all the enquiry he had made after her. There was a report spread abroad of the death of that Princess, with all the particular circumstances of it, and that report came to the Ears of *Hippolito*, who took it so heavily, that he was very far in his way after her. But at length he recover'd of the sickness it had put him into, and the indisposition of his mind abated proportionably to the reassumption of his strength and Spirits.

He sometimes went abroad to take the Air on Horseback along the Sea-side, and it was in one of those disconsolate diversions of his thoughts, that, after several reflections made on the misfortunes of his life, he reso[illegible]'d to give it a period in the

the War, which ſome of the *Grecian* Princes were then engag'd in againſt the *Turks*, who out of *Aſia* began to make their incurſions into *Europe*. But *Matilda* was at laſt found out, and *Hippolito* was ſo overjoy'd thereat, that he beſtow'd his Horſe, that is, all he had left him, on the Perſon who brought him the news of it.

The ſame day, his Servant *Fulvio* came and found him out, and was much aſtoniſh'd to ſee his Maſter ſo extreamly caſt down, and in very ill equipage, at a time when there was no other talk all over *Italy*, than of the great influence which his Siſter *Irene* had over the King, and the affection he had for her. He acquainted *Hippolito* with the name of that Prince, at whoſe Houſe *Matilda* had retir'd her ſelf; how that *Proſpero* was come thither from the King, with order to bring her back to *Naples*; and according to the commendable cuſtom of Servants, of being over-haſty to tell their Maſters bad news, he repreſented, to his, the joy which *Matilda* expreſs'd at the ſight of *Proſpero*, much greater than it was, and inſiſted particularly on the aſſurance of affection which ſhe gave him. 'Nay, the expreſſions of her love 'towards him, *added this indiſcreet Servant*, were 'ſo remarkable, that ſhe would adorn her ſelf 'with the old Hat, of which *Proſpero* had ſome-'time made her a preſent, which he had ſo often 'reproach'd her with, as an extravagance of his 'generoſity, and which was ſo well known in '*Naples* by the drollery it occaſion'd about the 'Court. I know not what Devil ſhe had entruſted 'with the keeping of it, that it could be found ſo 'of a ſudden againſt *Proſpero*'s coming thither, 'which I believe was little expected; but it may

'well

'well be imagin'd she had a great esteem for 'it.

With that honest *Fulvio* broke out into downright railing at the Princess of *Tarentum*, and that with so much invection and bitterness, that *Hippolito* was forc'd to command him to be silent, and possibly would have bang'd him, had he continued any longer speaking of her, without observance of that respect which he ought her. *Fulvio* told his Master further, that the Princess intreated him to meet her in the way to *Naples*. 'How! cryes '*Hippolito*, is it not a sufficient affliction to me, 'that she loves me not, but she must add to that 'affliction, by obliging me to be an Eye-witness 'how much she loves another? Must I needs be 'present at her caresses of *Prospero*, purposely that 'he may have the satisfaction to see me dye with 'grief, as if there wanted nothing but my death, to 'compleat their felicity? But——she must be 'obey'd, though it were only to see, to what ex'tremity she can be unjust.

He was in as good an humour to bemoan himself as Man could be, and it is likely he would have acquitted himself of it proportionably to the occasion he had to do it, when he observes coming up towards him a considerable party of Horse, which *Fulvio* assur'd him was that which conducted the Princess of *Tarentum*, who out of a design to see *Hippolito*, had taken her way by his House, where she was in hopes to meet with him. And for that reason, though the King had sent some of his Coaches to meet her, yet was she resolv'd to make her entrance into *Naples* on Horseback.

Prospero looking on himself as the best mounted, priding in his Plumes, as if he had been some Indian

dian Emperour, thought it his place to ride next *Matilda*, who was not a little importun'd with his old expreſſions of Courtſhip. But if the perſecution had ended with them, her patience had not been ſo much exercis'd; ſhe muſt alſo lend her attention, or pretend it, to ſome amorous Songs, and the relation of what remarkable things had happen'd at *Naples* ſince her departure thence, and what new Plays had been acted, and how they took.

On the other ſide, *Hippolito*, melancholy to extremity, and making a diſcontented Compariſon, between his former magnificent appearances, and the mean equipage he was then in, would gladly have ſhunn'd the ſight of *Matilda* and his Rival, eſpecially being attended as they were by ſo great a concourſe of people. But *Matilda*, who had him in her Eye at a great diſtance, and knew him, haply by reaſon of *Fulvio*, who had left her but a little while before, rode up to him, which oblig'd *Proſpero* and the reſt of the Company to do the like.

Matilda could not but obſerve how much *Hippolito* was ſurpriz'd at her coming, yet, to make one further tryal of his conſtancy, by reproaching him with a neglect in coming to meet her, and to congratulate that happy reverſe of her condition. 'How! *ſaid ſhe to him*, is this *Hippolito*, 'the generous *Hippolito*, the beſt of my Friends, 'the noble reſcuer of my Life and Honour, and 'not give me the meeting upon this ſtrange turn 'of my deſtiny? How much am I the more ob-'lig'd to thoſe noble Perſons, who though they 'were inviſible during the eclipſe of my fortunes, 'yet have come ſo far to expreſs their joy at the

'recovery

'recovery of my former luſtre? If I am not to 'conſider their civilities as rendred rather to the 'Prince of *Salerna*, than my ſelf. I have been ſo 'perſecuted by the Goddeſs who rides not in the 'Chariot, but is turn'd about the Wheels of it, 'that I do not think my ſelf yet ſo far out of the 'reach of misfortune, as that I may not ſtand in 'need of an *Hippolito*, when I have the leaſt hope 'or thought of his aſſiſtance.

Hippolito had no anſwer to make, but to aſſure her by Oaths and Proteſtations, that he had but juſt then heard of her happy return, adding withal, that if he had had intelligence of it ſooner, he ſhould have forborn meeting her, out of a fear, that a perſon ſo irrecoverably unfortunate, as he was, might have interrupted the publick joy. This reſpectful reply begat a Compaſſion in *Matilda* towards that faithful Lover, and that oblig'd her to aſſure him, that it would have much diſturb'd her particular ſatisfaction, if ſhe had not met with him. She thereupon deſir'd him to participate of her good fortune, ſince he had ſhewn himſelf the moſt concern'd in her adverſities; telling him, that being now fully reſolv'd to diſpoſe of her ſelf in Marriage, as having found by woful experiences, that a young Princeſs, deſtitute of Relations, ſtood in need of a Husband to vindicate and direct her; and that having already caſt her Eye on him, whom ſhe would make Prince of *Tarentum*, it was her deſire, he would honour her with his preſence at the Nuptials, which ſhe would be very unwilling to have celebrated without him.

Proſpero imagining himſelf the perſon principally concern'd in that affair, added his entreaties

to

to thoſe of the Princeſs, and, contrary to his cuſtom, ſpoke with much civility to his Rival, accompany'd with greater careſſes than ever would have been expected from him. An unfortunate perſon, who deſpairs of ſeeing any period of his miſery, explicates all things to his own diſadvantage, as one deſperately ſick turns all manner of good aliment into Poiſon. *Hippolito* entertain'd all theſe civilities and expreſſions of *Matilda* as new cruelties, which ſhe would exerciſe upon him. He was not able to comprehend, how her heart could be ſo far petrify'd towards him, as to deſire he would be a Spectator of the ceremonies of her Nuptials. He was ſo abſolutely at a loſs what anſwer to make her, and could only look on her with a certain amazement. His faithful Servant *Fulvio* was as much ſcandaliz'd at it, as he. He ſtood behind his Maſter venting his indignation in bitter Curſes, and Wiſhes, that they had rather fallen by the hands of the Murtherers, or the Moors, than be reduc'd to the extremities they were then in, and at laſt he preſum'd to whiſper his Maſter in the Ear with an execrable Oath, that he ſhould not go, and that *Matilda* was a perſon irrecoverably loſt to all ſhame, to invite him to her Nuptials with *Proſpero*.

In the mean time, *Hippolito* could give no great attention to the advice of his Man, in regard *Matilda* reiterated her intreaties, and with ſo much importunity, that he could not deny her. She would have him immediately mount a Horſe; which he had purpoſely order'd to be brought for him, and it may be, he was not ſo well accoutred as to have his Boots on. Thus was *Hippolito* with many fair words courted a Horſeback, but extreamly

extreamly out of countenance, and humour, rideing of one ſide of *Matilda*, who on the other had the Prince of *Salerna*. The Princeſs ſatisfy'd that ſhe had proſecuted her deſign ſo as to get his Company, made him the only ſubject of her diſcourſe. She took occaſion to diſcover how infinitely ſhe was oblig'd to him, and gave all thoſe, who were near enough to hear her, a particular relation of all the gallant actions perform'd by *Hippolito*, as well againſt the Robbers who intended to Murther him at the Inn, as againſt the Moors, whom he defeated afterwards, with a ſmall party of Peaſants little acquainted with the buſineſs of fighting, though the former had very much the advantage as to number.

This diſcourſe was perfect diſcord to the Ears of *Proſpero*, and therefore to interrupt her, he muſt needs, how impertinently it matters not, bring in the ſtory of his atchievements, the night that *Rogero* was taken, and tell them, with what ſpeed he had purſu'd that *Calixtus*, of whom we have elſewhere ſpoken, as one privy to the correſpondence which that pernicious Miniſter held with the Enemies of his Prince. *Matilda* gave him no great attention, and ſtill directed her diſcourſe to *Hippolito*, though he made little anſwer to any thing ſhe ſaid to him. But *Proſpero*, upon the leaſt occaſion, falling afreſh upon the ſame diſcourſe, would be heard, though with the diſſatisfaction of thoſe from whom he expected audience; and notwithſtanding whatever others had to ſay, yet would he not have any thing heeded, but his inſiſting ſtill on the important ſervice he had done the State and *Matilda*, and running after that *Calixtus* ſo great a priviledge of talking did he aſſume to himſelf.

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He would have mortify'd the Company much longer with an account of that noble exploit, if the King had not appear'd, attended by all the gallantry of both Sexes about Court and City. *Prospero* expres's'd much joy at the King's advance, as conceiving the accomplishment of his happiness near at hand; *Matilda* and the Company look'd on it as a welcome deliverance from his impertinent talk. He rode up to the King, not knowing why he did it, and soon after return'd again, till at last, like a Muscovian Interpreter at the reception of a Forein Ambassador upon the Frontiers, both Parties were got so near, that he thought it time to present *Matilda* to his Majesty, though there was no necessity of his taking that trouble upon him. She was receiv'd by the King as kindly as she could have wish'd. He made his excuses to her, as to the violence and injustice had been done her; charg'd *Rogero* with all, and for reparation of the injuries she had receiv'd through the malicious contrivances of that disgras'd Favourite, he bestow'd on her one of the most considerable Counties in the Kingdom. *Prospero*, thinking himself oblig'd to make acknowledgments of that Princely boon no less than *Matilda*, would needs prevent her in the doing of it, but in the midst of his complement brought in his adventure of runing after *Calixitus*, as if the King had done it as much out of a consideration of that service of his, as the sufferings of *Matilda*. But *Matilda*, taking her turn to express her gratitude to his Majesty, acquitted her self so well, that the Audience were at a loss whether more to admire her humility, or her wit. I shall not here undertake to make a recital of the excellent expressions, whereby she

diſcover'd her reſentments of the King's innocence as to all the diſaſters ſhe had weather'd out, and thoſe of her own gratitude upon this unexpected liberality. I ſhall only tell you they had the general applauſe of all that were preſent, as I have been aſſur'd by creditable Teſtimonies. *Proſpero* obſerving that *Matilda* had done ſpeaking to the King, who was caſting his Eye about to ſee what other perſons he might take notice of, would have added ſomething to what ſhe had ſaid; but miſtruſting it was more likely he would have come off with diſgrace, he wiſely forbore it.

While the King, the Prince of *Salerna*, and *Matilda* were thus engag'd, *Irene* was gone to *Hippolito*, whom her Eye had ſingled out, though he ſtood behind ſeveral other perſons; and perceiving ſhe was out of the King's ſight, ſhe caſt her ſelf about the neck of that dear Brother, for whom ſhe had ſhed ſo many tears, and could not even then forbear the doing of it. *Hippolito* who lov'd *Irene* no leſs than a Siſter ſo amiable and obliging could deſerve, entertain'd her with ſuch demonſtrations of affection and kindneſs, as might have rais'd a ſympathy in thoſe among the ſpectators whoſe hearts were moſt petrify'd into an inſenſibility of paſſion, ſo ſtrangely was his, as it were, diſſolv'd, at that happy interview. The King, having diſengag'd himſelf from *Proſpero*, look'd about for *Irene*, for he could not be long without her, and having pereeiv'd her with her Brother, his amorous impatience was ſuch, that he would needs ride up to her. He treated not *Hippolito* as a ſimple Subject, when ſhe preſented him to his Majeſty. *Matilda*, *Camilla*, *Proſpero*, and what other perſons of quality were got neer the King, might eaſil

eaſily obſerve that he ſpoke to *Hippolito* after ſuch a manner, as argu'd that Cavalier was in a fair way to riſe at Court. But all the King's kind expreſſions and looks were not powerful enough to diſpel from his countenance, that could of ſadneſs, wherewith it was overcaſt, by the ſerenity obſervable in that of his Rival, whoſe ſatisfaction ſeem'd ſo great, that all others were diſſatisfied thereat.

In the mean time, the Sun darting his perpendicular rays on that Courtly Aſſembly, grew too warm for ſome heads among them, eſpecially ſuch as were moſt inclin'd to baldneſs, of whom ſuch as wore Periwigs had then the advantage. All the Gnats, whoſe habitations are much about the Sea-ſide; the Flies that ſported themſelves about the adjacent places; thoſe which waited on their Horſes, who waited on the King from *Naples*; thoſe alſo which had taken a greater Progreſs with thoſe perſons who accompany'd *Matilda*; in fine, all thoſe wing'd Inſects, which we may call the Paraſites of the Air, ſeem'd to have appointed a Rendezvous at the place where theſe great perſons met, with a deſign to torment both Horſe and Man, as much as lay in their little power, and of thoſe Horſes, the moſt expos'd to the animoſity of the Flies were ſuch as had ſhorteſt tails. The Umbrelloes indeed did in ſome meaſure ſecure, ſuch as had them, againſt the heat of the Sun, but not againſt the reverberation of the ſcorch'd Earth, and the Clouds of duſt, which the *Siſtole* and *Diaſtole* of the Lungs, commonly called *Reſpiration*, forc'd into the throats of moſt there, even of the King himſelf. In a word, the place was not maintainable any longer; but, to the greater perſecution of thoſe, who

were moſt unmercifully treated by the Sun and the Flies, the King thought no time long to be where *Irene* was, nor had he yet disburthen'd himſelf of all he had to ſay to *Matilda*. He therefore ſpoke to her, loud enough to be heard by thoſe who were within any convenient diſtance of him, in theſe terms; for I have the relation of this paſſage, *verbatim*, as I may ſay, from one who took what the King ſaid, word for word, by the Art of Memory, the time and place being very unfit for the doing of it by Characters.

'Fair Princeſs of *Tarentum*, *ſaid he to her*, the 'perſecutions you have ſuffer'd under my Reign, 'and as I have already acknowledg'd, in ſome 'meaſure by my orders, I muſt confeſs have been 'very great; and the reparation I have made 'you argues how far I am ſatisfy'd of the injuſtice, 'of your ſufferings; yet ſhall I not think my ſelf fully 'acquitted, till I have endeavour'd, to the utmoſt 'of my power, to contribute as much to your 'fortune felicity, as I have done to your paſt mis-'fortunes. It is not therefore enough, in my ap-'prehenſion, that I have declar'd you innocent, 'that I have re-inſtated you in all that had been 'unjuſtly detain'd from you, and that I have 'made an unexpected augmentation thereof, if 'I gain not your concurrence with the inclinati-'ons which the Prince of *Salerna* hath to joyn with 'you in Matrimony. It is by the recommendati-'on I make you of this Prince, that I hope to 'cancel ſome part of my obligations towards you; 'and it is by your acceptance of him, that I make 'account to recompence him for the important 'ſervice he hath done this State.

'Ah!

'Ah! my Liege, *reply'd Matilda*, be pleas'd to 'be ſo cautious in your deſires of being juſt to '*Matilda*, as that you be not unjuſt to *Proſpero*. Ac-'knowledgments may have their exceſſes as well 'as ingratitude. You would not reward the Prince, 'of *Salerna* proportionably to his merit, by only 'beſtowing on him the Princeſs of *Tarentum*; and 'by making me a preſent to that great Prince, 'you would beſtow on me more than I have de-'ſerv'd. I am ſatisfy'd with your Majeſty as far 'as it is poſſible I ſhould be, and theſe laſt demon-'ſtrations of your munificence, wherewith you 'have honour'd me, upon a conſideration of my 'misfortunes, are ſo dear to me, that they will 'henceforward be the moſt pleaſing object of my 'reflections. If therefore, your Majeſty be ſo 'conſcientious in making ſatisfaction where you 'conceive your ſelf oblig'd, and ſince Subjects 'ought to regulate their actions according to the 'examples given them by their Prince, will not 'your Majeſty give me leave, now that I am in-'condition and ability to acquit my ſelf, to do it 'without any further delay, and to make my 'ſatisfaction proportionable to the ſervices which 'have been done me? Approach then, brave 'and generous *Hippolito*, *ſaid ſhe to that Cavalier*, '*turning her ſelf towards him*, and make your ac-'knowledgments of my gratitude, after you have 'ſo long had cauſe to complain of my want of it. 'You have oblig'd me, by a love of many years 'ſtanding, a love ſo violent, that all the traverſes 'of my fortune, all the diſaſters that have hap-'pen'd to me, nay all my diſdains have not been 'able to check into any remiſſion. I am indebted 'to you, beſides the vaſt expences which that

'conſtant

'conſtant paſſion put you upon, beſides the 'greateſt part of your eſtate ſpent in the vindica-'tion of my quarrel, for your fair Houſe, which 'was burnt upon my account. I am further to 'acknowledge that I owe you my honour and my 'life, which were in danger amongſt Robbers 'and Moors; and I owe you alſo the life, which 'you hazarded to reſcue me out of their hands. 'I am as deſirous, generous *Hippolito*, to acquit 'my ſelf of theſe obligations, as I have been wil-'ling to acknowledge them: But thoſe which I 'have receiv'd from *Proſpero*, as being the more 'ancient, are more preſſing upon me, and may 'juſtly claim precedence of yours.

Hippolito grew pale at theſe laſt words of *Matilda*; but preſently, that paleneſs diſlodg'd, and a ſud-den Scene of bluſhing ſucceeded, as if he had ſummon'd all his Blood and Spirits into his face. *Proſpero* look'd on him with a ſmiling countenance, but whether it proceeded from pity, or a ſecret inſultation, none had the time to gueſs at: And compoſing his countenance into an amorous po-ſture to look on *Matilda* he receiv'd her thoughts of him, and his pretenſions to her, in theſe terms.

'Prince of *Salerna!* you have taken much 'trouble upon you to induce me to a perſwaſion 'that you lov'd me from my Childhood; I am 'conceiv'd, and have found, that you have al-'ways treated me like a Child. You always 'made it your buſineſs to keep her in awe, whom 'you call'd your little Miſtreſs, and you have 'perpetually amus'd her with trifling Stories and 'Songs, or perſecuted her with your checks and 'reproaches, and this at a time, when ſhe expected

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'more important ſervices from you. In a word, 'the greateſt demonſtration of Love you ever 'thought fit to make her, amounted only to a 'Plume of old Feathers, worn by you, haply e're 'ſhe was born, which ſhe promis'd you to keep, 'and now makes it appear, that you cannot 'charge her with any breach of her word. With that, ſhe took off of her Head the Hat, where-with the Prince of *Salerna* had ſometime preſented her, and making him a return of the ſame Preſent, ſhe put this period to her diſcourſe. 'Dread-'ful Prince of *Salerna!* the noble expreſſions of 'your Love, Words, and Feathers, I here re-'quite, by giving you a return of the like (they 'may prove more fortunate in your future Ad-'dreſſes to ſome other Beauty than they have 'done to me, who thus diſengag'd from you, 'beſtow my ſelf on *Hippolito*, and, by that *UN-'EXPECTED CHOICE*, make him 'Prince of *Tarentum*, and account all I have little 'enough to ſatisfie my obligations to him, whom 'of all men I have found the moſt generous. She thereupon gave the Prince of *Salerna* his own fatal Hat, with one hand, and with the other faſten'd on that of the deſpairing *Hippolito*, who thenceforward ceas'd to be ſuch, and as little look'd for that unexpected happineſs, as *Proſpero* did for his Hat and Feathers.

The King and all there preſent were not a little ſurpris'd at this ſtrange turn; but when he conſider'd how much *Irene* was concern'd in that fortunate advancement of her Brother *Hippolito*, and the juſtice which was remarkable in the action of *Matilda*, he could not forbear approving it: And the commendation he thereupon gave the Princeſs

for

for her generous choice, kept the Prince of *Salerna* from falling into those impertinences, which possibly his Passion might otherwise make him guilty of. For no question but this Satyrical discarding of him by *Matilda*, when he so little imagin'd any such disaster near him, and before so eminent a concourse of Noble Persons, struck him so to the heart, that he knew not which way to turn himself, such a conflict of shame, confusion, and distracted thoughts was there apparent in his very countenance. Nay he was so exasperated against *Matilda*, that he would have vented his indignation in railling at her, according to his Magisterial custom of treating her, if the fear of displeasing his Prince, and the concern of his Estate had not check'd his natural insolence. His disturbance was so observable, that the King took pity on him, and presented *Camilla* to him, after he had had some private discourse with her, and *Irene*, he told *Prospero*, that so beautiful a Lady as she was, with all the Estate and Advantages which her Brother *Rogero* had some time been possess'd of, might in some measure make him reparation for the loss of *Matilda*.

While the King was obliging the Prince of *Salerna* by this new overture, the whole Court was got about *Matilda* and *Hippolito*, wishing them all the joys consequent to the just choice she had made of that faithful Lover. They were both of them put to the extremities of their Eloquence to make returns answerable to the Complements they receiv'd upon that occasion; and no question, at the long run, they would have been forc'd to Repetitions: but the King came up very seasonably to their relief. 'Fair Princess of *Taren-*

'*tum*

'*tum, ſaid he to Matilda,* I am now convinc'd, that 'nothing argues a juſter deſert of greatneſs, than 'the imitation of great Examples. Such have 'you given me in your choice of *Hippolito*, and 'requital of thoſe ſervices of his, whereof he 'hardly imagin'd that you had any remembrance. '*Irene* is a perſon I conceive my ſelf infinitely ob-'lig'd to, upon the account of her Beauty, and 'that of her Vertue; and, according to your Ex-'ample, I make her the greateſt acknowledgments 'I can thereof, by making her this day Queen of '*Naples.*

This ſo unexpected a declaration of the King had ſuch an effect on that Noble Aſſembly, as it is more eaſie to imagine than expreſs; and they were all more ſurpriz'd at it, than at that of *Matilda*. *Irene*, falling down at the King's feet, expreſs'd her humility and reſignation, by her reſpects and ſilence. The King took her up, contenting himſelf then only with a kiſs of her hand, and from that time treated her no otherwiſe than if ſhe had been the greateſt Queen in the World. They took their way towards *Naples*, where all hands and wits were ſet on work about the preparatives for the King's Nuptials, who order'd a ſhort prorogation of thoſe of *Hippolito* and *Matilda*, *Proſpero* and *Camilla*, that one and the ſame day might be remarkable in all ſubſequent computations of time, for the ſolemnization of thoſe three illuſtrious Marriages. The King never had the leaſt occaſion to repent him of the choice he had made of *Irene*. *Matilda*, who was of ſo amorous a diſpoſition, as to have lov'd the Prince of *Salerna*, much beyond what he deſerv'd, and that upon no other account than that he had been

the first who had presented himself to be lov'd by her, had an affection for *Hippolito* consonant to the seasonable services he had done her, and the sincere Love whereby he was animated to the performance of them. On the other side, *Hippolito* could make no greater acknowledgments of that *Unexpected Choice*, which, of the most disconsolate, had made him the most fortunate of all Lovers, than by loving her as entirely, now that he was her Husband, as he had done whilst a Gallant. Only *Camilla* was unfortunate in her match with *Prospero*: She durst not refuse him, out of a fear of incurring the King's displeasure, who had promis'd *Irene*, that he would inflict no other punishments on *Rogero*, than that of a departure out of his Territories. And so, to save her Brother's life, she made her own unhappy, by Marrying an impertinent and a jealous Prince, who was thought ridiculous enough before his Addresses to *Matilda*, but, after her discarding him, with so remarkable an affront, became the scorn and derision of the *Neapolitan Court*.

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